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THE BEQUEST OF

EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)

OF NEW YORK

1918

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

VOLUME II.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 334 STRAND (OPPOSITE SOMERSET HOUSE);
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
MDCCCXLIX.

P 325.9 (2)

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
SYDNEY JAMES WEBBER

THE SHOWMAN'S DEDICATION
TO
LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

PRESIDENT,

Disregarding the prognostications of various kind friends, the First Volume of the PUPPET-SHOW boldly stood up in a duel *à outrance* with existing abuses, and, spite of the severe laws of England, was not without a Second—which has just come to a conclusion, that, like all others in its pages, was of course excellent.

I have been accused of being too bitter; but I was so only when the bitterness was deserved. As a proof that I am possessed of an ample portion of the milk of human kindness, I will proceed to administer some, in the shape of good advice, to you. As a mere infant in Wisdom, you may possibly be much benefited by it.

An old proverb tells us, that Truth is to be found at the bottom of a well;—but that is not the only place she inhabits, as a perusal of the pages of the PUPPET-SHOW in general, and the present one in particular—not so called because you have a gratis copy sent you—will prove.

In spite of her traditionary place of abode, Truth is not, as some quibblers might pretend, invariably welcome; but that shall not hinder my words from being as plain as your own face, and as unvarnished as your patent-leather boots, after you had been fished out of the sea, on the occasion of your unmemorable descent in Boulogne, and the estimation of every man of any sense.

You may think it unkind that I remind you of these facts, but I do it for your good; I only wish I could re-mind you altogether, for then there might be some chance of a good judgment bei g passed upon you.

But I am afraid your case is hopeless, and the best proof is, that you would never have proposed yourself for President, had you only given a thought to the difficulties of that post—it is true, however, that you cannot give what you have not got.

You are seated upon a lofty height. I do not advise you not to become giddy, as you have been a giddy sort of young man all your life. I will merely observe, that clouds and mist often surround the mountain peak when all below is clear and serene. The Red Republicans, the Legitimists, the Socialists, and others, will be your mist and vapours, as you will soon discover. How unlucky they are not like yourself—for if you were to disappear to-morrow, you would never be mist.

You have already received your first check; your ticket—to walk—will speedily follow.

The idea that you will ever remain a stopper—(for the space of four years)—in the great bottle which contains those ardent spirits, the French people, is an absurdity.

Before the time assigned for the duration of your office be expired, you will either be drawn out—and your incapacity exposed—or else popped off, like a ginger-beer cork, or Gustavus III.—which last is not at all unlikely.

As, however, you will not believe me alone, wait until your first speech has been submitted to the Chamber, and you will then see how you will be caught up, to be immediately afterwards put down.

If your eyes are then opened, you will see that there remains but one way which you can take to prevent your being ultimately kicked out of the country.

That way, which I would recommend you to take without delay, is the way that leads to the frontier.

I remain, your Obedient Servant,

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THE PUPPET-SHOWMAN'S ALMANACK FOR 1849.

THE SHOWMAN'S CHRISTMAS ADDRESS TO HIS FRIENDS.

ONCE more the rapid, fleeting year
Has brought old Christmas to the door;
Come, let us treat him with such cheer
As folk were wont in days of yore,
When burgher grave and belted knight,
And cottage-maid and lady fair,
Obeyed the old, familiar sprite,
And, at his bidding, banished Care—
That sullen, surly, melancholy wight.

Let 's hang from beams, all black with time,
The mistletoe's insidious bough,
'Neath which, as little birds with lime,
Young girls are snared, "They know not how—
"The horrid thing—they never thought
"It half so near—for if they had,
"'T is certain they had not been caught—
"On that rely—it was too bad,
"And not at all behaving as one ought."

Upon the hearth pile up the fire,
And, that it may burn clear and bright,
Cast in it every base desire,
All envy, hatred, vengeance, spite:
Believe me, the event will show
By acting in this way you 'll gain—
For you will feel a genial glow
Dance through each gladly-swelling vein,
And onwards to your very heart's core go.

Bring, too, the sparkling wassail bowl,
That jolly Christmas holds so dear,
And if you 'd have it warm your soul—
The mind as well as body cheer—
Amid the wine and spirit pour
The blessings from some humble roof;
A little Charity is sure
To call them forth: in sober truth,
They 'll give the draught one matchless flavour more.

And you, fair Sovereign of this isle,
Who love to deck the Christmas tree,
So that the massy, regal pile
Resound with mirth and jollity,
Remember that the stem with new
Strength thrives, if pruned with careful hand;
Then trim your Christmas sapling, too,
And to the Poor throughout the land
Send of the shoots thus lopped away a few.

SAFE PROPHECIES FOR 1849.

The Whigs will make many blunders.

A new weekly newspaper will be started.

Drury Lane will be "to let."

James will publish fifty-two novels.

Lord Brougham will make numerous speeches in the House of Lords.

The Chartists will *not* hold a monster meeting.

SOCIAL MAXIMS.

When you hear Jones at the door, in the act of being informed that you are not at home, do not look out of the window until Jones has had time to turn the corner into the next street, otherwise Jones might catch a glimpse which would lead him to imbibe notions derogatory to the spotless candour of your amiable character.

When you invite Jones to dinner in a quiet way, and there happens to be a good deal of cold meat at table, refrain from talking to your wife about how pleasantly the dinner-party went off yesterday, otherwise Jones might be induced to think he does not stand at the very head of your list of friends.

When Jones lends you, on a wet night, an umbrella, which you lose the next day, be careful not to bring up the subject of umbrellas in Jones's presence, otherwise he would be apt to think of his own, which, as he is never destined to get it, would form a consideration painful and tantalising in the last degree.

Q. When are Cheap Shirt-dealers like rats?

A. When they *cut down the Sewers.*

METEREOLOGICAL PHENOMENON.—Instead of complaining of any trifling inconvenience from a thaw of the present day, we ought to be grateful that we do not live in the times of our Saxon forefathers, who, as it is well known, used to have a Thaw all the year round.

DIRTY QUIBBLE.—An American detractor of Royalty, referring to the fact that England never possessed a king of the name of Robert, observes, that this plainly proves that the whole succession is not worth a "Bob."

HOW TO LIVE ON SIXPENCE A DAY.—Breakfast and dine on credit, and keep your sixpence for cigars.

MALE FEMALES, AND FEMALE MALES.

The SHOWMAN, as a lover of nature, is sorry to observe that the difference between the sexes is gradually disappearing, and that there will soon be no distinctive marks by which to recognise a lady from a gentleman.

The ladies began it, and they are, so to speak, stripping the gentlemen of their clothes in a shameful manner. First, they took our *paletots* and our shirt-fronts; now they are taking our Joinvilles, while many of them are getting into our snow-boots; and if not stopped, will soon deprive us of those bluchers which have hitherto been looked upon as essentially the attributes of man. In the house they wear our slippers, and even their wrappers are nothing less than dressing-gowns, under a fictitious name.

The men have, certainly, in many cases, adopted the female boot, the female glove, and the female *mouchoir* (pocket-handkerchiefs can not be female); but then they have been obliged to do it in self-defence. That is the reason why some men go so far as to wear stays, and patronise curl papers. We know how it would have been in another year if we had not interfered. No one would have known *what* to ask to dance, *what* to give *bouquets* to, *what*, in fine, to propose to. We call upon the ladies, for their own sakes, to drop the *paletot*, abandon the Joinvilles, sink the shirt-front, and resign the blucher which even now is exciting their envy. Otherwise, we swear we will use our influence with Mr. Paul Bedford, and induce him to walk every day down Regent Street in an elegant bonnet, and a dress with a double skirt.

GAGGING BILL.—On account of the great national distress, Government resolved to stop the people's mouths.

GAGGING BILL.

Last June, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, being less chary than usual of measures for the public accommodation ordered several hundred chairs to be placed in the different parks.

GOVERNMENT EMIGRATION BILL.—Ministers charge themselves with carrying out its provisions, as well as the emigrant with their provisions, charging the nation with the expense.

SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

We would publish a list, but really the places of these worthy ladies and gentlemen seem so very insecure, that the dread of having to keep issuing fresh batches of errata—say once a fortnight, in order to preserve our readers *au courant* of the run of events—induces us to abstain from having anything to do with this—once seldom altered—part of almanacks.

ECLIPSES.

"Dr. Birch and his Young Friends" will eclipse "The Haunted Man or the Ghost's Bargain." The eclipse will be visible in all intelligent circles. Begins as soon as the works are published, and ends when people stop thinking of them.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

A GOOSE-CLUB in Long Acre will eclipse the WHITTINGTON, in point of the prosperity and intelligence of its members.

The *Eclipse* polka every night. Audible at the Casino. First contact with the cornet, 10h. 5m.: middle of the *Eclipse*, 10h. 10m.: contact with the *piccolo*, 10h. 12m.: last contact with the cornet, 10h. 14m.: the *Eclipse* ends at 10h. 15m., in key E flat and *tempo* 2.4.

N.B.—The Coda of the *Eclipse* commences at 10h. 13m.

ECLIPSES DURING THE PAST YEAR.

Partial eclipse of the *Sun* by the *London Telegraph*. Begins immediately after the French Revolution, and ends with the election of General Cavaignac.

Total eclipse of the *Man in the Moon*. Visible in the cuts, and also in the letter-press.

STAGE MOON.

PHASES OF THE MOON.

At Astley's, during the representation of the Battle of Waterloo, the moon will be

New at five minutes to 9
First quarter at three minutes to . . 9
Full at 9
Last quarter at two minutes past . . 9

TIME OUT OF MIND.

VARIATION OF TIME.

When a friend from Bayswater is invited to dine with a friend at Kensington, and arrives twenty-five minutes too late, there is a difference of twenty-five minutes between the time of Kensington and that of Bayswater.

HIGH WATER.

AT CHELSEA.—High water, when the kitchens are inundated. Low water, when they are only damp.

AT MARGATE.—High water, when passengers cannot land at the jetty. Low water, when they cannot land at the pier.

Birmingham
Leeds
Sheffield
Exeter
Salisbury
Stoke Pogis
Bullock Smithy

These places being inland, the time at which it is high water at each of them may be calculated by subtracting something from nothing, and dividing the remainder by anything.

LONGEST AND SHORTEST DAYS.

The longest day is that on which your friend reads you a five act tragedy.

The shortest day is that on which you read a five act tragedy to your friend.

MOVEABLE FEASTS.

A box of sandwiches and a bottle of ale.

A penny loaf, with a saveloy stuck in the centre, and a flask of brandy.

Hard eggs and a Captain's biscuit.

Pork pies.

MOVEABLE FEAST.

TRANSFER DAYS, &c.

Transfers of books and umbrellas may be made every day in good society. Transfers of pocket-handkerchiefs and snuff-boxes in bad ditto.

UNCLAIMED DIVIDENDS.

The dividends from the profits of *Jerrold's Magazine* are all unclaimed.

HOLIDAYS AT PRIVATE OFFICES.

These holidays—and we talk of them rather in reference to the clerks than the public—fall upon the days on which one or more of the former send a note or notes to the place of business with the tidings that he or they are laid up with severe influenza, afterwards proceeding to pass the afternoon at Greenwich.

In merchants' offices holidays are kept so closely, that no one can get them at all.

On the morning papers there are holidays on Saturdays, when the *employés* write laborious articles for the weekly press.

At legitimate theatres there are holidays nearly all the year.

After a panic, there are many holidays in railway offices.

[*N.B.* During Christmas time the days are all holly-days.]

A DEY AFTER THE FEAST.

LAW TERMS.

Laches, *plover*, and *replevin*, are law terms.

UNIVERSITY TERMS.

Great-go and little-go are University terms.

LIST OF BANKERS.

We had prepared a full and complete list of bankers, when we received a requisition of the Whittington Club requesting a list of pawnbrokers instead. We have great pleasure in not complying with the request.

ARMY AGENTS.

The most evident army agents that we know of are recruiting serjeants. Apply at the nearest barracks.

NAVY AGENTS,

Under the name of "Crimps," abound at Portsmouth and Plymouth, where you can go and inquire for them, without any other formality than the payment of the railway fares to those places.

SEA WEED.

CUSTOMS.

It is not to the customs of the Government officers, so much as to their manners, that travellers object. The customs of Old England (as adopted by Young England) appear to have been cruelly heavy.

STAMPS.

A black eye or a bloody nose is a valid stamp, marking the acceptation of a blow.

Hair brushed from the forehead, and a turn-down collar, are not valid stamps of genius.

A loud stamp on the floor is anything but a stamp marking the receipt by your wife of a "love of a velvet cape."

SPOILED STAMPS.—If Joseph Ady has put his name to a bill, no allowance is made for the spoiled stamp.

PENALTY FOR ACCEPTING AN ACCOMMODATION BILL.—Having to take it up.

TAXES.

There is a general aversion to paying taxes; but many persons, when they do so, are particularly obliged.

PULLING UP THE BLIND.

There are a great many taxes connected with cabs: that, for instance, of having to drive a friend about.

The tax on wigs is that of having to convince your friends that they are really "gentlemen's real heads of hair."

Taxes on windows are very absurd, as every man, unless he is blind, can see through them. Strange that light taxation should be so very heavy!

Even the premier cannot escape duty, and is constantly liable to a tax (attacks).

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

POLITICAL WEIGHT.

12 Dull men	=	1	Blockhead.
8 Blockheads	=	1	Donkey.
10 Donkeys	=	1	Good-for-nothing humbug.
16 Good-for-nothing humbugs	=	1	Whig Cabinet.

DEAD WAIT.

ELECTION WEIGHT.

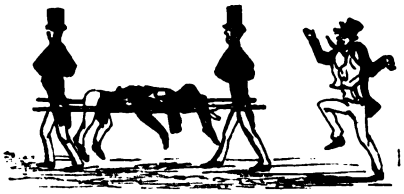
12 Promises of situations	=	1	Sov.
20 Sovs.	=	1	Bribe.
150 Bribes	=	1	Member of Parliament.

ADELPHI THEATRICAL MEASURE.

Ever-so-much illiterateness	=	1	Adelphi author.
Two Adelphi authors	=		Ever-so-much slang.
Ever-so-much slang	=	1	Adelphi hit.

FAST MAN'S LIQUID MEASURE.

3 Drops of brandy in the forenoon	=	1	Bottle of wine at dinner.
2 Bottles of wine at dinner	=	1	Go of grog after supper.
4 Goes of grog after supper	=	1	Fine of five shillings next morning.


HAPPY IS HE WHOSE FRIENDS ARE BORN BEFORE HIM.

BEER MEASURE.

Two pints of bottled ale make one pint of draught ale.

CHARTIST MEASURE.

Six *pints* make one people's charter.

WINE MEASURE.

Fourteen wine glasses make one quart.
Seven wine glasses make one quart bottle.

MEDICAL STUDENTS' MEASURE.

Two drains make one pull at the pewter.
Three pulls at the pewter makes one swig at the can.
Four swigs at the can make one gallon.

IN HIS CUPS.

AFFIDAVITS AT THE COUNTY COURT.

Price of stamp	...	...	...	2s. 6d.
Fee to witness	...	...	...	A pot of beer.

A TABLE OF DISCOUNT.

To a merchant	4 per cent.
Ditto, in difficulties	6 per cent.
To a tradesman	5 per cent.
Ditto, in difficulties	8 per cent.
To a gentleman	20 per cent.
Ditto, very hard-up	60 per cent.
Ditto, with moustache, red waistcoat, false teeth, "gentleman's real head of hair," and a love of billiards	100 per cent.
Honest and industrious young man, but without expectations	Market not open.

ON ACCUMULATION.

The man who drinks a pint of porter per day would, if he saved the twopence, have enough money at the end of the year to purchase five hundred tracts on temperance to distribute among his friends.

The man who smokes six cigars per day, at threepence each, would, if he saved the money, possess enough at the end of the year to buy a small cabbage garden of his own.

In the course of one twelvemonth there is more money spent in strawberry ice alone than would serve to teach the Church Catechism to all the Birman Empire.

During the London season every lady, on an average, spends ten times as much money on gloves, for sinful balls and theatres, as would suffice to purchase all the sermons of the Rev. Baptist Noel.

There is more money spent in London in six hours on pomatum alone than would afford the means of converting the Wang Fum Islanders to the faith of the Independent Howlers.

IN AT ONE EAR AND OUT AT THE OTHER.

CAB FARES.

To a man who takes cabmen's numbers, 8*d.* per mile.

To an ordinary person, 1*s.* per mile.

To a person in a dreadful hurry, 1*s.* 6*d.* per mile.

To a medical student, who rides on the box, and chaffs the driver, 1*s.* 9*d.* per mile (very cheap).

To a foreigner, 2*s.* per mile.

To a British tar, 2*s.* 6*d.* per mile.

Ditto, in liquor, or with three ladies, 3*s.* per mile.

COMPANIONS FOR THE THEATRE.

For the Italian Operas—A three volume novel to read between the acts.

For the Promenade Concerts—Cotton to stop the ears.

For the Haymarket—A night-cap.

For the Princess's, when opera is not played—A cup of coffee very strong.

For the Lyceum—A syncretic who does not believe in the *quasi* illegitimate drama.

For the Adelphi—A cambric handkerchief in the beginning of the evening, and two friends to hold your sides at the end.

At the Surrey and Victoria—A basin to receive your tears during the farce, and a number of *Punch* to keep you from laughing during the tragedy.

QUIETNESS IS BEST.

At the Heagle, Halbert Saloon, &c.—A smelling bottle.

CONUNDRUM.

Q. Why ought meat to be only half cooked.

A. Because what's *done* cannot be *helped.*

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—New work published on the art of "painting without smell." This is the second of their seven senses which artists can now dispense with, for most of them knew long ago how to paint without taste.

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

JANUARY.—Baths and Washhouses for the Labouring Classes.

JANUARY. XXXI. Days.		
M		Circumcision
T		
W		
T		
F		
S		Epiph. 12 day
☉		1 S. aft. Epiph.
M		Plough Mond.
T		
W		
T		Hil. Term beg.
F		Lavater d.1801
S		Camb.Ter.beg.
☉		2 S. aft. Epiph.
M		Oxfd. Ter.beg.
T		
W		
T		Old Twelfth D.
F		Watt born 1736
S		Ame. Ind.1783
☉		3 S. aft. Epiph.
M		Washin.b.1732
T		Pitt died 1806
W		Fox born 1749
T		Conv.of S.Paul
F		
S		Pol. Rev. 1842
☉		4 S. aft.Epiph.
M		Geo.III.d.1820
T		Mar.K.Charles
W		Hil.Term end

First comes a "great-unwashed one," wrappéd
In fustian coat, to keep the cold away: [well
Yet did he quake, while much he strove to quell
His fears; for water filled him with dismay,
And he was numb'd when he had cast away
The musty garments he had used of old,
And eke his bluchers, worn full many a day.
Then did he blow his nose, for he 'd a cold,
And loathing much, into the streme he rolled.

Cheap Baths and Washhouses.—By means of which the poor man may be thoroughly washed without being completely "cleaned out."

Sanitary.—A great stir in the Metropolitan sewers. Commissioners knowingly propose to be paid at the rate of so much per scent.

Denunciations from the Altar.—Irish priests tell tenants to take their landlords as their great aim, and hope that by this means they will touch their hearts.

It being quite natural that a priest should offer a sacrifice, the neighbouring landlords are selected for the purpose.

Baron *v.* Demerson.—Question raised as to whether being a member of the bar is a bar to the possession of honourable feeling. Precedent of "Honour among thieves" is adduced.

Flight of Louis Philippe.—A revolution takes place in France, and Mark Lemon makes a joke in England.

Baron Rothschild, after standing the expenses of the City election, is not allowed to sit.

Navigation Laws.—The demonstration in favour of the British tar is carried to an extraordinary pitch.

Valentine's Day occurs on the 14th of this month, while *Ember* Week commences on the 28th. In the intervening fortnight, the "all-devouring flame" reduces Valentines to *ashes*.

Chisholm Anstey, although a very feeble man, moves a resolution of very great weight, but is unable to carry it.

Then Louis Philippe came, with a visage grim,
For, certes, he was a most unlucky wight;
And divers matters sore had troubled him,
So that he knew that he was ruined quite.
And he had not his subjects ruled by right,
And never would old Louis graunt them grace,
But made them all the vassals of his might;
So that at last they gave him his due place,
And thrust him out from his own court, an outlaw base.

FEBRUARY. XXVIII. Days.		
1	T	Par.&Ph.Sh.e.
2	F	Candlemas D.
3	S	St. Blaise
4	☉	Septagesima S.
5	M	Sir R.Peelb1788
6	T	Char.II.d.1685
7	W	
8	T	Half Qr. Day
9	F	
10	S	Q.Vic.ma.1840
11	☉	Sexagesima S.
12	M	Ly.J.Greybeh.
13	T	[1555
14	W	Valentine's D.
15	T	Melancthon b.
16	F	[1797
17	S	
18	☉	Quinquagea.S.
19	M	Galileo b. 1564
20	T	Shrove Tuesd.
21	W	Ash Wednesd.
22	T	Fr.Rev. c.1848
23	F	L.Phil.ab.1848
24	S	D. Cam.b.1774
25	☉	1 Sun. in Lent
26	M	
27	T	Hare Huntg.e.
28	W	Ember Week

FEBRUARY.—The First French Invasion. Joinville taking Possession of the Soil.

MARCH.—The Trafalgar Square Revolution.

THE POLICE CHARGING THE POPULACE.

Mob Orator—The time has arrived for all true Englishmen to Free themselves from the Oppressor's yoke! The holy voice of Liberty calls out to you in Language that cannot be mistaken——

Fruit Merchant—Here you are—real Revolutionary Warnuts—four a-penny!

MARCH.

XXXI. DAYS.

1	T	St. David
2	F	St. Chad
3	S	Otway b. 1651
4	S	2 Sun. in Lent
5	M	
6	T	£1 n. 1st issd.
7	W	[1717
8	T	Wil. III. d. 1702
9	F	
10	S	B. West d. 1820
11	S	3 Sun. in Lent
12	M	St. Gregory
13	T	Nap. outl. 1815
14	W	
15	T	
16	F	
17	S	St. Patrick's D.
18	S	4 Sun. in Lent
19	M	LeBrun. b. 1739
20	T	Sir I. Newton
21	W	[died 1727
22	T	Bat. Alex. 1801
23	F	
24	S	Gen. Fast 1847
25	S	5 Sun. in Lent
26	M	[Lady-day
27	T	
28	W	Abercrombie
29	T	[died, 1801
30	F	Cam. Ter. ends
31	S	Oxf. Ter. ends

THEN, roaring loudly, came the Chartists, clad
In garment all of rags downe to the ground.
First, Charlie Cochrane, he whom men deem mad,
And worthy to be lockt up in some pound;
Then, Reynolds, who in nonsense doth abound,
And in obscenitie doth much delight.
Then 'gan they speak, and made most wondrous sound,
Until two Peelers came with all their might,
And put the rebels base full soon to flight.

A NEW COMET is anxiously expected, and the PUPPET-SHOW appears.

FRENCH orators stick up poplar trees as symbols of liberty. The sounding brass and the *cymbal*, therefore, go together as usual.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE REVOLUTION.—General insurrection of insignificancies. The very fountains rise—to an additional height of three inches and a half. Reynolds addresses the London pickpockets as "fellow-subjects." The thieves increase the assemblage to such an extent, as to merit the *sobriquet* of the "swell-mob."

IRISH REPEALERS send messengers to the French Provisional Government, with instructions to "wait for an answer." In spite of the demand there is no supply.

SPECIAL CONSTABLE FINED FOR REFUSING TO ACT.—Mr. H. Vandenhoff is earnestly requested to follow this example. The fine shall be paid by public subscription, and himself presented with a handsome annuity for life.

CUFFEY, being a tailor, vows to repair the breaches made by the Whigs in the constitution.

FEARGUS O'CONNOR fails in a petition. This is strange, for, considering what he gets out of the working classes, he must be a good hand at begging.

MR. G. THOMPSON BRINGS FORWARD HIS MOTION ON THE RAJAH OF SATTARA FOR THE THIRTIETH TIME.—The secret of the long-sought Perpetual Motion at last discovered.

AGAIN came Chartists, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as an ass which still doth kick:
Within a van they rode, and there they fed
On meat and drink which they had boughte on tick.
But of the foul affaire they soon fell sick,
For downe the raine did pour with savage ire,
And then the Chartists vanishéd full quick,
Bespattered o'er with mud and filthy mire,
And much they grieved awhile that they did e'er conspire.

APRIL.

XXX. DAYS.

1	S	Palm Sunday
2	M	
3	T	
4	W	St. Ambrose
5	T	Maunday Th.
6	F	Good Frid. (O.
7	S	[Lady-day)
8	S	Easter Sun.
9	M	Easter Mon.
10	T	
11	W	Canning b. 1770
12	T	Ame. disc. 1492
13	F	
14	S	
15	S	Low Sun.
16	M	East. Ter. beg.
17	T	[begins
18	W	Ox. & Cam. Ter.
19	T	St. Alphage
20	F	Spa. Arm. 1654
21	S	Alex. Great d.
22	S	2 Sun. aft. East.
23	M	Shaksp. b. 1564
24	T	St. George
25	W	St. Mark. Pa.
26	T	[Alice b. 1835
27	F	
28	S	
29	S	3 Sun. aft. East.
30	M	

APRIL.—Chartist Demonstration on Kennington Common.

MAY.—Exhibition of the Chinese Junk.

MAY. XXXI. Days.		
1	T	Holid. at Bank
2	W	
3	T	Inv. of Cross
4	F	
5	S	Napol. d. 1821
6	S	4 Sun. af. East.
7	M	[East.T.ends
8	T	
9	W	
10	T	Test A. rp.1828
11	F	
12	S	
13	S	Rogation Sun.
14	M	Grattan d.1820
15	T	O'Conn. d.1847
16	W	
17	T	Ascen.Day. H.
18	F	[Thursday
19	S	St. Dunstan
20	S	Sun. af. Ascen.
21	M	
22	T	Trin. Ter. beg.
23	W	
24	T	Q.Vict. b.1819
25	F	Prs.Hel.b.1846
26	S	Augustine, A.
27	S	Whit Sunday
28	M	Whit Monday
29	T	K. C. II. r. 1660
30	W	
31	T	

THEN came the Chinese Junk to English ground,
Deckt all with dainties of its country's pryde;
And painted gods and dæmons were around,
And eke were wooden birds and beasts beside,
And beads all green and gold together tyde.
The crowds who went downe by the Blackwall traine,
Lud! how they laught when they the Junk first spide,
And leapt and danct, and looked at it againe,
Until they left the place, for it began to rain.

MITCHELL'S TRIAL—To organise a rebellion. His conviction—that he has made a fool of himself.

MONSTER MEETINGS at Exeter Hall, and large increase in the demand for tea.

DANGEROUS OVERCROWDING OF THE CHEAP RIVER STEAMERS.—Passengers stand a chance of going a much longer journey than they bargained for. No return tickets.

RESTORATION OF KING CHARLES THE II.—It is well known this event occurred on the production of "*Court Beauties*" at the Lyceum.

FEARGUS O'CONNOR'S LAND SCHEME.—The greatest smoke-nuisance of the day.

THE French actors at Drury Lane are put down by their rivals here, who dread their talents. Notwithstanding modern facilities for travel, it is strange that there should be such a dislike to foreign parts.

MONTE CHRISTO leaves Drury Lane in the same way as he left prison—he gets the sack.

THE promoters of the Irish insurrection issue directions how to use vitriol and other deadly agents against the troops, but are destined to discover that the sum total of their gross receipts is merely discomfiture and imprisonment.

AND then came Irish Moral Force arrayed
In seedie vest, and hat yclept "Repale;"
Yet in his time he fought as well as played,
For he with huge great brick-bats would assaile
All men who laught to scorn at his mad wail.
With crooked, crawling steps, an uncouth pace,
He forward reeled, with drink and fury pale,
And then old Moral Force his foes did face,
And, filling these with fear, soon drove them from the place.

JUNE. XXX. Days.		
1	F	Nicodemus
2	S	Gordn.rio.1780
3	S	Trinity Sund.
4	M	
5	T	K.Han.b.1771
6	W	Census taken
7	T	Ref.Bill p.1832
8	F	
9	S	
10	S	1 Sun. aft.Trin.
11	M	St. Barnabas
12	T	Trin.Tm. ends
13	W	[1800
14	T	Bat. Marengo
15	F	St. Vitus
16	S	D. of Marlb. d.
17	S	2 Sun.aft.Trin.
18	M	B.Waterl. 1815
19	T	M.Ch. sig.1215
20	W	Vic. acc. 1837
21	T	Longest day
22	F	
23	S	
24	S	3 Sun.aft.Trin.
25	M	[Mids. Day
26	T	Geo.IV. d.1830
27	W	
28	T	Q. Vic. cr. 1838
29	F	St. Peter
30	S	

JUNE.—Irish "Moral" Force.

Mob—"We will! We will!"

Moral Force Agitator—"I entreat you to be calm—to be cool—to be collected—to be prudent—and not to let your passions outrun your judgment; but to show these cursed Saxons the fallacy of the diabolical assertion that we are unfit for self-government." (*The speaker here bursts a blood-vessel.*)

JULY.—Irish "Physical" Force.

JULY.

XXXI. Days.

1	S	4 Sun. af. Trin.
2	M	Vis. B.V. Mar.
3	T	Dog Days beg.
4	W	Trans.St.Mark
5	T	
6	F	Cam. Tm. ends
7	S	Oxf. Tm. ends
8	S	5Sun. af. Trin.
9	M	Bour. rest,1815
10	T	Calvin b. 1509
11	W	
12	T	
13	F	Duc d'Orleans
14	S	[killed 1842
15	S	6 Sun.af. Trin.
16	M	[St. Swithin
17	T	ASmith d.1790
18	W	Petrarch d1743
19	T	
20	F	St. Margaret
21	S	Burns b. 1796
22	S	7 Sun. af. Trin.
23	M	
24	T	Insur. beg. 1696
25	W	St. James
26	T	St. Anne
27	F	
28	S	
29	S	8 Sun. af. Trin.
30	M	
31	T	

Then Force hight Physical, who boyled like fire,
Came, for all reason he had cast away;
Like to a lyon, raging yet with ire,
He roared, and swore that men should him obey;
(It was the beast who whilome did forray
The Commons' House till none could him abide),
He forward rode, and with him his array,
For many were there gathered on his side,
But soon they ran with fear, and scattered far and wide.

Smith O'Brien plays a game of all-fours among Widow M'Cormack's cabbage-stumps, and is stumped out by the police.

Chartists March to the Bank—retire on observing the sentries posted there—a remarkable instance of sentrifugal force.

Viscount Arbuthnot Accused of Forgery.—A true bill found, but his lordship is not, having, in consequence of inability to meet the heavy charge, settled it by quitting the country.

How is it possible that "every dog can have his day," as the proverb says, when there are so many dogs and only 365 days in the year?

Patron Saint of Vauxhall—St. Swithin.

Cuffey, the tailor, arrested. The poor fellow finds out that as he sowed so he must reap.

Revolt of the Engine-Drivers.—Having been very much put out by the Company's manager, they determine the fires shall be put out too; as a natural consequence, nothing flares up except themselves.

Sale at Stowe.—The cellars are considered very valuable, the only exception being the greatest seller of all—the Duke of Buckingham himself—who is not thought to be worth much.

Then came the engine-drivers much enraged,
For wickedde men their wages would cut downe;
Ne rode they on their engines more, but waged
A war against their masters: and the towne
Did all declare that they were done quite browne.
And travellers did quiver much and quake,
For that the able engine-drivers lounged in the publicks and did make folk shake,
Because no men but these could safe the railwaies make.

AUGUST.

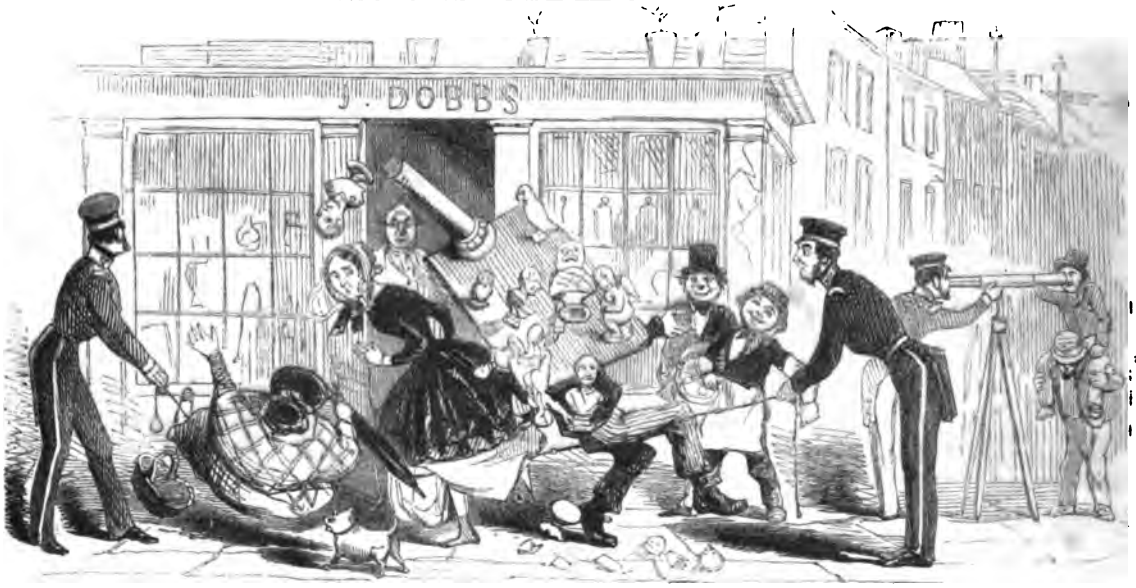
XXXI. Days.

1	W	Lammas Day
2	T	
3	F	
4	S	B. Eng. c. 1732
5	S	9 Sun.aft.Trin.
6	M	Pr. Alf. b. 1844
7	T	Q.Carol.d.1821
8	W	Canning d.1827
9	T	Dryden b. 1631
0	F	[end
11	S	Hf. Qr. Dog ds.
12	S	10 Sun.af.Trin.
13	M	Old Lammas
14	T	Print. inv. 1437
15	W	Napoln.b.1769
16	T	
17	F	Dss. Kent born
18	S	[1786
19	S	10 Sun.af.Trin.
20	M	
21	T	Surinam t.1798
22	W	B. Bos. Fd.1485
23	T	Am.Wr. c.1775
24	F	St. Bartholm.
25	S	
26	S	12 Sun.af.Trin.
27	M	[P.Alb.b.1819
28	T	St.Augustine
29	W	St. Jno. Bp. be,
30	T	
31	F	

AUGUST.—Revolt of Engine-Drivers.

Dog-Fancier.—"Here's a go—Why they say the train's to be druv by the chief director. I aint a-going to trust my valable life and property to a novis like him."

Engine-Driver.—"Do you think I 'm going to have my head froze and legs baked, all day long, for thirty bob a-week?"



SEPTEMBER.—Ordnance Survey.

SEPTEMBER.

XXX. Days.

1	S	Part. shoot. b.
2	S	13Sun.af.Trin.
3	M	O.Crom.d.1658
4		Blake b. 1657
5		Old Bartho.
6		King Jas. II.d.
7		Eunurchus
8		Nat. V. M.
9	S	14Sun.af.Trin.
10	M	
11	T	
12	W	Siege of Vienna
13	T	
14	F	Mosc.brnt1812
15	S	
16	S	15 Sun.af.Trin.
17	M	Lambert
18	T	
19	W	
20	T	
21	F	St. Matthew
22	S	
23	S	16Sun.af.Trin.
24	M	Ch.I.deth.1640
25	T	
26	W	St. Cyprian
27	T	
28	F	Sheriffs sworn.
9	S	Michaelmas D.
30	S	17Sun.af.Trin.

NEXT the surveyors marchèd, eke on foote,
To take precautions, that the city's spoyle
Should ne'er be trampled 'neath a victor's boot,
To make our wealth a manure for his soyle.
In his one land, chief object of his toyle,
He held a level—in the other hand
Two noble turnips, which he meant to boyle
When on St. Paul's—he measured out the land,
And gazed from lofty height on
Fleet Street and the Strand.

DISAPPEARANCE OF COCKNEY SPORTSMEN FROM TOWN.—They are *missing* all the month.

ROYAL VISIT TO SCOTLAND.—Not being able to accompany Her Majesty to Balmoral, a set of snobs propose to get up a *Bal Moral* of their own, at Covent Garden, instead of patronizing Jullien's *Bal Masqué*, which they pretend is a *Bal Immoral*.

CHARTISTS BROUGHT UP AT THE OLD BAILEY.—Their modest wish to remain in obscurity is the theme of universal admiration; and it is not to be attributed to any desire of their own that they are tried and "not found wanting."

LORD J. RUSSELL VISITS IRELAND.—No one has the least idea what he went for—unless indeed it was merely for a few days.

FRENCH NATIONAL GUARDS IN LONDON.—Great harmony between them and the inhabitants, whom they call "brothers." In return, some unprincipled individuals extend the relationship still further, and *cozen* them.

DISGUSTING state of the Thames; people, however, do not complain so much of the mud on its banks, as of the atrocious filth in its shores.

BOYS sent to the House of Correction for meddling with the deer in Richmond Park. Things are altered since the time of *As you like It*. The answer now to the question,

"What shall he have who kills the deer."

Is likely to be,

"Cold-bath Fields for half the year."

Thus is poetry ruined by civilization!

THEN came the Guards hight "National" to see
The land which they "perfidious" whilome deemed,
And then with mirth and eke with jollitie
They drank until their eyes with porter beamed,
And full of frolick and of lust they seemed.
Sixteen in one huge Hansom cab did ride
And, certes, their noules were totty of the must,
For they did shout and roar on every side,
Ne were they by our English prejudices tyde.

OCTOBER.

XXXI. Days.

1	M	Ph. shoot. beg.
2	T	
3	W	
4	T	Reformation
5	F	
6	S	L. Phil. b. 1773
7	S	18 Sun.af.Trin.
8	M	Erskine d.1817
9	T	St. Denys
10	W	Ox.&Cam.T.b.
11	T	O. Mich. Day
12	F	
13	S	Fire Ins. cease
14	S	19 Sun.af.Trin.
15	M	
16	T	H.Par.brt.1834
17	W	
18	T	St. Luke
19	F	D. Swift d.1745
20	S	
21	S	20 Sun.af.Trin.
22	M	
23	T	Ame. disc.1492
24	W	
25	T	St. Crispin
26	F	Bristol Ri.1831
27	S	
28	S	21Sun.af.Trin.
29	M	[1841
30	T	Tow.Ar. burnt
31	W	AllHallow'sEv

OCTOBER.—The Second French Invasion.

NOVEMBER.—The Vernon Gallery Exhibition.

NOVEMBER.

XXX. Days.

1	T	All Saints Day
2	F	Mich. Term b.
3	S	
4	☉	22 Sun. af. Trin.
5	M	Gun. Plot, 1605
6	T	P. Charl. d. 1817
7	W	
8	T	Milton d. 1674
9	F	P. of Wa. b. 1841
10	S	St. Martin
11	☉	23 Sun. af. Trin.
12	M	
13	T	Curran d. 1817
14	W	
15	T	Machutus
16	F	
17	S	Q. Char. d. 1818
18	☉	24 Sun. af. Trin.
19	M	
20	T	
21	W	Prs. R. b. 1840
22	T	St. Cecilia
23	F	Old Mart. D.
24	S	
25	☉	25 Sun. af. Trin.
26	M	Mich. T. ends
27	T	
28	W	Polis. Rev. 1830
29	T	Wolsey d. 1530
30	F	St. Andrew

Next came the Vernon Gallerie, a pit
As blacke as night, where nothing well might seeme,
And there were pictures painted with such wit,
That all did them approve and much esteem.
Yet came there not from Sol one single beame,
That men might then behold their great delight,
And why this was, not easie was to deeme,
For all folks wondered at this dreadful sight,
And eke did for their countrie grieve, as well they might.

A Book is Published called "Glimpses of the Beautiful."—M. Perrot complains that the author has not mentioned him.

We hope the fate of young Fitzwilliam in the West Riding will be a warning to youth; in which case he will not only be a buoy but a beacon.

The Gunpowder Plot—A plot, remarkable for not having been stolen from a French dramatist.

The Quadrant Colonnade is removed, having been previously pulled to pieces by the *Times*.

Pius IX. Escapes from Rome.—Complains that though he has often granted indulgences to the people, they have treated him with none.

Electric Light exhibited at the National Gallery.—Whatever credit this light may reflect upon its inventor, it can never reflect any credit on the building.

Policeman, P 214, acquitted for dining with a cook, as he belonged to the "public service." The "dinner service" would be more appropriate.

Abdication of the Emperor of Austria, who proves that he is not such a fool after all.

Then, after him, came Jullien with his ball,
And those who daunced much merry feasting made;
And drank the ioyous wine till they did fall,
Old Kœnig's sounds their minds did so much glad,
Yet, the next day, I ween, their heads were bad.
Like to base robbers, many there were dight,
Or clad as dæmons (these were well-nigh mad);
And when they gained the strete, and it was light,
Full many a laugh they caused from each rude wight.

DECEMBER.

XXXI. Days.

1	S	Pope Leo X. d.
2	☉	Advent Sun.
3	M	Ab. Jas. II. 1688
4	T	
5	W	Mozart d. 1792
6	T	St. Nicholas
7	F	[B. V. M.
8	S	Conception of
9	☉	2 Sun. in Adv.
10	M	Grouse sh. ends
11	T	
12	W	
13	T	St. Lucy
14	F	Washin. d. 1799
15	S	
16	☉	3 Sun. in Adv.
17	M	Oxf. Term e.
18	T	
19	W	
20	T	Gray born 1546
21	F	St. Thomas.—
22	S	[Shortest Day
23	☉	4 Sun. in Adv.
24	M	
25	T	Christmas Day
26	W	St. Stephen
27	T	St. John
28	F	Innocents!
29	S	
30	☉	1 Sun. af. Chr.
31	M	Silvester

DECEMBER.—Jullien's Bal Masqué.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

THE SHOWMAN cautions the public in general, and skaters in particular, against the increased risk they run, from the "dangerous" condition of the Serpentine. Although the ice may appear to hermetically seal and deodorize the stream, yet despite the remedial measures of the Royal Humane Society, great doubts are entertained of the possibility of recovering from the effects of the liquid poison swallowed during immersion.

CONUNDRUMS.

Q. Why are holidays at the public offices like convicts?
A. Because they are observed with the greatest strictness.

Q. Why is a writing-master luckier than any one else?
A. Because he can never help flourishing.

Q. Why is a clergyman who hunts like an officer who runs away from an engagement?
A. Because he departs from his sphere of action (his fear of action).

WHO'S DAT DYING ON DE FLOOR?

AIR—"*Who's dat knocking at the door.*"

I HAD just come up for dis famous Town to see,
And all de curiosities, whatever dey might be;
I went to de house, and heard de Speaker say
To some big humbug who 'fore de chair dere lay—
"Am dat O'Connell—am dat you, John?
What, you ain't dead yet? you better get along!
"For dar is no use dying on de floor any more.

"Who's dat dying on de floor?
Twenty times you 've done that, I tink, before—
I'll call de SHOWMAN, tell him how
You always go on as you're doing now:
Who's dat dying on the floor?
Am dat O'Connell, am dat you, John?
If you ain't dead yet, you 'd better go along,
"For it's no use dying on de floor any more."

AN ACUTE ANGLE.

AN OBTUSE ANGLE.

SANITARY MEASURES.

HEALTH OF TOWNS BILL.—The question was postponed until after the cholera.

CHOLERA arrived, and was received with the greatest attention by the civic authorities.

SHALLOW BROOKES ARE VERY NOISY.

LOLA MONTES.—Europe was, some time since, amused by the King of Bavaria's gambolling, induced by certain skilful "legs."

DEBUT OF MR. G. V. BROOKE.—His appearance was prepossessing but not successful. After being cut up by the papers, he reappeared in several pieces.

WISE MEN DO NOT WISH FOR WHAT THEY CANNOT HAVE.

MINISTERIAL WHITEBAIT—The shilling paid to Powell the spy.

MARK LEMON often quotes to himself with a sigh the lines of the poet—

"Man wants but little *ear* below,
Nor wants that little *long!*"

Nature oppresses him much by her superfluous kindness!

BUNN *v.* LIND.—Bunn, after having been much injured by Lind, ultimately "recovered."

DINNER AND DEATH.

OUT of the Haymarket, near to the top,
Runs a small passage, in which there 's a shop,
Where you can get, with "sauce piquante," a chop,
Which Verrey himself might in vain try to wop.

Two seedy gentlemen turn up the court;
One has ten shillings, the other has naught,
To pay for the steaks which are ordered and brought.

Strange thing this eating—that beings should cram
Mutton and beef, sugar and jam,
Pepper and mustard, pickles and ham,
Salmon and soles, whiting and plaice,
All through a hole in the front of the face.

A LITTLE BODY OFTEN HARBOURS A GREAT SOUL.

Of the two seedy gentlemen sitting together,
The dullest remarks that it 's very bad weather;
Whilst the other, who takes a long pull at the can,
Observes that Macaulay 's a very great man.

This, the dummy one cries,
He flatly denies;
Then, invoking his eyes,
Declares that he 's got a friend ten times as wise;
Which the other asserts is a parcel of lies.
Whereupon, in a fury, both gentlemen rise,
And the wit, who 's remarkably brave for his size,
Holds out his fist, and the dull one defies;
Which insult the dull, while he shows some surprise,
Declares he 'll avenge, though to-morrow he dies.
"Pooh! pooh! you 'll do neither," the short man replies.
"The deuce!" cries the dull, and a bottle he throws,
As hard as he can, at that part of his foe's
Physiognomy, which is well known as the nose;
But missing his aim, the weapon swift goes,
And drops on a quiet old gentleman's toes.

The affray now assumes an appearance most frightful,
And both are becoming excessively spiteful—
Thumping away, without mercy or dread,
Each kicking the other, and punching his head.
Till the short one, determined the matter to end,
Seizes hold of a fork, which he sticks in his friend;
And lifting him up, with a horrible leer,
Severs his throttle from ear unto ear.

Then away he runs as hard as he can,
Upsetting a woman, two lads, and a man;
Down the street, across the Park,
Up against posts, on account of the dark;
Frowning at boys, who opine it 's a lark,
Till he 's stopped by a green-grocer, surnamed John Clark.

But, now to finish this terrible tale,
This wretched young man is shut up in gaol.
His crime is so awful, they will not take bail:
Then he 's hanged, sir, he 's hanged! and his clothes are for sale.

FALLACY OF THE FACULTY.—It seems strange that medical men should so often prescribe bleeding, when it is well known always to be a *vein* operation.

ESSEX has furnished a complete illustration of the proverb that "one man's meat is another man's poison," since many people are known to have supported themselves by murdering their relatives.

A Royal Princess is born. Salutes are fired on the occasion. As salutes are also fired on the demise of royal personages, their lives may be said both to begin and end—in smoke.

DURING the captures of Chartists, an attempt was made to carry off some of the "leaders" from the *Northern Star* Office. Their weight, however, rendered it impossible.

A SURTHEW ONE CHOOSES S NOT FELT.

CHARTIST FLATS.

(Air—*Buffalo Girls.*)

As I went past the Orange Tree—Orange Tree,
Tom Powell there I chaneed to see—who peached, Lord John, for you.
"Chartist flats, won't you come out and fight—come out and fight
—come out and fight—
Chartist flats, won't you come out and fight, and be transported
soon?"

He asked them if they 'd have some pikes—have some pikes,
And said that a wise man always strikes, while hot the iron be.
"Chartist flats, won't you come out and fight—come out and fight
—come out and fight—
Chartist flats, won't you come out and fight, and be transported
soon?"

Then went and told the Peelers straight—Peelers straight.
Who led the poor flats to their fate—say, who so base as he?
Chartist flats, never go out and fight—go out and fight—go
out and fight,
Chartist flats, never go out and fight for such a lying loon.

PUT NO FAITH IN TALE-BEARERS.

SCENE IN A BALL-ROOM.

Lady of the House.—Will you dance, Mr. Smith?
Smith.—Oh, with pleasure!
Lady of House.—Will you dance, Mr. O'Mulligan?
Mr. O'Mulligan.—Och sure and I'll dance with the greatest of satisfaction alive, particularly when it 's your own charming self thot 's the invitress.
[Very clever fellows these Irishmen; such brilliant wit, so much conversation.]

THE COMIC WRITER WHO SMELLS OF THE SHOP.

Comic Writer loquitur.—Hallo! Libel, I've such a lot of copy to do. I 'm going to work up that story you gave me about Harrison roaring over a gate at a bull. Bye-the-bye, I've a paragraph that 'll do capitally for the *Scorpion.* I'm not going to use it, so the joke's quite at your service. You must put it in a new form, or else some stupid fellow will swear it 's that pun of à Beckett's from the *Forty Thieves;* and now I think of it, Planché has something like it in the *Golden Branch,* so mind you're careful about it. I see that Webster has been coming out with his bad grammar again. I wish you would touch him off; I really have not time: there 's Lumley to be pitched into; and I've a regular slasher on Jerrold coming out next week. Bye-the-bye, I was at a ball last night, and hit on a capital subject for a caricature. There was an old fellow, too, sitting next me, who could be served up beautifully in a shilling book. I think old Brown, the man who is almost too lazy to eat his dinner, could also be made a character of. If I can get a striking name, I know a man who will bring it out to-morrow. Did you hear what O'Runnovan said yesterday about Lablache? That would make a capital epigram, if I could think of another point for it: it 's hardly strong enough by itself. Do you mean to go to Rummer's to-morrow night? I think it will be slow, but it will be such an odd affair that we shall be sure to make something out of it in the way of copy. Well, good-bye, if you will go. Mind the step, or you 'll fall. Ah! good heavens! I said you would; and you've split your trowsers! I say, though, that suggests a very good social cut. Excuse me, I shall stick it down, now I think of it.

THE MORE THE MERRIER.

THE MEDICAL STUDENT WHO SMELLS OF THE SHOP.

Medical student loquitur.—"What, are you here still in the land of the living? Let 's look at your tongue? Do you feel any pains in your bones, as if you had been beaten all over with a stick, or had been run over by a waggon? Well, it 's deuced odd if you don't! Can you sleep at night? Don't you feel as if you were wretchedly tired when you havn't been taking any exercise at all? Well, never mind, let 's feel your pulse. Hem! what 's that black mark on you lip? Oh, it 's a little smut, is it! Well, of course if Simpson don't think anything of it, it does n't matter to me. Let 's tap your chest? Here, undo your waistcoat. Does this give you any pain? Well, but don't you feel great difficulty in breathing? Any aching pains in your head? Any sore throat, then, accompanied by extreme uneasiness in swallowing? Well, perhaps, you can manage to swallow; but you don't mean to say you have any appetite? Well, I don't know; it certainly is very extraordinary! Ha! what 's that on your shirt! By Jove! Pull it open! Oh, it 's a drop of ale, is it! Ah! I see how it is; you 've been drinking, my boy. Now, you mind what I say—you're suffering from incipient *delirium tremens,* and you 've a strong disposition to typhus. Now, mark—my—words—you 'll be dead in three weeks—that is, if you don't take care of yourself. The best thing you can do is to go home, have your head shaved, put thirty-seven leeches—or thirty-three, if they are large ones—on your temples, and make up your mind to be regularly laid up for nine months. Give my respects to Simpson, and tell him he doesn't know what he 's talking about. And—mind—what I—say: if you don't take *precious* care of yourself—I tell you as a friend—you'll be as dead as a herring in less than a month!

HEEDLESS OF ANOTHER'S WOES.

THE SOLICITOR WHO SMELLS OF THE SHOP.

Solicitor loquitur. Well, you 've had a row with Timkins, have you? and he hinted that the sooner you paid your tailor, the better it would be for your reputation.

I think you did quite right to cut him; that language, you know, is actionable. I remember a case when I was articled to Sharper, in which the plaintiff had been asked by the defendant, whether when he left his house he was also obliged to leave his furniture. Well, sir, that man recovered damages; and you may depend upon it, an action would stand against Timkins for the insinuations thrown out against your character. It's rather unfortunate, by-the-bye, that you hit him. He could n't prove any intention to murder, I suppose; but do you think he could fall back on the "intent to do some grievous bodily harm?" Well, you know, if you merely hit him with your glove, it amounted to an assault. However, I don't think that would interfere with the action for defamation of character. Is Timkins in the profession? Oh, then, if he isn 't, I dare say he won't know what to be at. By-the-bye, do you know whether he has ever been in the habit of assailing your character before every one he knows? Oh! he told some one that you had owed a "tick" at the *Cafe de l'Europe* for a long while—did he? That also tends to injure your character for honesty; but as you have n't paid it, it would be as well not to allude to it. Do you think he 's likely to send a friend to you? because, if he does, you can bind him over to keep the peace; and although Roulette would be his second, he would n't be his surety? Anyhow, his language was actionable; so I'll speak to our common law-clerk about it, and will let you know.

GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.

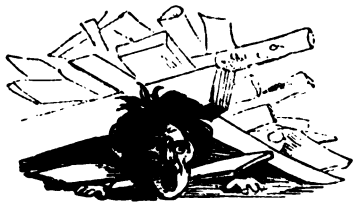
THE HEIGHT OF COOLNESS.—The top of Mont Blanc.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—Taking shelter from the rain in an umbrella shop.

A DISPUTE recently arose, as to whether Sir Peter Laurie or Mr. Paul Bedford was the greatest buffoon.

"Oh, Bedford, certainly," said a gentleman present.

"No, Sir Peter Laurie is the greatest," replied the SHOWMAN. "You are 'robbing Peter to pay Paul,' when you pronounce otherwise.



YOU SHOULD N'T HOLLOW BEFORE YOU ARE OUT OF THE WOOD.

PROVERBS.

(BY OUR OWN WISE MAN.)

Dresses are to women what candles are to moths.

The young lady who eats least at dinner has eaten most at lunch.

A man's word may be as good as his bond, but his bond may be as bad as his word.

Better to be up to a lark than up with it.

Tell me what the *Times* affirms to-day, and I will tell you what the *Daily News* will deny to-morrow—and *vice versâ*.

Bills are good pedestrians; they will run long, and beat you in the long run.

A virtuous indignation writer is one who is indignant at virtue, and with whom virtue is herself indignant.

"WELL, THIS IS REALLY THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY CROP OF P'S I EVER SAW."

PRIZE ESSAY.

The SHOWMAN shortly intends to place for discussion, or, if possible, solution, a great moral question in the hands of the literary community. He intends, in fact, to offer a handsome prize for an essay on the following important subject, viz. :—

"Whether it be immoral, as well as illegal, to give a box-keeper a bad shilling?"

The SHOWMAN'S private opinion is decidedly against the doctrine of there being anything immoral in the transaction.

THINGS SLIGHTLY OUT OF PLACE.—A fan in Nova Zembla; a Gibus on the Swan River; a lorgnette at sea; a renter's admission to Drury Lane in Sierra Leone; a voice lozenge in the cell of a prisoner undergoing the silent system; a pair of dress boots on a raft in the Pacific.

A HUBBUB MADE ABOUT THE SUGAR DUTIES.

The following tariff is drawn up by a contributor to the PUPPET-SHOW:—

Brown sugar will be by no means allowed into port—nor into gin, whisky, or rum.

Sugar-candy will be admitted into coffee at the usual amount—*i.e.*, two or three pieces to each cup.

No sugar but lump-sugar will, on any account, be admitted into grog. As for brown sugar being let in, the SHOWMAN would not touch it with a pair of tongs. The amount fixed for lump sugar, is three lumps per tumbler.

Sugar duties in the abstract—that is, the duty of castigating small boys who abstract the sugar—must be rigidly carried out. The amount fixed, is one whack for every whack the boy takes.

Sugar duties in the concrete—or, in the lump that is—may be defined as the duties of passing the sugar when required to do so. You have no right to keep the sugar in bond.

N.B.—It does not follow that because tongs are used for helping sugar, pokers may be.

A DIPLOMATIC RELATION.—One who humbugs you into lending him a sovereign.

JEWISH DISABILITIES.—Not being able to eat pork, speak correct English, smell agreeably, or look clean.

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

HARK! it is the wished-for signal!
Gladness sparkles in her eyes,
As the beauteous Donna Laura
To her lofty casement hies.

There, upon the steps of marble,
Stands her love! her bosom's pride!
While his gondola lies cradled
On the gently rippling tide.

All entranced—for bliss scarce breathing—
Lists she to his touching lay,
When she utters—pale with terror—
One loud shriek of wild dismay.

For she sees her loved one stagger
Down towards the silver flood,
And can track each step he taketh
By large drops of crimson blood.

Has a hated rival struck him
With the lurking bravo's knife;
Or, with sure and well-aimed bullet,
Snapt in twain the thread of life?

Quickly, with dishevelled tresses,
To the victim's aid she goes,
Ah! she faints, but 't is to find he 's
Only bleeding at the nose.

THE following were among the best tricks on April-fool day:—

The Secretary of the Whittington Club was informed that a "gentleman" wished to become a member.

Charles Cochrane's friends sent him round the corner, saying that he would meet a voter for him. And

Peter Borthwick's servant told his tailor that he was at home.

TURN-OUT OF ENGLISH WORKMEN FROM FRANCE.—English spades are beaten by French clubs. The revolutionists look upon the British pick-axe as a base tool of *perfide Albion*.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING ends on the 1st of February, but the SHOWMAN never met with a sportsman honest enough to say whether the cause was the exhaustion of the birds, of himself, or of his powder.

Lord Ellesmere's letter on the National Defences causes some offence. The greatest offence is a plot which the subject gives rise to at the Adelphi Theatre, and which is conducted in such a manner that no one can discover it.

PROLOGUE

TO NEXT HALF-YEAR'S PERFORMANCES IN THE *PUPPET-SHOW*.

"They talk like Solomon himself in the PUPPET-SHOW."—BULWER'S *Devereux*.

THE curtain rises on a new half-year
Of satire, humour, parody, and sneer;
To introduce in form its earliest week,
A word of prologue will the SHOWMAN speak.

RUSSELL, beware! though safe on Erin's strand,
To dine in splendour in a starving land—
To learn from Castle toadies why men rise,
And read abhorrence in a nation's eyes—
To hear chains jingle on each pauper slave—
My lash can reach your carcase o'er the wave!

BENTINCK, beware! (poor creature who presumes
To sneer at Fonblanque while he lives with grooms!)
Back to your stable! seek but jockeys' votes;
Keep your statistics just to measure oats.
I do not deign to hate you, but I flog
With a half-pity, as one whips a dog.

And thou, friend CUFFEY, of the sombre mug,
One word of caution in thy lengthened lug:
Back to the shop-board! leave affairs of state,
Patch Chartists' corduroys, and cease to prate.
Calmly to sew is better than to strike;
Resume the needle, and lay by the pike.

And now, kind reader, one word ere I go,
To you who peep into my PUPPET-SHOW.
Long as my breast retains its wonted fires—
Long as these hands have strength to pull the wires,
For a few coppers you shall every week
Behold my puppets play and hear them squeak.
Peel's stately form—the nigro Cuffey's face—
Disraeli's scowl, and Brougham's grotesque grimace—
The brazen Bentinck, and the booby Hawes—
Shall glide before you, eager for applause.

Whene'er a Chartist, thirsting for your blood,
Kicks up a hubbub in his native mud,
Fast as the Peelers bear him to the cage,
The Snob shall writhe before you on my stage.

The Showman

CAUTION. EVIL-MINDED PERSONS are cautioned against making self-evident jokes in reference to the abolition of the headings which formerly adorned the various departments of the PUPPET-SHOW. And notice is hereby given that any joker or jokers who shall presume to make any would-be facetious remarks to the effect that our "Pins and Needles" are at present without heads, shall be exposed to the ridicule of the vulgar and the scorn of the high-minded.

Given at our Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand,
This 9th day of September, 1848.

THE SHOWMAN.

TO OUR READERS AND (THEREFORE) ADMIRERS.

IT is a well known commercial truth (Mr. Cobden will correct us if we are wrong) that the value of an article rises or falls according to the demand for it. What holds true with regard to one article may be equally alleged of a collection of articles such as are contained in the PUPPET-SHOW. Rothschild and the SHOWMAN are bound by the same immutable laws, and must proceed on identical principles.

The PUPPET-SHOW, price one penny, was addressed to some fifty thousand persons, with the risk of its being accepted only by twenty thousand, and the probability that it would be welcomed by some seventy or eighty thousand. The SHOWMAN, as a moderate man, calculated on fifty thousand readers at one penny; supposing them to have wanted some thirty thousand of that amount the charge for the journal would, on the true commercial principle, have been lowered, in consequence of the small demand, to one halfpenny. But, as the paper has been in the greatest possible request among all classes—the good and the bad, the high and the low, the rich and the poor—the SHOWMAN, as a philosopher and a man of business, has determined to increase its price to one penny halfpenny, payable in farthings, halfpence, or a mixed currency of pence and halfpence. And do we say "determined?" The SHOWMAN has been *compelled* to do so. He can no more regulate the value and therefore the price of PUPPET-SHOWS, than can Mr. Bright of Manchester goods, or any grazier of beef and mutton. By charging the actual value of the Journal as decided, not by his individual opinion, but by the voice of the public, the SHOWMAN performs a duty to himself; which is the best guarantee that he will also do his duty by the public.

Let us hope that the course which has been adopted will bring the circulation of the PUPPET-SHOW within reasonable bounds. The subscribers—and we say it with all due respect to them—have hitherto been too numerous; let us hope that the additional halfpenny will act as a cooler to the ardour of some of them. The task of addressing so gigantic a body was becoming too arduous. The writers feared the responsibility, the compositors trembled with nervousness, and the very boys shook in their Bluchers while waiting for "copy." The paper manufacturer, less remote from the scene of action, was at the same time unable to supply his reams with sufficient quickness; the steam-engine was fast wearing out, and the engineers were dying! Independently, then, of commercial considerations (always despicable in the eyes—we mean the one eye—of the SHOWMAN), justice, humanity, and philoprogenitiveness united in calling for an increase of price. To this cry the SHOWMAN has, he trusts, responded in the most noble manner.

The receipts derived from the additional halfpenny will be spent in charitable purposes. Part will be expended in the support of decayed compositors and worn-out machinists, and in sending the writers to recruit their energies at the sea-side, while the remainder will be devoted to the erection of a pound for the accomodation of our Discharged Contributor.

PUPPET-SHOW STATISTICS.

THE justly celebrated M'Culloch has written to communicate to us the result of some calculations with which he has been some time employed in reference to the PUPPET-SHOW and its contents. The eminent statistician informs us that the twenty-five numbers forming the first half-yearly volume contained 2750 jokes, of which 2 were old. Of the remainder, 449 were of a playful character, 315 were ironical, 451 were sarcastic, 25 were rather weak, 1 had no point (owing to a misprint), 606 were savage, and 901 were terribly severe. Of the whole number (2750), 1450 appeared in long articles and 1300 in short paragraphs. Of the latter, 49 were published in foreign languages, 87 in the form of epigrams, 827 as "Pins and Needles," and 337 as paragraphs of various descriptions. Again, out of the 1300 short paragraphs, 206 were of a general character, the remainder, 1094, being more or less personal, of which 102 were of a particularly violent description.

Lord John Russell had been attacked 754 times, and on 35 occasions with considerable rancour. Lord George Bentinck had been "chaffed" 28 times, and ridiculed with severity 14 times.

Jerrold and Albert Smith (literary *ouvriers*) had been pitched into five times a-piece in fun, and twice in earnest.

Mr. Lumley had been attacked 135 times, and 79 times with great ferocity. Webster had been assaulted 58 times with paragraphs of a murderous description; and one Cowell had been snubbed 3 times.

The Repealers had been satirized 7 times, the Irish "Patriots" had been held up to contempt 314 times, the rulers of Ireland had been scourged 523 times. The Chartists, generally, had been recommended to use soap 79 times, to keep civil tongues in their heads 54 times, to avoid beer and ardent spirits 83 times, to do a little work 221 times; the physical force Chartists had been flagellated without mercy 311 times.

Our Discharged Contributor had sent us jokes for insertion 100,000,000 times, and he had been requested not to do so 200,000,000 times.

SORDID MOTIVE.—No class of men are more delighted at the instances of generosity displayed in the case of the "Ocean Monarch" than Messrs. Moon, Colnaghi, and colleagues, who having got a large number on hand are naturally glad of any rise in the popularity of the *prints* of Joinville.

A FORLORN HOPE.—The forthcoming of the Peninsular medals.

VERY SHOCKING.—The Russians regret that the cholera did not rage more violently in the Caucasus, because in that case the leader of the Circassian troops, who lately defeated the Czar's troops, might by this time have fallen a victim to the disease, instead of being merely sham ill (Schamyl).

RIDDLES FOR ALBERT SMITH.

WE are of opinion that a great mistake is made with regard to riddles. They ought to be made with more regard to the character, disposition, and general information of the persons to whom they are addressed. To a man of no learning or acquirements, such as Albert Smith, the riddles should be just of the difficulty which would compel him to think attentively for a short time, and to determine the answer in about three guesses. We will, however, divide our paradoxes into three classes, for the purpose of explaining those that Smith could guess with facility; those that he could guess with a little application; and those that he could never guess at all. The following may be ranked in the first or simple class:—

1. How many times will two go into four?
2. What does twice one come to?
3. State the colour of Nebuchadnezzar's grey horse?

If Smith answered these with facility, we would try him with the subjoined:—

1. Who succeeded Henry I.?
2. What is the dative plural of *asinus?*
3. What are the characteristics of the baboon?
4. How many feet has a quadruped?

The above would probably be about the mark for our pupil; but if he should, in writing any new book, evince the slightest trace of reading, or of general information, we will torture him with some puzzlers in the style of the annexed:—

1. Who wrote the *Vicar of Wakefield?*
2. Did Julius Cæsar fight at the Battle of Hastings; and if so, which side did he take?
3. Did Demosthenes write in Latin or in Greek?
4. Is there anything worth reading in Shakspere?

THE SHOWMAN'S TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

No. I.—THE GAMBLER RECLAIMED.

Capting Dyce De Roulette was a gambler by profession: he had been driven to it, in the first instance, by inclination and a superfluity of riches; in the second, by necessity, and an absence of cash. He had imbibed the taste with his mother's milk, and, at the earliest age, neglected the play becoming to childhood for that of more mature and corrupt age; for him no toys except skittles had the least charms, and the baby-like rattle was only tolerated from its suggesting the more congenial and exciting pleasure afforded by the dice-box.

He would cry for hours together, until his nurse consented to "toss him up;" and when, at a more advanced period of life, the infantine pap was replaced by a more solid species of food, he would, if asked as to which portion of a sucking-pig he preferred, decide in the most characteristic manner for "head or tail." His love for a game at buttons caused him to tear off those indispensable utilities and ornaments of dress on every possible occasion; he was once induced to proceed with a felonious intention to the British Museum, in order to carry off and play with the Elgin marbles, and exhibited his future passion for "the turf" by preferring to shiver with cold rather than sit by any fire which was not composed of that material. On one occasion, when the wheel came off his father's carriage, and the whole family were precipitated to the earth at the imminent peril of their lives, the infatuated boy was only bent upon running off with the cause of the catastrophe, for the purpose of getting up a game at *roulette;* and he was once discovered in his private room, surrounded by a collection of bullocks' hearts, gardeners' spades, and wooden clubs, in the greatest distress at being unable to procure some diamonds to complete the pack of nonsense!

When at school, and subjected to a stricter discipline, it may be thought that our disreputable hero in some measure improved. On the contrary, his monomania increased. He would only study one subject, in classics as in everything else: whatever he might be directed to learn, he was sure to be caught at his Olympic games, or endeavouring to ascertain the pedigree of Pegasus; while, at other periods, he would be found hard at work with some abstruse work on the "distinctions of races." He was constantly dieting himself with Epsom salts, contracted a *liaison* with a young lady simply because her name was Bet, and often wagered his whole dinner upon the success of the Derby; while, at breakfast time, he would prove his confidence in a horse by laying two or three eggs.

On leaving school De Roulette, after indulging for a few months in a course of domestic gambling—with the groom in the stables and the family in the drawing-room—received a commission in the 591st light infantry—a regiment which is as notorious for the high play indulged in by its officers, as for the severe discipline enforced in its ranks. His passion had by this time assumed all the character of a monomania. He would bet as to whether the following day would be marked by good or by bad weather; would toss for "double or quits" when about to settle his bill with his tailor; and frequently backed a stable boy of his acquaintance to eat more food, and in less time, than any two children of the same age that could be produced by the neighbourhood. But it was with his fellow-officers that his distressing symptoms more particularly evinced themselves. A few weeks sufficed for him to lose the whole of the ready money which he possessed. Another short month, and a large sum which he had obtained for the reversion of his interest in his father's estate, was swallowed by the demon of play.

Nor could time put any limits to his mad play. The crowing of the cock was once a signal for himself and his companions to throw down their cards, and abandon themselves to repose, not to return to their exciting amusement until a late hour on the following evening. But now the case was different. Day came, and still De Roulette rattled the dice-box wildly above his head, or dealt the cards with frantic energy, and too often, alas, with spasmodic nervousness! Again he wanted money. Rushing into the the presence of his now heart-broken father, he desired his decrepit parent to choose between a surrender of all that could be raised on his already encumbered estate and the death (by poison) of his vile but beloved son!

* * * * *

De Roulette was alone in the world. His family had perished ignominiously—his mother, through want; and his father, through the workhouse diet, which violently disagreed with him. Having pawned his razors, he grew a pair of fierce moustaches, which, however becoming, were contrary to the regulations in an infantry regiment. The Colonel accordingly brought him to trial before a court-martial, when he was sentenced to be deprived of his epaulettes and his commission: the former had been already lost at *écarté.*

The gambler was now left to his own resources. He immediately determined to change his mode of play, and to gamble not for excitement but for mere gain. He accordingly promoted himself from the rank of ensign to that of captain (or capting, as he was usually called); and was soon afterwards seen in the neighbourhood of St. James' Street, from which he descended to become an *habitué* of suspicious-looking dens in Jermyn Street, and a constant patroniser of cigar-shops where no one was ever seen to buy a cigar, in the purlieus of the Haymarket. The Capting continued his easterly course. In about a twelvemonth he had progressed as far as Leicester Square, and ultimately arrived in Castle Street, where his destiny awaited him.

De Roulette, even during his lucky moments, was invariably unlucky. While winning notes in St. James' Street he was sure to recognise some of them as having been at another period in the possession of one or other of his deceased parents. The same was the case with the sovereigns of Jermyn Street and the shillings of Leicester Square—every coin he touched bore the curse. It was after a series of ill-luck that the Capting rose one evening starving, penniless, and ill clad. He hurried to the gaming-table, and his credit not being good was obliged to raise a small sum of money on his ragged and threadbare coat. He won. Fortune favoured him, and again he picked up the shining gold. Five, ten, fifteen sovereigns are his. Again he throws, and rises from the table the envied winner of twenty pounds. He crushes the note eagerly into his pocket, congratulates himself on his prudence in withdrawing at the early hour of half-past five, and reaches home, mad with joy! The next day De Roulette awoke a happy man. His landlady entered to inquire for the forty-seventh time when she could have a little money. The gambler, in a temporary fit of honesty, tendered her the bank-note for change. A few minutes, and the woman returned. The note was a forgery!

From that day De Roulette abandoned the gambling-table in disgust and became a moral man. The lesson had an effect upon him which could never be effaced from his memory; and often, in after years, when warning the youth of the period from the awful but infatuating vice, he would relate the incident by which he became converted from the ways of sin to the paths of virtue.

Extraordinary Phenomenon.—Last week the well-known joke about cutting one's stick, which it was thought had retired from public life on account of its age, made its re-appearance in the columns of a facetious contemporary. It was introduced with Mr. Meagher of the Sword, but failed to produce the same impression as was wont to be caused by its appearance some twenty years since.

Very Fastidious.—We have heard of a writer for the press, who is so cautious about attacking individuals, that he objects to the use of a *personal* pronoun!

BRUTAL IGNORANCE.

ON the *Times* of August 30, we find the following sentence attributed to George Bentinck, commonly called Lord George Bentinck, and member for Lynn Regis :—

"He did not know nor care who Mr. A. W. Fonblanque was."

We confess that, accustomed as we are to having to deal with every sort of abominable absurdity, from Chartist bluster to Whig pretensions, we never saw *this* matched. Lord George has now fairly reached the pinnacle of asininity, and may boldly defy Sibthorpe, Chisholm Anstey, or any other member of the House.

Has he ever heard of a man named Bulwer, who wrote a book called *England and the English* some sixteen years ago? Let him get one of his father's servants, or Mr. D'Israeli, to read it to him (explaining the big words as he goes along), and he will find there this A. W. Fonblanque described as the "profound and vigorous editor of the *Examiner*." Let him further procure a file of the *Examiner* (a sixpenny paper, my lord, published weekly), and for a course of years he will find in it a series of articles combining the lucidity of Cobbett, with imagery worthy of Burke, the productions of this A. W. Fonblanque, of whom he knows nothing.

Not knowing who Mr. Fonblanque is, pray what does he know?

That there was once a poet called Shakspere?

That there used to be a people called the Romans?

That we must all die?

Let us, however, charitably suppose that the assertion was a falsehood; that "the scent of the stable will cling to him still."

What does he mean by saying that he does not *care* who Mr. Fonblanque is?

It is amusing to see this poor worm—generated from the corruption of the turf—attempt a feeble nibble at the heel of a great man—an Apollo, whose sun-arrows have struck terror into the proudest hearts in Europe, piercing alike through the tyrant's purple and the rebel's brass! After all, there is a kind of praiseworthy audacity in the exceeding impudence of the attempt. Animals of that class usually wait till the object is dead, and then prey without fear of the consequences. We need not say that we shall forgive Bentinck altogether, if he induces Mr. Fonblanque to reply!

However, even if he does not know who Mr. Fonblanque is, everybody knows who *he* is, and appreciates him accordingly. Englishmen have long congratulated themselves on not being governed by a man, who having broken down in Parliament to begin with, and then passed the prime of his life in the pursuits of the better and the groom, kindly condescends to bring the fag-end of a second-rate mediocre understanding to bear on the Imperial Legislature!

CONUNDRUM.

Q. What English opera do fleas remind you of?
A. The "Night Dancers."

A VERY FREE ADMISSION.—It has been asserted that a great amount of crime exists in connexion with the police. This report appears to be confirmed by the circumstance of one of the Chartists having lately first admitted the officers of justice, and then immediately afterwards admitted his guilt.

LAMENTATION OF A CAB HORSE.

AM I not, I ask any reasonable person, the most miserable brute under the canopy of heaven? Am I not the most hard-worked, half-starved framework of an animal ever seen crawling on the outside of the globe? I who once was the pride of a duke, the pet of a duchess, and the admired of all! Who sported over the earth like a lamb, or bore my master through briar and brake with the velocity of lightning and the resistless power of the thunderbolt, "sharing with my lord the pleasure and the pride!" And what am I now? A disgrace even to a cab! A bye-word amongst watermen! A lean, stiff-jointed, broken-kneed Bucephalus! My back, which once exhibited the fall so necessary to equine beauty, now shows the curve in reverse, likening me to the bison, or even the dromedary. My mane has long since formed the stuffing of the armed chair of a plebeian. My hide resembles the covering of some well-worn trunk. My eyes are like a couple of billiard balls. Every rib in my carcase may be counted, while three of my feet are tied up in venerable carpet. Then my tail—my once long, silky, flowing tail—is now represented only by an attenuated stump, on which a worn-out paint-brush would look down with contempt. Of my harness I can scarcely bear to speak. My collar was long since cast off by one of Barclay and Perkin's dray horses, the belly-band originally belonged to a Shetland pony, one of my traces is too short—an evil which is scarcely compensated for by the other being too long—while my bit is simply a crowbar! While waiting on the dreary cab-stand, I am ever and anon cheered by the conversation of my driver, who is perpetually talking to his pals about touching me up on the raw, and inflicting other punishments too horrible to mention!

GRATITUDE.—One of the passengers in the "Ocean Monarch," who was saved by the intrepidity of the French prince, says, that the Joinville tie is one which he must always respect.

FOUND, at the late assizes, a VERDICT of GUILTY against C. MIZZLE, who has since escaped. The above named individual may immediately enter into possession of all advantages resulting from the same by applying at the Bow Street Police Office.

OUR LEADER.

THE PREMIER'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

EVERY effort hitherto made to provide an Irish remedy having failed, Lord John has gone over in person—a drop of Whig oil to calm the ocean. In the presence of the pigmy Divinity, the devils that possess the body of Ireland are to quail and fly. What arms, money, Acts of Parliament, and speeches have failed to do, is to be accomplished by a Whig gentleman four-feet-six in stature. The process will be simple. Lord John will dine with Clarendon, and breakfast with the Commandant of the Army.

In the Eastern apologue, the Vizier tells the Sultan Mahmoud that he has heard a discourse between two owls, congratulating each other on the certainty of having plenty of ruined villages during his reign. If Lord John can manage to understand the congenial owl's language, he may probably hear similar congratulations on his government. Condemned and despised by men, it will be gratifying to hear praise from the dark and disgusting Bird of Night. On the whole, this expedition of His Lordship is what statesmen call a "stroke of policy," and honest men a humbug. It is a simple piece of "gag," as much so as Wright's sticking his tongue in his mouth when he leers at the Adelphi pit. He knows that a week or month in Ireland can teach him nothing that books had not told him before. But the visit will please and propitiate the Irish; and it is the lot of that unfortunate people to have their generous feelings played on against themselves. They are alternately bullied and cajoled like children.

Lord John's visit is a farce; but what shall we say to Lord George Bentinck's—the ape imitating the harlequin? He imitates Peel in his manifestoes, and apes Russell in his movements. How does it interest us to know that he is going to Ireland? He may go to Bath if he thinks proper. We see no objection to his visiting the stables of that country, or making himself useful about the coach-houses—operations within the range of his capacity. But after this visit, we shall have him assuming a double degree of dogmatism—having added to the stammering orator, the rash statesman, and the blundering statistician, the additional qualification of the mis-judging traveller.

PINS & NEEDLES.

The Irish rebels, beings Catholics, are, appropriately enough, to be tried *en masse* on the monster indictment of conspiracy. In mercy to the culprits, we hope we shall not hear of an "elevation of the host."

An ill-natured correspondent remarks that Lord G. Bentinck's propositions are always rejected as a matter of course. Anything from the course is no doubt very questionable.

Numerous articles of clothing having been seized at the Boulogne Custom House from the rash visitors to that land of anarchy—*la belle France!* the difference between Communism and the government system appears to be this: with the former "property is a robbery," and by the latter property is robbed.

No wonder that Albert Smith chooses a "Legacy" as the subject of a story. He has always dealt with other people's leavings.

During the late examination, two of the Paris insurgents, with a view of not criminating themselves, refused to answer any questions. In spite of this, they were condemned to transportation—a proof that if they would not answer, their system of silence would not answer either.

Cheltenham is in a fair way to be ruined. It is said that the waters have been rendered muddy, owing to the dirt flung by the Berkeley Brothers.

Speaking of the mutilated manner in which Lumley produced "Robert the Devil," Meyerbeer says, that however he may forget any other slight put upon him by the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, on *that score*, at least, he can never forgive him.

Mr. and Mrs. Keeley have for some time past been "starring" it, to rather thin audiences, at the Marylebone Theatre; so that, spite of their talent, the house is still a very "ill-starred," one.

Bentinck says that Free Trade will ultimately ruin even the manufacturers themselves. If so, they will be all praying for Protection—from the Bankruptcy Court.

The Young Irelanders are always raving about English tyranny. We dare say they will at last carry their absurdity to such a pitch as to refuse an English egg on account of their hatred of the Saxon yolk.

Ministers have only adopted one useful bill during the whole session. The fact is (as we were convinced by what we saw at the whitebait dinner) the only thing which they are qualified to pass is the bottle.

If the Whigs continue their absurd course of legislation for Ireland, we suggest that Russell should be prosecuted under the Licensed Victuallers Act for using false measures.

The Czar has long been attempting to bind the Circassians; events have proved, however, that the latter are more skilful than he, since they have just proved themselves great adepts in the art of "Russia leathering."

In vain may his friends any eager hopes build
That one day with sense poor Lord George will be filled;
You may teach, you may thrash him as long as you will,
But the scent of the stable will cling to him still.

THE DREAM OF THE HARVEST-HOME.

I.

Down by misty cornfields wandering,
Strewn with sere, autumnal leaves,
In the rosy twilight pondering,
Dreaming by the golden sheaves,—
Whilst the leafy branches o'er us
Swayed about with fitful sound,
Lo! a vision came before us,
In the shadows gathering round,
And with holy aspect, slowly,
Rose a Phantom from the ground.

II.

Far his eyes were set asunder,
Shining with a spectral light,
And his voice boomed forth like thunder,
Rattling in the dead of night.
Round his robe a girdle meeting,
Clasped him in its magic band;
Yet his form was vague and fleeting,
Like a shadow on the land.
Thus enshrouded, did the clouded
Phantom of the Future stand.

III.

"Think not, mortal, human sowing,
Earth-born, fed by sun and rain,
Is the only harvest growing,
Sown as seed and reaped as grain!
Gaze upon the world around thee,
Trace the progress of the plan,
See what buds of promise bound thee,
Ripening into fruit for man!
These are teachers—world-wide preachers!"
Thus the Phantom Voice began.

IV.

"Day by day mankind are nearing
That which is their destined goal,
Where the dawn of truth appearing,
Strikes the shackles from the soul;
Old opinions narrow-minded,
Bigot's law, and musty creed,
All shall vanish—and the blinded
Then shall have their vision freed.
Seeds are sowing—grains are growing—
To a Harvest rare indeed!

V.

"Day by day some germ expanding,
Into ripe perfection comes,
Freedom, faith, and understanding,
Garnered to our hearts and homes.
Growth, though slow, is yet incessant,
Therefore time will come at last,
When man wisely from the present
Learns to profit by the past—
Some deep meaning all are gleaning
As the hour approaches fast.

VI.

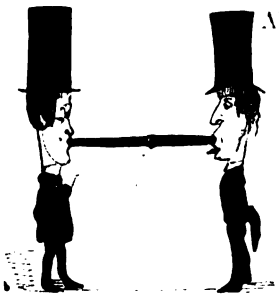
"Let the reapers then be ready,
Let the gleaners round them stand;
Be the people true and steady,
There's a Harvest-home at hand.
Plenty shall be their's for ever,
With the time that's coming soon,
When the rights of justice never
Shall be doled forth as a boon."

Thus he spoke—the vision ended,
And as on our way we wended
O'er the meadows, fell the shadows
Of the rising Harvest-moon.

Accidental Discovery.—We have recently seen in an obsolete "cookery book" that a rasher of bacon is partially typical of Noah's second son, for on his arrival in Africa he felt it so intensely hot that he became frizzled "Ham."

THE GARDENS OF ENGLAND.

No. III.—CREMORNE.



HAVING never studied the subject, we cannot pronounce a decided opinion as to the derivation of the word "Cremorne." The gardens are, however, supposed (by ourselves) to derive their name from Lord Cremorne, to whom they at one time probably belonged.

The word is pronounced Cremórne, with the accent on the last syllable, although the gents and all the worst authorities persist in transferring the accent to the first syllable, and pronouncing it Crémorne. In fact it is the Shibboleth by which the gentish population may be at once recognised.

The Gardens of Cremorne are bounded on one side by the King's Road, Chelsea, and on another—the opposite one—by the River Thames. It produces trees of very large growth, and during the season often contains many thousand inhabitants. The dress of the male part of the population resembles in many respects that of Englishmen generally, from which it is only distinguished by the bows of their Joinvilles being longer, the stripes of their trowsers more conspicuous, the shape of their hats more peculiar, and their coats of a more cut-away character. The females are partial to pink bonnets and crinoline, and some few of them delight in dresses which unite the various combinations of colours found in the "flags of all nations." The habits of the majority of the men are very simple, as they spend most of their time and their money in treating the young ladies who appear in the brilliant costumes above alluded to. The food and drink which the Gardens afford are of the most varied nature; in fact, everything which any reasonable man would require may be obtained at the most reasonable prices, from sandwiches and bottled porter to venison and Burgundy. The young ladies bearing the colours of all nations may be divided into two classes—those who have not eaten enough dinner, and those who have eaten no dinner at all. Consequently, they all require supper, and to obtain this from the young gentlemen of simple, but not austere habits, appears to be the great object of their career through the various walks of the Gardens.

The system by which the waiters are governed is one which has always excited in us the greatest admiration, mingled occasionally with dissatisfaction, as the waiting is sometimes performed rather by the public than by the attendants. The first time we went to Cremorne we imagined that we had only to call for a bottle of *Chateau Margaux* and throw down our money in order at once to obtain it. However, all we could get was a check which entitled us to walk to the other end of the Gardens, and there procure our favourite beverage. The object in giving these checks is a "sensible" one enough, for it is severely felt by the visitors; indeed every one must be aware that a system of checks cannot fail to cause a delay.

A TIDE WAITER.

The last introduction in the shape of amusements at Cremorne is the "Aerial Machine," or "that *'ere* machine," as we once heard a youth call it who was lecturing on the subject. Many persons who have not witnessed it cutting through the air imagine that it moves from one tree to another supported on a single wire, like somebody—*Il Diavolo*—at Vauxhall.' We are almost inclined to coincide in that opinion, but as "wonders will never cease," we hope this recent one will not cease to be exhibited until we have had an opportunity of viewing it and deciding for ourselves.

CUTTING THROUGH THE AIR.

The advertisements of Cremorne Gardens constitute a feature in the literature of the present age, as every one will admit who remembers the celebrated panegyric upon "this Elysium upon earth," where bachelors were invited to attend for the purpose of "pirouetting among the trees," and to "dance *l'été* to their heart's content before the gaze of admiring multitudes!" Rumour differs as to the authorship of these most poetical announcements; some have attributed them to one of the officials, viz., Mr. Van Buren, who, in that case, might with propriety be called an advertising Van; we, however, are inclined to give the honour either to Baron Nicholson or to Lord Brougham.

We shall not say much about the Aquatic Tournaments, further than that they get on swimmingly. We believe their

establishment originated with Mr. Ellis, the spirited proprietor, in consequence of which an intelligent school-boy of our acquaintance always speaks of them as *Ellis's Exercises*. Some of the Life Guardsmen who take part in the performances, contribute still more to the entertainment of the public by the energetic manner in which they, at a later period of the evening, execute the polka. If Henry Russell's boatmen used to dance in a style half so bold, they well deserve the celebrity which he has acquired for them by his song. And while on the boards of the dancing place, let us remonstrate with the proprietors, who expect that persons can dance on a surface resembling that of a ploughed field, and presenting a succession of ups and downs which perhaps teach a good moral, but certainly a severe one. The worst of it is that one is almost forced to dance by the excellence of the orchestra, which, independently of the *entente cordiale* existing between the musicians, is conducted by Laurent, who, with Jullien, takes his place at the head of the directors of dance music. He will lead his devoted band through the greatest difficulties without the slightest danger, and always ends by achieving a complete triumph.

The balloon ascent is a great attraction at Cremorne. These things, however, are all very similar. The first ascent we witnessed was one in which Prince Albert Smith took part: the last time we were present the car was occupied by a monkey.

The ascent of a balloon does not afford much amusement, beyond giving an opportunity of speculating as to the

"——— PADDY! WILL YOU NOW,
TAKE ME WHILE I'M IN THE HUMOUR?"

probable fate of an enemy who may be going up. It, however, appears to be a source of gratification to a vast number of dirty boys, to whom its appearance is always the signal for insane howling and screaming. It also furnishes material for a paragraph to the penny-a-liners, to whom the event is worth full one-and-twopence.

We have said nothing about the invisible poet, for the simple reason that he must be "*seen* to be appreciated."

A *ballet* forms part of the entertainments. These are, of course, of different descriptions, but it is a remarkable fact that the last scene invariably displays a group of fairies, a blaze of light, and an illuminated scroll bearing as a device "Welcome to Cremorne."

In returning home the traveller has two modes of conveyance to choose from—the omnibus, in which he will be crushed to death, and the steam-boat, where he will be squeezed to suffocation. We remember no instance of a person having returned to London by public conveyance in which there was not considerable difficulty in bringing him to rights, which, after all, is the best possible proof that Cremorne is patronized as it deserves to be.

BRINGING HIM TO WRIGHT'S.

LATEST FROM THE CAUCASUS.—The Russian army have been signally defeated by the chieftain Schamyl. It is hardly necessary to add that they were very much "cut up."

PRINCE ALBERT'S BIRTHDAY.

ONCE more has the rolling year brought round the fortunate day lucky enough to be that on which H. R. H. Prince Albert deigned to view the light. The happy event was of course celebrated with grand rejoicings at Osborne, while in London and other places every tradesman who had ever served the Prince with the value of a shilling, or given him change for sixpence, found vent for his loyalty in a greater or less consumption of oil or gas as the case might be.

What pictures are not conjured up in a contemplative mind by the sight of these annual illuminations—what respect for the patriotism of those men who thus decorate their house-fronts, totally uninfluenced by the mere vulgar considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence. True it is that in some cases tradesmen have been heard to complain of so much money thrown away in oil, but they only did this in order to conceal the whole extent of their enthusiasm. Others again have urged that the sums thus expended in illuminations might be far more profitably employed in relieving the distress and misery which they pretend is universal; but these persons do not merit even a reply: they are evidently Chartists of the worst order.

The SHOWMAN will not soon forget the pure emotions which filled his breast as he walked down the principal thoroughfares of the West-end on the night of the anniversary in question. In every glittering emblem there exhibited he saw that respect for our glorious constitution shadowed forth for which England is so famous, in every branch of laurel he beheld a *memento* of the warlike deeds effected by His Royal Highness at the head of his favourite regiment, while the letters P. A., which the SHOWMAN's mind, superior to the common and hackneyed rules of orthography, construed into the word "Pay," absolutely made him smile with contempt when he reflected what a mere trifle the Prince Consort and other advantages of a similar description cost our fortunate land.

A HINT.—As a great many inquiries have been lately made after Mr. Cuffey, at that gentleman's residence, the SHOWMAN ventures to suggest that much trouble might be spared by attaching to one of the shutters the following notice:—

W. CUFFEY,
Tailor and Chartist Patriot,
REMOVED BY GOVERNMENT TO NEWGATE.

DRAMATIC DESTITUTION.

FOR some time past the walls and hoardings of London have been covered with bills appealing to the heart of the benevolent in the touching terms, "Don't forget Mr. and Mrs. Keeley." We do not recollect when we were more shocked; to think that two once popular favourites should be reduced so low as to be under the necessity of sending a sort of begging letter, or rather literary hat for halfpence, round the Metropolis is really heart rending. We trust for the sake of "auld lang syne" that a collection will speedily be made, otherwise we shall be having the unfortunate actor acting as a living reproach to his age, by holding horses, or sweeping a crossing, if indeed he be not reduced to the more painful experiment of coiling himself upon the pavement, with the words "starving," or "not tasted food for eight-and-forty hours," inscribed before him; while his wife will be obliged to go out washing, or take a situation as a governess.

The next thing we shall behold will be doubtless "please to remember poor Buckstone;" or, "bestow a halfpenny on Wright." Really it is time that something were done to remedy this awful state of things.

HONOURABLE ECONOMY.—The newspapers have talked a great deal about the economy practised by the Orleans family. Prince de Joinville proves it by saving all he can, as appeared in the case of the "Ocean Monarch."

LATEST FROM THE CONTINENT—(*From Our Own Correspondent.*)—Milan and Paris are both quiet: the former under the rule of Marshal Radetski, the latter under that of martial law.

A FEW WORDS ON QUOTATIONS.

"And without learning make most learned quotations."
RELIGIO LAICI.

MR. SHOWMAN,—I observe from your paper that an ignorant fellow has regularly made a hole in the "*descensus Averni*" quotation from Virgil—unhappy bard! Now, sir, will you take such useful and elegant quotations under your protection, and save them from the prodigious slaughter made every day upon them? *Par example*, young Smith, who went no further than Eutropius, is continually saying, "*Rara avis*," no matter whether the *rara avis* be a Park hack or a cricket-bat; will you tell him that others besides himself have *seen* that very rare book the Eton Latin Grammar? Nor will he gain the reputation of a classic by using "*Bis dat qui cito dat*" three times in an afternoon; neither will Slummer, from calling the Chartists *οἱ πολλοί*, be thought a Grecian; nor Choker, who, with the same ambitious idea, quotes

"Βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης"

to every one he can catch on the chain-pier at Brighton. The classical attainments of old Coke Fritter the lawyer may also be doubted, although he persist in speaking of every falsehood as a *suppressio veri*.

But the foreigners, sir, are slight sufferers in comparison to the natives. Poor Shakspere! I declare I don't know whether "to be, or not to be," is poetry or not, because Smith says it, if he and his "young 'oman" hesitate about going to Cremorne or "Vite Condick"—old Jones says it, if he is dubious as to having another pint—and Billy Walker uttered it at Epsom races, when he was about to lay a crown as to the whereabouts of the "little pea."

Then there's young Shortcut, who puffs out "Divine tobacco, which from east to west," with every whiff of his wretched Cuba; and Pistons, who talks about "When music, heavenly maid! was young," at every amateur concert he goes to. I excuse old M. Chassez, the dancing-master, spouting "On se light vantastique toe," because I believe that bit of English is part of his stock-in-trade, and as inseparable from him as his kit; but can we pardon hundreds of mouths harping on one line, such as, "Like Niobe, all tears," &c.; "Angels' visits, few and far," &c.; "Full many a gem," &c.; all of which every one has heard at least a thousand times before.

Lastly, will you declare it treason against the kingdom of unappreciated and unquoted poets, to cavilade—as every lecturer without exception does, and as I do now—with

"To each and all a fair good night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers bright."

Yours in despair,
ONE WHO HAS BEEN A' MOST WORRIED TO DEATH.

COMPANION TO THE OMNIBUS;

BEING

A CODE OF MAXIMS AND HINTS FOR THE USE OF BOTH SEXES, TOWARDS THE BETTER REGULATION OF CONDUCT IN RESPECT OF THIS IMPORTANT VEHICLE, CONCERNING WHICH SO MUCH IGNORANCE AT PRESENT EXISTS.

BY A PERFECT GENTLEMAN AND HIS SISTER.

DEDICATED TO ALL LONDON.

PREFACE.

THE following work was composed for the private study and improvement of the authors, and without any idea of its publication; but the eulogies that were passed on the manuscript by many elegant-minded and learned friends were so overpowering, that, much against the diffident disinclinations of the authors, they at length covered their faces with both hands, and permitted the publication.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

In the earliest ages of civilized antiquity, a remote approximation to a similitude may be traced between some of the vehicles described by Pliny and Suetonius, and by Homer and Virgil—not the *συνωρία*, nor the *biga*, or *bigue*, of the Phrygians; not the *essida* (derived, no doubt, from the Celtic *ess*), and certainly not the *covinus*, or scythed chariot, which the ancient * * * *

[The editorial wand of the SHOWMAN has dashed out all the remainder of this learned Historical Introduction.]

PART I.

HOW TO HAIL AN OMNIBUS.

The conductors of omnibusses being known to be the stupidest men in London, seldom looking in the right direction, scarcely ever looking behind them, and never being able to distinguish a signal at a greater distance than twenty or thirty yards, it is advisable for gentlemen to carry a few stones in the pocket, having previously practised at a mark, so as to be able with tolerable accuracy to hit a conductor in the small of the back, which is so much more frequently presented towards you than his face. Ladies are recommended to hail the coachman in preference; and the best way to do this is by placing themselves a little in front of the horses' heads, in which case he will be pretty sure to see them, and pull up in order to avoid running over the *fair*.

DIRECTIONS FOR GETTING IN.

Seize the conductor firmly by the arm with one hand, and the brass rail on the inside of the door with the other; then swing your legs up into the omnibus, raise yourself by your hands, and throw your body gracefully forwards, to the admiration of the company, who are all anxious to receive you.

HOW TO ATTAIN A SEAT.

We suppose the omnibus to be nearly full, and that you have to find a narrow pinch of seat up in a remote corner. The double row of knees nearly meet, and nobody moves. All sit with true Saxon stolidity. Begin by treading upon the toes of the two persons nearest the door, extending your umbrella, parasol, or walking-stick so as to endanger the eyes and noses of those who sit next. This will at once produce a little commotion and liveliness near the door, and you may then tread your way forwards over toes, till a clear passage opens before you. Having thus attained a seat, look down the omnibus, on both sides, at the faces of the company. How very different in colour and expression to what they presented when the door was just opened for you. Draw a moral, but say nothing.

HOW TO SIT DOWN.

If you are of a merry disposition, and have no immediate need of external excitement, sit down at once, and enjoy your own thoughts; but if you are of a grave disposition, or, feeling rather melancholy at the time, would like to have a little enlivening entertainment, then do not sit down at once, but stand fidgetting and arranging your coat-skirts or frock-folds; and when the omnibus goes on, as it always begins with a sudden jerk, you will be thrown right along the knees of those who sit next you towards the door, or else at full length in the straw. This will afford a pleasant diversion to the company, and much gratification to yourself.

HOW TO SIT.

The whole philosophy of omnibus-travelling, and all the ethics, turn mainly on this apparently simple question. We shall have more to say on this all-important part of our treatise when we come to Part II., which treats of the many abuses which attend the privilege of entering this delightful vehicle. For the present, therefore, we sum up our best wisdom in these brief words—Sit as you would be sat by.

OF CONVERSATION.

If you do not mind the risk of being thought a foreigner, you may open a conversation with any intelligent looking person on general topics of the day, without beginning by informing the person in question that "it rains," or, "how hot it is," which in all probability he has been told twenty times before in the course of the morning. If you are at a loss for a subject to begin with, produce the last number of the PUPPET-SHOW from your pocket, find some very smart thing—ha! ha! ha!—and hand it, pointing to the passage. Ladies may open a conversation by feeling rather faint, desiring a window to be put down, and then put up again.

[The SHOWMAN, notwithstanding the above compliment, has felt himself called upon to reduce the following, not by decapitation, but by a far more appropriate process, viz., by cutting off the bodies and leaving the heads.]

OF GENERAL POLITENESS.

OF MARKED ATTENTIONS.

OF OGLEING.

OF ELBOWS AND KNEES.

OF INTRUSIONS WITH THE TOE.

OF PERSEVERING OFFICIOUSNESS.

AUDACITY.

OF INSULTS.

HOW TO COMPLAIN.

OF RESENTMENT AND REDRESS.

OF SUPERCILIOUS GRAVITY.

OF POKING FUN.

OF FEELING VERY SICK.

OF DELICATE ASSISTANCE.

PRELIMINARIES TO ALIGHTING.

OF HAVING LOST YOUR PURSE.

HOW TO STOP THE OMNIBUS FROM WITHIN.

HOW TO ATTAIN THE DOOR.

[The concluding advice, however, must not be omitted]:—

HOW TO PAY.

This question, which has been a great difficulty since the age of Pericles (and indeed long before his time), which the accomplished monarch, George IV., declared himself unable to settle satisfactorily to anybody except himself, and which even now often puzzles those who ride in vehicles of the present day,—this perplexing question we do not pretend to put at rest for ever, nor do we consider it possible to do so in a world where the property qualification is in so very *fluctuating* a condition. To limit this broad problem, however, to the act of "paying your 'bus," we should simply say that if you wish to seem a person of some consequence, and to make yourself rather conspicuous, do not get your money ready beforehand, but having stopped the omnibus, stand on the step and deliberately begin to draw out your purse, so that if the horses should make the least movement forwards, you are certain to be thrown flat on your face in the mud; and if this does not make you conspicuous, we don't know what will.

[PART II., which comprises all the principal abuses and nuisances to which travellers in omnibusses are liable, will be given next week.]

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

Chapter IX.—The Lonely River-side Public-houses.

RECLINING at your ease on board the vessel as you steam gallantly down the river, you cannot, if you have your eyes about you—and few people leave them at home—avoid observing those lonely public-houses which stand upon either bank, rearing their dismal bricks and tiles over long expanses of reeds and rushes and wastes of river mud. We have always eyed those ghastly tenements with curiosity. We have meditatively sipped our stout—a cockney trick, but pleasing withal—and whiffed our cigar, and fancied strange visions of these grim publics and their inhabitants—that is, if they have any. In the first place, who built them? We have fancied a mad architect, a mad builder, a mad brickmaker, and a mad bricklayer's labourer employed in the hopeful scheme. No doubt it was planned in Bedlam, and the estimates were furnished from St. Luke's. How bargemen and boamen floating up and down the river must have stared as the walls began to peep above the untrodden mud! How they would have essayed to land to seize the builders, in order to restore them to their friends; and how the mad pilers of the vain edifices would escape, shrieking and raving, into neighbouring swamps, and flounder helplessly in the bog-holes and mud! Who could they have been? Perhaps escaped convicts turned daft by the silent system; perhaps English monks of La Trappe; perhaps high and gloomy-minded misanthropes—Manfreds in corduroys and half-boots, hating their accursed kind, finding solitude in the crowd, and lively and agreeable society in slake and slime, crows and curlews.

Well, but the houses are built. Who and what are their tenants? Here is another field for fancy to romp in. Perhaps they are villains who, having committed some dreadful crime, shun the face of man, and live all alone, with the exception of a lovely daughter a-piece, who knows nothing of her parent's deep-seated gloom, and who may be supposed to address him thus:—

Lovely Daughter—Beloved parent! why thus so sad? What weight hangs upon your heart? Oh! if you would but share your sorrows with your child.

Misanthropic Parent—Child! Ha! ha! ha! I have no child——

Lovely Daughter—My father!

Misanthropic Parent—Begone, begone! What have I done that I should be a man? Accursed race! Why was I not a donkey rather?

Lovely Daughter—Alas, alas! the fearful hour is dark upon his spirit.

Misanthropic Parent—The worthless, soulless, crawling, creeping things which men call heroes, but which I call slaves! Ha! ha! ha!

Lovely Daughter—Nay, suffer my lute to calm your troubled thoughts.

[*Plays the air of the "Literary Dustman" on the lute.*

Misanthropic Parent—Fairy-like music—stealing o'er my senses—with slumbrous influence—like hocussed beer! Mine eyelids are heavy.

[*Sleeps.—Scene closes.*

We have another theory touching these lone taverns. They must be the identical houses of entertainment very famous in the robber stories of our childhood. We remember these tales dimly, but we do remember them. They spoke of evening in an unfrequented place, of a traveller who had lost his way—as all travellers in old stories always did, and which proves either that the ways must have been very equivocal, or the travellers very stupid—and who came in the twilight to a lone inn. The landlord of this "hostelrie," as we should say if we were doing the picturesque, is invariably a dark sinister-looking man, gruff and grim. He receives the traveller with scant courtesy, and the wearied man goes to bed. Somehow he cannot sleep, and he hears a dim sound as of whispering, being able only to distinguish isolated words of fearful import—such as "blood," "pistol," "dark lantern," "strangle." In anxiety and terror he waits for the daylight which he is never to see. Suddenly there is a creak and a rattle, and down goes the bed under him—down, down a yawning trap-door—down floor after floor, till it lands with a splash in the muddy water which surges over the pavement of a cellar dungeon. Then—and then——But we are writing the Funniology, and not the Horrorology of the Thames.

The houses in question are public-houses. Of that there can be no doubt. One of these is called the "Rising Sun." We have often read the sign. But public-houses must have customers, and who are the customers who frequent these taverns for a social glass? The *habitués* must be select rather than numerous; indeed, we should imagine that the festive circle in general consists only of the landlord and the pot-boy—a circumstance which, however, goes far to disprove the proverb, that two are company while three are none. But where should guests come from? Sheep, many specimens of which graze in the adjoining swamps, are merely brutes, and therefore not given to getting intoxicated like the members of higher orders of created things; and crows, and curlews, and sea-gulls, although very respectable birds in their way, are not in the habit of dipping their beaks into cheering beakers, or patronizing any public—not even those rejoicing in the sign of the Feathers. Thus we are necessitated to end as we began. All we know is, that we know nothing. Man won't pay for his liquor in those drear resorts, and birds and beasts can't. The whole thing is a mystery. We give up all attempts to fathom it. There stand these deserted taverns—these houses sent to Coventry—these masses of brick and mortar condemned to the separate and solitary system. Why they were erected—by whom they were erected—how people live in them—why people live in them—and what people live in them—are mysteries only to be solved at that supreme and triumphant moment of human investigation, when it is ascertained why nobody ever saw a dead donkey, and wherefore it is the coalheavers wear white cotton stockings.

A Doubtful Hit.—A landsmen wishes to be informed why sailors, who would be so indignant at an insult of the kind being offered by an ordinary person, never complain of the constant practice their admirals have of "striking their flag."

LORD JOHN IN IRELAND.

LORD JOHN has gone over to Ireland to acquire a personal knowledge of the state of the country. He had better, therefore, do as follows:—

1. Eat diseased potatoes, to learn the state of the crops.

2. Stick himself up to be shot at, to know the condition of the landlords.

3. Get somebody to kick him out of a farm, to acquire the feelings of a tenant.

4. Wear rags, to know how the masses dress.

5. Despise himself, to know how his Government is liked.

6. Hate the Protestants, to know the sentiments of the Catholics.

7. Detest the Catholics, to appreciate the feelings of the Protestants.

If His Lordship tries all these things, he will return a "wiser," if a "sadder" man. We prophesy, however, that he will learn nothing but the state of Clarendon's kitchen.

THE UNDECEIVED ONE.

BEAUTEOUS Emma! how I love thee
Language is too weak to tell
(If the tale about the money
Be not after all a sell!)

When at church I first did see thee
In my pew I ravished sat
(A tall flunky followed with the
Books—I liked the look of that.)

Dearest, hear me: I adore thee
For thyself and not thy gold—
(If I get her, as I think I
Shall, my mare need not be sold.)

What! you're poor! you're "the companion,"
Not the child of Mrs. Dodd!
(Then I still shall go to ruin,
And what's worse, I fear to quod.)

A HINT FOR ARTISTS.—At the ministerial dinner, Lord John was "supported" by Lord Morpeth and Earl Grey. What a capital illustration of the Devil on two sticks!

LOUIS BLANC'S DIARY.

WE all remember the saying of Vergniaud, the eloquent *Girondin*, that the Revolution was like Saturn—it devoured its own children. The last Revolution in France is doing much the same. It has not, however, devoured little Blanc—who is scarcely a seven-month's child, by the way—but has sent him over here to school. We trust that it will be found beneficial to his understanding. For our part, we will supply that important educational element—the rod.

It is well known that one of Louis's firmest beliefs always has been, that England is in the lowest state of degradation, full of serfs, and heaven knows what. We are not aware what he thinks of that by this time, but we leave our readers to judge from the following copy of a diary which he has kept since his landing:—

Aug. 29. Landed at Dover. Gave carpet-bag to a small boy. Boy not painted blue, but wears clothes. Must see about this. Cæsar's *Commentaries* all wrong!

Aug. 30. Asked landlord where the Druids meet now. Any human sacrifices going on? Landlord not able to tell me. Can't understand his barbarous language. *N.B.*—Knives and forks in the hotel!

Aug. 31. Saw some English soldiers. Could not discover any scythe-chariots with them. Must have been misinformed. Find railroad quite as good as ours is; rails not torn up either! Saw many children by the road as passed along. *Memo.*—Doubtful whether aristocracy eat pauper boys, as said in France.

Arrived in London. Really a great town, after all. Lower orders do have something to eat. Don't find aristocrats going into lower orders' houses to seize their things. *Memo.*—Must inquire further touching my old statements!

DIRECTIONS FOR AMATEUR FLORISTS.

IN consequence of numerous complaints from a vast quantity of respectable and industrious individuals in the metropolis, to the effect that their taste for floriculture is continually exposing them to a system of vexatious annoyance from parties who, taking themselves no pleasure in a geranium pot, nor deriving any amusement from a box of mignionette, try to prevent others from doing so either, upon the ground that the cultivation, in the streets of London, of the pleasing rural art above alluded to, is a nuisance, the SHOWMAN has drawn up the following rules and regulations, to be in all cases binding and without appeal:—

1. In case any of the pans in which your flower-pots usually stand should be broken or lost, you are at perfect liberty to take any china plates or saucers you can lay your hands on to supply their place.

2. If you do not possess a watering-pot, and should not feel inclined or have the money to buy one, a pewter pot in which you have had your beer from a neighbouring public-house may be advantageously retained.

3. In case the paint of the window-sill is worn away by your flower-pots, of course you are in no ways called upon to repaint the sill. That is the landlord's business, and not yours.

4. It is folly for an individual to suppose that you are bound to make him or her any indemnification for his or her hat or bonnet respectively, which may happen to have been spoilt by the water with which you were refreshing your flowers having run over into the street below. It is not to be supposed that you can pay proper attention to your flowers if you are required to see whether there is any one passing or not at the time you water them.

5. You are perfectly justified in kicking down stairs, or otherwise injuring in whatever manner may lie in your power, any individual who shall have presumed to pluck a bud or blossom from any of your plants, under the pretence that he did not see the use of keeping flowers unless some advantage were derived from them.

6. You are not responsible for any accidents which may result from flower-pots blowing down on a stormy day. It is not your fault if the wind is high. As to the idea of conferring on the police a discretionary power of seeing that all flower-pots are properly secured so as prevent their being hurled on the heads of the passengers, it is preposterous to entertain it for a single instant. A measure of this sort is regularly enforced by the Prefect of the French police, and therefore every true Briton will resist to the utmost of his power any attempt to introduce it into England.

WHO IS A TRAVELLER?

THE Act of Parliament which relates to the sale of beer, provides that it shall not be sold until after one o'clock on Sunday morning, except to travellers. Now as the question of beer is one which deeply affects the whole community, we should like to be informed by some member of the Government as to what the definition of a traveller may be. Is it necessary in order to be regarded as a traveller, and treated (with beer) accordingly, to walk about in a costume such as would be worn by one of that favoured class on the stage, with a pair of pistols in one's belt, and a trusty servant at one's heels? or would it be sufficient to drive up to a tavern in a post-chaise with a heap of luggage and a couple of postillions—would this be sufficient to entitle a man to a glass of ale? Some persons affirm, that any one who carries a carpet-bag, and looks in a hurry, has a clear title to malt liquor. We, however, have tested the truth of the assertion, and were prevented at the outset from maintaining our rights by the obstinacy of the publican, who could not be induced to open the door. Probably the commercial travellers are the favoured ones. If so, we know several medical students who would give up their studies and become bagmen to-morrow. The privilege cannot belong to the members of the "Travellers' Club," or that association would be more popular. In fact we almost felt at a loss how to solve the question, unless by "solving" it be understood the act of loosing it and letting it go. We will conclude by putting two queries to any one who likes to answer them:—Is a man who travels from Temple Bar to St. Paul's entitled to beer? and, if distance be what is required, could Thackeray, when he started from *Cornhill to Cairo*, have stopped at London Bridge for the purpose of obtaining beer during church-time; or, at all events, would he have obtained it?

OUR DISTORTING GLASS. No. VII.

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, THE BRAVO OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

WITH the dark forehead, whose malignant frown
Calls to the mind a beggar on the town;
Whose prayer rejected, off you see him reel,
No bread to feed on, and no spoons to steal,
To raise his voice and hand against the laws,
And curse the fate that made him what he was.—
A man there is, whom daily you may meet,
Stealing with coward's shuffle through the street;
Ringlets, like Furies' snakes, his features grace,
And eyes that dare not look you in the face.
Yet if his form to favour don't invite,
If bad the bark—there 's worse behind—the bite.
Who shall resist, though clothed in strongest truth,
The tiger's fierceness, with the serpent's tooth?
Statesmen, beware his fangs, before you try 'em,
Or would you 'scape them harmless, you must buy him!

A BOW STREET JOKE.—It was notorious to everybody that the Chartists had no education. It now appears, however, that some of their leaders were very well "brought-up."

HALLO! HOLLOWAY.

WE have caught Holloway tripping. The "Professor," who has been for a long time supporting himself upon a "bad leg of many years' standing," has at length broken down. Now, to paraphrase his own words, "not all the most remarkable of his puffs, nay not even the Earl of Aldborough cured of a bowel and liver complaint," will effect his restoration. In a moment of honesty, from which he soon recovered, Holloway lately introduced the public to "a wounded leg which, after three years of suffering, was cured by his pills," or else by his ointment, we really forget which. Now, if the cure was not effected until after three years of suffering had been undergone, the pills or the ointment, or both of them, are beginning to lose their efficacy; and if, at the same time, the inventor should gain in honesty, the result will be most disastrous for his business.

Since writing the above we find that Holloway has come out with a "dread*ful* bad wound," which was cured in less than no time; this is all very well, but the public will not forget the case of the leg which was only healed "*after three years' suffering!*"

THE NOBLE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.—The best proof that the "noble art of self-defence" is of more real utility than is generally supposed, is found in the fact that many of the crew of the "Ocean Monarch" were only saved by means of *spars*.

TO RUSSELL.—Russell, in order to attain public favour, runs away from London before the termination of the Session. This will do him no good, although, if anxious to get out of his financial difficulties, he had better "cut his wood" as soon as possible.

SHOCKING INSTANCE OF YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.—We are acquainted (unfortunately) with a young man who, not contented with *pledging* his love the other day, actually proceeded further and *popped* the question.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—We understand that Mr. Benjamin Caunt, the eminent prize-fighter, intends visiting Kissingen this autumn, previous to writing a work on the *Spas* of Germany.

STRANGE ANOMALY.—An old lady of our acquaintance is much surprised that Government are not stricter as regards duelling. Her feelings were greatly shocked at some person lately "challenging" a whole jury.

NOTICE.—In order to receive the full particulars from Doncaster as soon as possible, we have despatched a clerk to the place, whose capabilities of *posting* the Ledger are undoubted.

GREENWICH-PARK GALLANTRY.

Pensioner—"IT'S RATHER STEEP JUST HERE, MUM—LET ME OFFER YOU MY ARM."

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Appropriately embellished Covers (price 1s.) for binding Volume I. may be obtained through all Booksellers and Newsvenders, to whom Subscribers desirous of completing their sets are requested to make early application for back numbers.

Parts I., II., III., and IV., price 6d., each, and Part V., price 7d., completing Volume I., may still be had.

Volume I. of the PUPPET-SHOW, *price 3s. 6d., in scarlet cloth, ornamented with gold design and lettering, is just published.*

London: Printed by WILLIAM DOVER, of No. 105 Blackfriars Road, in the County of Surrey, at the Office of Vizetelly Brothers and Co. Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and published by the said WILLIAM DOVER at the Office of the Puppet Show, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, in the parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.

POPULARITY OF THE PUPPET-SHOW.

EVERY one who reads the daily or weekly papers must be aware that the PUPPET-SHOW is much quoted into all respectable journals except the *Times* and another print, the motives of which we can easily understand. Even *Punch* pays us the compliment of taking largely from our columns, although we regret to say that our contemporary has not the courtesy to own the source from which its wit is derived. Unless, however, our contemporary behaves with more honesty we may feel it our duty to obtain an injunction to prevent him from publishing our jokes without acknowledgment. We have selected about a dozen instances in which the hunch-backed felon has stolen from our columns, and we may add that the cowardly thief has robbed us in many other cases, where he has concealed our brilliant paragraphs in the safe obscurity of some long and tedious article. The brilliancy of the jokes betrays the theft, and the rascals are discovered, as the beggar was detected, from patching his rags with purple. Subjoined is the evidence on which any jury—partial or impartial—would convict the deformed wretch :—

Poor Louis Philippe from the Tuileries ran,
And tore off his wig like a desperate man;
His children came rushing pell-mell into town,
And found that papa had no *heirs* to his crown.
— *Puppet-Show*, March 25.

Q. Why is there no chance of the Comte de Paris being King of France?

A. Because Louis Philippe sacrificed the *heir to the crown* when he threw away his wig.—*Punch*, April 1.

LORD PALMERSTON TO MR. BULWER.—"I see that the Queen has been in the habit of riding out in her carriage in the afternoon; this I cannot permit."..."I beg likewise to add, that I have observed with disgust that General Narvaez wears a green coat, buttoned up. This cannot be permitted," &c., &c.—*Puppet-Show*, May 6.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON TO H. E. THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—"You will request His Excellency, on the part of the Government, to subscribe the thirty-nine articles as soon as may be; and also, at his earliest convenience, to learn the Church Catechism," &c. &c.—*Punch*, May 13.

If it be requisite for ladies to wear dresses of British manufactures, why should not gentlemen be called upon to drink British brandy, and smoke Hornsey Havannahs, &c.—*Puppet-Show*, May 13.

Our ladies have been requested to wear British manufactures. Our smokers to smoke British cigars. Our elderly gentlewomen to make tea with the British sloe-leaf, &c.—*Punch*, June 3.

Mr. Mitchell, in a recent speech, stated that his party was now hastening to the "goal" of their ambition. By an unfortunate misprint it was made gaol, and this now appears to have been the proper version.—*Puppet-Show*, April 1.

We wish, however, that these *United Irishmen* had adopted the modern style of orthography, and placed the *a* before the *o* in the word gaol.—*Punch*, May 20.

The Germans talk of discarding the costume of the present day, and adopting one of the sixteenth century. They would show their wisdom much more by their redressing all existing abuses than by their puerile ideas of redressing themselves.—*Puppet-Show*, April 29.

The idea of getting up a movement to redress old feather-beds, whose grievances or wrongs cannot lie very heavily upon them, is a needless excess of liberality. Surely the old feather-beds ought to be downy enough to redress themselves.—*Punch*, May 20.

On Saturday last the SHOWMAN started for Paris, having previously left word with his black page that he should be back again to dinner. The magician who had put it in his power to effect this miracle was that talented artist Mr. Bradwell, who has actually transported the capital of France to the Regent's Park.—*Puppet-Show*, May 13.

We do not wonder at Paris having arrived in London and taken up its quarters at the Colosseum, for poor Paris could actually not have felt itself at home in its own country under circumstances like the present. The skill of Mr. Bradwell has been employed in rendering Paris perfectly itself in the Regent's Park.—*Punch*, May 27.

It thus appears that in Parliament, as at Epsom, *Surplice* was destined to beat *Shylock*.—*Puppet-Show*, June 3 (published on the *Tuesday* previous).

Surplice beat *Shylock* on the Derby day. *Shylock* was again beaten by *Surplice* the following day in the House of Lords, on the Jewish Disabilities Bill.—*Punch*, June 3 (published on the *Thursday* previous).

GENERAL WRANGEL AN OBSTACLE TO GENERAL PEACE.

For Peace the Germans and the Danes
Loudly profess they're of one mind;
How can this be, while Prussian troops
To Wrangel seem so much inclined.
Puppet-Show, May 27.

We regret to observe that General Wrangel is re-commencing hostilities in Schleswig-Holstein. The general's name is ominous. We hope this General Wrangel will not prove the precursor of a European war.—*Punch*, August 19.

The abolitionists maintain that the Whig settlement of the West India question will encourage the slave trade with all its horrors. This will suit the economists, for, as every one knows, sugar is refined with blood.—*Puppet-Show*, July 8.

If sinecurists and pensioners would only throw back some of their lumps of sugar into the state basin —*sugar, by the way, refined by the blood of over-taxed industry*—the timely sacrifice, &c. &c.—*Punch*, July 15.

The Duke of Buckingham never knew where to stop in his extravagance. He has at last, however, been obliged to Stowe it.—*Puppet-Show*, September 2 (published on the *Tuesday* previous).

Foreseen as well as unforseen causes have led to the sale of the Duke of Buckingham's effects at Stowe. It is not generally known that Mr. Dunup has been compelled to Stowe it.—*Punch*, September 2 (published on the *Thursday* previous).

A publisher is now advertising a "Digest of the Parliamentary Debates." We should like to know the author who can manage to digest what no one else could ever swallow. —*Puppet-Show*, June 24.

On the Committee of supply there was passed a vote of £3,600 for the expenses of the Commissioners for Digesting the Criminal Law. We hope that so costly a specific will be found to have effectually aided the Commissioners' digestion. —*Punch*, September 2.

It will gratify the public to know that our foreign relations are on a very good footing, notwithstanding this state of things, for our uncle at Berlin has recovered from the gout, &c.—*Puppet-Show*, April 1.

"Diplomatic relations" *mean* [Punch's own grammar] the number of relations which our family have in in all the diplomatic appointments of the country.—*Punch*, September 2.

Is it true, sir, that, whether or no, every one of us is to be made to have Relations at Rome.—*Punch*, September 2.

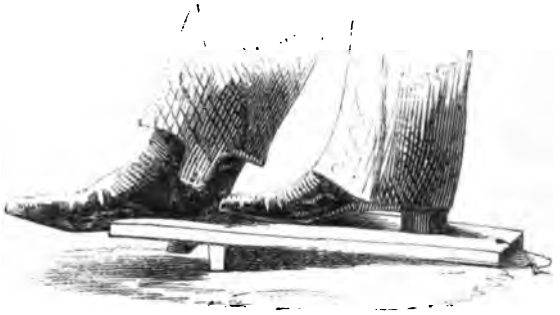
[N.B.—This last joke, be it observed, was stolen twice.]

The *Punch* writers say that they can't understand our jokes. We feel assured that the world will admit that they "*take*" them fast enough.

LEGAL RAILLERY.—Justice Pollock complained on the bench to one of his brethren of a head-ache, on which the other immediately assured him he was a "wise acher."

IMPUDENT INQUIRY.—A correspondent is informed that he cannot with justice declare our little Whig Premier to be in want of money, because he happens to be "very short!"

SOPHISTICAL EXCUSE.—A lady of our acquaintance borrowed a bottle of aromatic vinegar, which she forgot to return, on which the owner taxed her with it in a most passionate manner, asserting that there was nothing surprising in his thus falling into a violent (vial lent) rage.



THE BEST FRIEND AT A PINCH.

SHAKSPERIAN READINGS.

"COMEDY OF ERRORS—" As Sir Robert Peel observes to himself with a wink, when reviewing the Whig proceedings of the Session.

"AS YOU LIKE IT—" As everybody observes of the PUPPET-SHOW's wit.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—" As sensible persons say of Punch's Illuminated Title Page, and puffing advertisements.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

THE lovers of English literature, in studying its beauties in the Supplement of the *Times* of August 31st, must, like ourselves, have been struck with the following advertisement:—

SERVANT.—An active middle-aged man wishes for a SITUATION as SERVANT to a single lady or gentleman. He can be highly recommended, besides giving security to the amount of £2,000 or £3,000 of his own money, &c., &c.

It appears to us that this "active middle-aged man" must be a very curious one; but we, in this instance, are quite as curious as himself. Who can the individual possibly be that thus offers £2,000 or £3,000 of his own money as security?—Who, we repeat, can it be? and Echo, to our great dissatisfaction, answers "who?" and nothing else.

Can it be M. Guizot in disguise? Is that celebrated statesman so desirous to re-don the livery for which he evinced such a partiality in his flight from Paris, that he actually offers £2,000 or £3,000 to enable him to do so?

Or is it some confidential clerk, who after having amassed the £2,000 or £3,000 at the expense of his health, in a close pent-up office in some back court, wishes to exchange the latter for a more "airey" situation?

Or is the whole but a stratagem of some scion of a noble house, tired of the heartlessness and depravity of fashionable life, to conceal his real station, and enter some family where, like a second Lord of Burleigh, affirming that

"He is but a red-plushed lackey,"

he may gain the hand of his master's daughter, after having first squeezed it vehemently while extending to her the usual glass of Barclay and Perkins' Entire at dinner, or helping her into her carriage on an Opera night?

But waiving for the present all considerations of this "middle-aged man's" personality, we may be allowed to indulge in a few surmises as to the course this Crœsus in velveteens will pursue upon being lucky enough to hear of a situation. Will he send his solicitor to draw up the conditions on which he deigns to accept the place, and that being done, will he so far degrade himself as to dine without wine, or eat cold meat for supper?

We are acquainted with several young gentlemen who have serious ideas of proceeding to the Cape, or New South Wales, partly because they have a wish to get away from certain troublesome creditors, and partly to enjoy the amusement of shooting kangaroos or natives—it is immaterial which—and of drinking tea or ardent spirits in the bush, occupations which they fervently believe to constitute the greater portion of the occupations of a settler in those colonies. Now for these young men we are of opinion that this is an eligible opportunity. They might engage this excellent domestic, even supposing they had not originally intended taking a valet with them. They might also kindly consent to take care of their humble follower's £2,000 or £3,000; and seeing that he appears to leave it to the option of the master which sum it shall be, we should say the latter would be preferred. The only obstacle to this arrangement is, that the "middle-aged man" might require a good character of his master, before he engaged *him*, and this being a luxury not always deemed indispensable in good society, the general ruck of masters might find some difficulty in satisfying the foolish fellow's demands.

All the cooks are exclaiming that the potatoes are not worth boiling. This is a very bad sign, as it proves that they are not "fit even to go to pot."

COMMITTEE ON THE PUBLIC BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HIS Honour the SHOWMAN examined.

CHAIRMAN. What do you consider the principal obstacles in the way of public business?—The indolence and incapacity of ministers, the stammering blunders of Bentinck, the prolix verbosity of Urquhart, the stolid perseverance of Anstey, and the superfluous personality of Disraeli.

SIR ROBERT PEEL. Are you acquainted with the proceedings of other eminent debating societies besides the House of Commons?—Yes, with those of Coger's Hall.

SIR ROBERT PEEL. How is dispatch of business brought about in that celebrated assembly?—When a member of the House has been too long on his legs there is a general cry of "Walker," and "Stow it," and the speaker is asked "if he knows what he is talking about?" This is found effectual.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM. What steps are taken in the event of a gentleman coming down flushed with tipple, as sometimes happens in another place?—He is removed by the waiter.

MR. DISRAELI. Are reporters allowed to be present?—Yes, if they choose to order half-and-half, or a go of spirits of any kind.

MR. COBDEN. What is the usual standard of oratory there?—The worst-informed speaker is more accurate than Bentinck, and the dullest more brilliant than Mr. John O'Connell.

The above minutes of evidence were taken after the examination of M. Guizot, and exercised considerable influence on the Committee.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A JOCKEY" enquires Is Lord Bentinck a member of the Portland family? Yes; we once heard a calumniously-disposed person say he was the "leg" of it.

In answer to his communication to the SHOWMAN, M. Louis Blanc is informed that he is wrong in supposing the Irish to be cannibals, because they are partial to "a broth of a boy."

OUR LEADER.

MORE POLICE BRUTALITY.

IT is with shame and disgust that we have observed in the newspapers, of late, how fast the Police Force is becoming an organised brutality. Scarcely a week passes without their committing some offence which disgusts everybody but the magistrates. Boys are bruised by their ferocity, women insulted by their ruffianism; and that which brutality has done, perjury denies, and magisterial stupidity suffers to go unpunished. Something must be done to check this growing nuisance, for it is utterly impossible that it can be tolerated in a civilized town.

The whole body is corrupt. A policeman may be seen setting himself up as a judge in the corners of the streets, and calling on men of the lower orders for evidence. They may further be seen as executioners thrashing the boys; and if any humane person interferes, he at once becomes the object of their ferocity in the street, and of their lies in the Court.

They are open to bribery, as is very well known, and may all be bought—like so much manure—by a liberal purchaser. No night passes in London that some offence is not compromised by their venality; nor a morning that some other is not exaggerated by their falsehood. They are the natural enemies of the poor, and the festering discontent of the masses is kept at fever pitch by the provocation they administer.

What are the magistrates about that they do not see to this state of things? Are the guardians of the peace of the country, to be the only villains unpunished in it? One would think that lying and brutality would be naturally repulsive to a gentleman; but somehow magistrates get indifferent, as tallow-chandlers become habituated to the filthy odours attendant in the carrying out their trade operations.

The fact is, the magistrates are a body of briefless barristers appointed by party dishonesty. None know better the bad state of things, but they will not amend it. And "police brutality" is fast becoming one of our most "venerated institutions!"

PINS & NEEDLES.

Mr. Hastie, the member for Paisley, not having given satisfaction, has been called on by his constituents to resign. This the Hon. Gentlemen has refused to do, proving that, as far as his resignation is concerned, Hastie will be rather slow.

John O'Connell has issued a whining address beseeching the Repealers to save Conciliation Hall. We think he might be contented by this time, as it has proved a pretty good *haul* for him, and one by which he has netted a tolerably neat sum.

W. J. Fox is such a man for "progress" and "moving with the age" that he requires all his payments to be made in advance.

The Ministerial party in the French Assembly ardently desire to get A. Fould returned for one of the vacant seats. We are very much afraid that, unlike Hamlet, they will not "be *fooled* to the top of their bent."

At the dinner lately given by the "Vegetarian Society" amongst other dishes there was a great deal of "flummery." This, we suppose, was the speeches made on the occasion.

The freedom of the city of Aberdeen has been presented to Prince Albert in a box. We hope the box was not locked, for freedom is a thing which no one can find the key to.

The man who was apprehended instead of O'Donoghue says, that he feels much insulted at having been taken for a fool.

It is asserted that several actors, formerly of the Haymarket Theatre, are about to engage Drury Lane. We hope it will not turn out that, having agreed to take it, they have only taken it to *dis*agree.

The papers make a great fuss about Prince Albert having been presented with the freedom of Aberdeen, as if there were anything extraordinary in His Royal Highness leaving that city "Scot-free."

We see that Rachel is declining in popularity in consequence of having sung the *Marseillaise*, the favourite air of the Red Republicans. We should be very sorry to hear of her reputation "going for a mere song."

The *Standard*, speaking of the resignation of Dr. Lee, Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, says that "he is far away the best Hebrew scholar of the day." So he may be "far away"—at Timbuctoo, for instance—but is he in England?

Louis Napoleon has again offered himself as a candidate for the department of the Seine. Bearing in mind his conduct on one or two occasions, we should decidedly say he is far better adapted for the department of the insane.

Since the report of Austria's acceptance of the Anglo-Gallic mediation, her enemies pretend that her ruin is inevitable. Nothing, they say, can last very long which, as is her case, is once going to seed (cede).

A friend of Mr. Anstey's observed the other day that that gentleman's talent for speaking was greatly respected. This is true; for no sooner do most persons perceive the Hon. Member approaching than, not content with taking their hats off as to ordinary individuals, they also take themselves off as quickly as possible.

LORD RUSSELL; OR, TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

AIR—"*Lord Lovell.*"

LORD RUSSELL stood at St. Stephen's gate,
And the PUPPET-SHOW did read,
When up came the Whig ministry,
To wish their Premier good speed, speed, speed—
To wish their Premier good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Russell?" they said;
"Where are you going?" said they.
"To Ireland and Scotland, my ministry,
My carcase I 'm going to convey, vey, vey,
My carcase," &c.

"When will you be back, Lord Russell?" they said;
"When will you be back?" said they.
"In a month, or two, or three at most,
I 'll return to my ministry, stry, stry,
I 'll return," &c.

But he had gone a month and a-half
Strange countries for to see,
When thoughts came into his thick, thick head,
His Ministry he would see, see, see,
His Ministry, &c.

So with haste, and with haste, like a jackass fleet,
He came to London town,
And then he heard the cries of joy,
While the people were smiling around, round, round,*
And the people, &c.

"Oh, what is the row?" Lord Russell he said,
"Oh, what is the row?" said he.
"A great humbug is dead," the people replied,
"And some call it the Whig Ministry, stry, stry,"
"And some call it," &c.

And he wandered down the streets so wide,
And at Charing Cross turned down,
And wept when he came to Downing Street,
For he felt he 'd been done quite brown, brown, brown.
For he felt, &c.

The Ministry died as it might be to-day,
Lord Russell he died on the morrow;
The Ministry died from despair and from shame,
Lord Russell from ditto *plus* sorrow, ror, rorrow!
Lord Russell, &c.

The Ministry all were then placed on a shelf,
Lord Russell enjoyed the same bier,
And *their* epitaph was but one word of contempt,
Lord Russell's a general sneer, sneer, sneer,
Lord Russell's, &c.

These favours increased to a terrible pitch,
Till men's rage could scarce grow any higher,
And then were united the epitaphs twain,
For all humbugs and Whigs to admire, ire, ire,
For all humbugs, &c.

* This rhyme appears incorrect. We, however, have the authority of the original for making use of it.

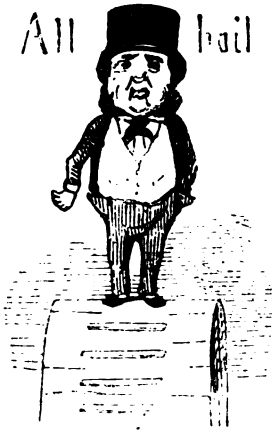
A PECULIAR PERSON.

[By G. A. à-B - - k - t.]

WE once knew a tradesman. He was a man of most peculiar habits, and had such a habit of giving the sack to his assistants that it was generally reported that he was a Saxon by birth. In his childhood the only sport that had any charms for him was jumping in sacks; while, at a maturer age, he drank nothing but sack, and when in distress would mourn in sackcloth and ashes. His only accomplishment was playing the Saxhorn. He was continually selling off his goods, which consisted entirely of sacks and saccharine matter, at an enormous sacrifice, and once, just for the fun of the thing, actually committed sacrilege; besides which, he had actually been present at the sacking of a town. He lived in a *cul de sac*, and when he died merely requested that he might be buried in a *sac de nuit*.

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

CHAPTER X.—The 'Bove Bridge Boats.



to the gallant fleet—iron and wood—two-penny, penny, and half-penny—which cheaply conveys our friends the cockneys from the massive piers of London Bridge, and all the roar, and smoke, and smother of the City, up-stream to the swampy and willow-clad domains of Battersea, and the elm-shaded façade of Chelsea. All hail, we say, to these smoking, and shrieking, and paddling river omnibusses! How far preferable to their cousins upon four wheels, which loiter, and rumble, and zig-zag, and wait, between Hyde Park Corner and the Bank. Who would crawl along the Poultry, listening to the loud but monotonous oratory of the conductor, addressed to lawful travellers from the City to the West-end; who would squeeze himself into a smothering omnibus, among crusty old gentlemen and crummy old ladies, when he could proudly pace the deck of Citizen Grocer or Citizen Haberdasher, as the gallant captain mounts the paddle-box, and the gallant steamboat-boy shouts "Move 'er a-hee-i-id—go hon," and the gallant stoker gives a pull to one iron handle, and a shove to another, and the gallant paddles begin to whirl, and the gallant *tout ensemble* moves steadily away from the busy rendezvous at Dyer's Wharf.

Thus embarked on the world of London waters, let us glance at our fellow-voyagers. The gentleman with the green cut-away coat, and knowingly-tied Joinville, and patent-leather boots, and white kid gloves, is a rich and flourishing gent on 'Change. He is on his way to his "little place down in Surrey," which, when he does not drive his dog-cart, he attains through the medium of our favoured steamer and the Southampton Railway. He is given to the smoking of cigars and to talking of the odds. He wears much jewellery, and is skilful in regard to doing "a bit of stiff." Near him is a fat, elderly gentleman, fresh from his counting-house in the City, and on his way to his private place of sojourn, beyond the suburb of Chelsea. He reads the miscellaneous intelligence in the *Times*, having only had time in the morning to cast his eye over the City article. Under his seat are two small hampers; one contains a couple of pines, the other a lobster. Altogether it is a comfortable old gentleman, whose name, if not great, is good in the City; and perchance, as our captain touches his glazed hat respectfully to him, he is one of the directors of the company in whose boat we are proceeding.

But here comes Blackfriars Bridge, and the paddles stop. We receive on board additional passengers—to wit, four clerks, in sharp-pointed boots, from an Insurance Office in Bridge Street (all clerks in Insurance Offices wear sharp-pointed boots—the fact is as well known as that all coal-merchants keep yachts); two rowing gents from the city, in white trowsers made very clumsily—a style of manufacture which appears requisite for rowing men—with rough pea-jackets and straw hats, on their way to Searle's; two fat ladies and three thin ones, who have been shopping all day in St. Paul's Churchyard; a servant-girl, in a yellow bonnet and red gown, out for the afternoon; a gent with a cigar, and a gentess, who gives little screams as the steam puffs and roars, and giggles exceedingly; and a tired town traveller with a moreen bag full of patterns, who directly sits down and makes entries in an over-full memorandum-book, with a fat pencil.

We then continue our voyage to the Temple Pier, where we are reinforced by a snuffy-looking gentleman, his coat collar very white and powdery, and wearing an ill-washed white handkerchief and plaid trowsers. A glance at the man shows the barrister on his way to Westminster. The gentleman who has strode from the gangway sturdily up to the extreme bow, and who, planting himself against the windlass, puts his hat upon the deck and opens his mouth in a regular business-like, systematic fashion, as if he were determined to lose not a cubic inch of any of the fresh air going, is evidently come aboard for that pleasant and needful thing, "a blow on the river." You may see that he is an *habitué*. He nods to the captain, knows the rowing men, and calmly scrutinizes either bank, and the craft floating past, with the air of a man thoroughly used to them.

By this time Hungerford appears, and a family group consisting of a portly red-faced man, in ill-made good clothes, an over-dressed woman, awfully fussy and anxious-looking, three grown-up daughters, fresh, rosy-looking

lasses, and a fat boy who holds mamma's hand—this group, I say, after a short consultation with the captain, bustle exceedingly and prepare their tickets, with the intent of landing. They are country folks up in town sight-seeing, and after having been through St. Paul's—up at the cross, of course—and having seen the Bank, and the Royal Exchange, and been up the Monument—all but mamma, who broke down half-way, and sat upon a refreshingly cool step of the stone stairs until the rest returned—having, I say, seen all these remarkable and instructive sights, the family in question had proceeded to London Bridge with the intention of taking shipping for the Tunnel, when unhappily the papa's ideas of the points of the compass having become rather conglomerated, the travellers mistook up the river for down. Now, however, they are deposited snugly in a Greenwich steamer, consigned to the especial care of the commander.

Off from Hungerford, with a large addition to our freight of passengers—to wit, a few more rowing men; more gents, escorting more gentesses, and drinking stout for'ard; two or three timid and nervous-looking young ladies, who carry parcels and keep their eyes fixed on the deck; a woman with eight children who are always getting lost about the steamer; a couple of sporting gents with a gun-case, bound to the Red House for the extermination of pigeons and sparrows—an elevating and manly sport; two or three working men with bundles of tools; and a gentleman calling himself an "arteest," who cuts profiles out of black paper at the small charge of one penny per head.

At Westminster Bridge, the snuffy barrister and two or three prim clerks with parchments under their arms walk briskly ashore. The two fat ladies, who intended to have landed here, not having perceived the bridge—after the manner of fat ladies, or, for that matter, of ladies in general—until the steamer has passed it, are in despair, and take no part in the general criticism passed upon the New Houses of Parliament. The Stock Exchange gent thinks them "damned

WHO'S THE WINNER?

Paddy—"HURROO! SANDY, MY BOY, THERE'S THE JACK; BATE HIM IF YE CAN!"

Sandy—"HOOT! AWA' WI' YE, MAN; HERE'S HIS MISTRESS! I'VE GOTTEN THE QUEEN!"

good"—the old City merchant thinks nothing on the subject—the young ladies consider them "oh my—so nice!"—the gentesses giggle and have no opinion—the ordinary gents consider them stunning—the sporting gents hold them to be beneath their notice—the woman with eight children don't know nuffin about them, nor don't care, *ny-ther*—the gentleman come for a blow on the river shakes his head and has his own opinion—and an artist on his way to his studio at Kensington thinks them trivial, frittered, and laboriously ineffective.

At Nine Elms we lose the greater number of our passengers, and they in turn generally lose the train. A rapid run up Battersea Reach and we set ashore the sporting gents, who proceed to the enclosure, from which every now and then you hear the crack of a gun, and see a pigeon which has just soared above the palings tumble down again, to the disappointment of the tribe of sporting blackguards who hang round the enclosure with guns, in the hope of a chance shot at a stray bird which may have escaped the first legitimate discharge.

But we are still gazing back at the classic arena when the paddles stop, the steam whistles shrilly up, and we see the fair Cheyne Walk, with its fine, high, many-windowed houses, and lofty embowering trees, and dancing wherries, and loungers on the bank, and the next moment the Citizen is moored at the pier. The passengers have gone off each his own way, and the gallant captain and his crew are refreshing their frames with beer.

SALT-PETRE—Laurie after a dip at Ramsgate.

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL RAMPANT.

Now that the danger and the fighting are all over, Mr. John O'Connell has come out of the hole where he had hid himself, as slugs and caterpillars emerge after a shower of rain. John says that nothing will do but Repeal, just when Repeal has been proved impossible, and calls on the Irish to work for it, just when the Irish have shown that they 'll do nothing of the sort. Bravo, John!

After grandiloquent babble about Ireland in his manifesto, he drops down suddenly with the homely fact that Conciliation Hall and the premises must speedily be sold up and closed! In fact, the affair is insolvent; lying is at a discount; brag has become a drug; and John an article that nobody will buy.

John whines about the rebels, but it was John that helped them into their present plight. John and his family excited the people till they were nearly ready, and then the rebels stepped in to help, and completed the job. John brayed, and when the time came for kicking, bolted.

John threatened the other day to leave the country for ever, and added as a piece of gag, that he would take his father's bones with him. What a filthy instance of profane, unhallowed, and disgustingly bad taste! He evidently thought that he would pick something handsome out of the bones, and we firmly believe that if he could get a few coppers by rattling them about at the Irish fairs, he would set about it as actively as an Ethiopian serenader. This brutal threat showed the nature of the man. Poor Daniel O'Connell! You had your faults, like other great men; but surely, surely, to have produced such a despicable race of hereditary beggars has been punishment enough!

LOUIS BLANC AND HIS DINNER.

LOUIS BLANC has written to the *Times*, saying that if the English public wish to give a dinner to him, he shall, nevertheless, not attend it, because he does not desire to get up an agitation in this country; in fact, is unwilling to perform the part of hero in an English revolution, which (were it not that it is dishonourable to do so in a country where one has fled for refuge) he has no doubt he could arrange at the shortest notice. In our opinion, Louis Blanc will not attend a dinner of the kind to which he alludes, not so much because he is afraid of causing an agitation which, when we consider the kind and the number of persons who believe in M. Louis Blanc, would, of course, be of the most terrific nature—as, for the simple reason that the entertainment will not be given. M. Louis Blanc may enjoy the pity of the English for his misfortunes, and their admiration for his writings, but they have no sympathy with him on account of his principles and his doctrines, which they look upon as absurd and already exploded. Nor has M. Louis Blanc ever shown much warmth of affection, or even cordiality of friendship for the English; and we really are astonished that he should reject the imaginary invitation to the fabulous dinner from any reason than the simple one, that they are a nation without ideas. But Louis Blanc's notion about having a dinner given to him is not a novel one. Mr. Sergeant Warren—a man of powerful imagination—fancied, during the period of the last general election, that the voters of Marylebone panted to have him for a representative, and sent forth a document to an astonished world stating that he really must decline standing, as a great many of the persons to whom such fashionables as himself would naturally look for support were out of town at that season of the year. We suggest that M. Blanc and Sergeant Warren be requested to imagine invitations of all descriptions between themselves, to decline them between themselves, and to keep the particulars between themselves; thus the public will be spared a good deal of absurdity, and themselves a good deal of ridicule.

EPIGRAM.

More than even the bliss with which heaven repays
Love to parents, in Anstey's long yarns we command,
For 't is not, as the promise says, merely our "days,"
But our nights that he serves to "make *long in the land*."

FEROCIOUS CONDUCT.—Not content with endeavouring to strip Lamartine of all merits as a statesman, an evening contemporary has actually gone so far as to attack the *Herald* for proclaiming the ex-minister the inventor of the Ode in France. This is, to say the least, very *odious*.

A KNOWING DODGE.—Our attention has been attracted of late to the mere than usually numerous advertisements for "Gentleman's cast-off Wearing Apparel." We were for some time at a loss to account for this, until we discovered that the increase in their number was caused by Lord G. Bentinck, who had ordered his agents to buy up as extensively as possible in the hopes that, among other articles, he might walk into Lord John Russell's shoes.

LITERARY ANECDOTE.—The editor of some weekly newspaper, when engaged in a contest with a certain defunct journal, used to be always bragging that he was considerably in advance of the *Age*.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Mr. Shaw Lefevre states that it is the "forms" of the House which are the cause of the idle talk. This is very true, as the members are usually stretched at full length on them.

EGG-DUST AND ADSURDITY.—A fortnight since we honoured one Edwards—an inventor of a certain egg-dust or powder, which, if judiciously set upon by an experienced hen, will, we believe, produce fricasseed chickens—with an allusion to him in our columns. Mr. Edwards knows that a sarcasm from the SHOWMAN is as terrible as a thunderbolt from Jupiter: but he must be told that it does not follow, as he supposes, that because he (Edwards, not Jupiter) is referred to in pure fun, therefore his character, credit, and business will be utterly ruined. The fact is, we know nothing about the Edwards in question—but were speaking of a very different person.

COMPANION TO THE OMNIBUS;

BEING

A CODE OF MAXIMS AND HINTS FOR THE USE OF BOTH SEXES, TOWARDS THE BETTER REGULATION OF CONDUCT IN RESPECT OF THIS IMPORTANT VEHICLE, CONCERNING WHICH SO MUCH IGNORANCE AT PRESENT EXISTS.

BY A PERFECT GENTLEMAN AND HIS SISTER.

DEDICATED TO ALL LONDON.

PART II.

WITH unfeigned grief, we feel ourselves bound to admit that a great number and variety of abuses and impertinences have crept into this otherwise commodious and delightful vehicle; to the pointing out and cure whereof, this our second part will be right earnestly devoted.

OF SITTING SQUARE.

"Sitting square," or "sitting wide," otherwise known as the *roomy dodge*, is an elegant method of sticking out the elbows, and widening the space between the knees, so as to occupy as much room as possible, and to make the unfortunate persons who sit next, on each side, wretchedly uncomfortable and close—jammed, if not half suffocated. Reasoning would be lost upon anybody who could do such a thing: the best remedy (next to a dig in the side) is to call the attention of the whole omnibus to the fact.

OF SITTING SIDEWAYS.

This method, also known as the *slantendicular dodge*, is of the same selfish family as the foregoing, and is yet more detestable, because it is generally practised with a most provoking appearance of unconsciousness, as though it were merely an easy and negligent attitude—whereas, the unworthy denizen of a civilized community, who only pays for a single seat, is actually occupying a seat and three-quarters, and thus distributing a fraction of misery to each of his fellow-travellers on the same side.

OF GREAT-COATS, CLOAKS, FUR-TIPPETS, SHAWLS, &c.

There ought to be some limitation to the size of these articles, or some extra charge, since a gentleman in two or three coats (perhaps with the pockets full), and a lady in four petticoats, with bustle to match, and a thick Welsh whittle, with fur-tippet and boa, unavoidably occupy nearly double their natural share of the seat. They should pay accordingly. On the same principle, all extremely corpulent people should pay an extra fare, regulated by a scale of measurement; and extremely thin people, on leaving the omnibus, ought to receive a small *douceur* for their unmerited sufferings, and as an encouragement.

A RAINY DAY.

Let us suppose thirteen people inside, each with a wet umbrella. Did any one ever witness the phenomenon of a single person placing his umbrella underneath the seat? No!—or by the rarest chance, once. These thirteen umbrellas are all held bolt upright between the knees, which they wet; while the ferrule drips a puddle for the feet to rest in.

DANGEROUS WEAPONS.

No terms of reprehension can be too strong for the hasty entrance of a person with an umbrella, parasol, or walking-stick, held point-foremost, as if making a charge, in order to take a place by an assault at the visual or nasal organs of the alarmed and peaceful company there assembled.

OF PARCELS, BAGS, BASKETS, BUNDLES, &c.

Huge linen-drapers' parcels, carpet bags, and bags of miscellaneous articles, probably for a small retail trade in the suburbs, are nuisance enough; but we have it recorded among our painful experiences, that baskets of greens, clothes-baskets, and bundles of "base odour," are sometimes squeezed in by shameless elderly women, who think it a sufficient excuse if they carry their things in their laps with embracing arms—thus occupying the middle, or breathing-space, of the vehicle. We have even known a sailor bring his bedding in, after coolly shoving a tar-bucket under the seat; and it is well known that Greenacre carried Mrs. * * * * in two parcels, at different times, held on his knees, as he sat smiling placidly on his fellow-travellers.

[The SHOWMAN, borrowing a hint, for this occasion only, from the notorious individual just quoted, has "cut up" the following with his magic wand, and left only the heads to speak for themselves:—]

OF GARRULITY AND FACETIOUSNESS.

OF STOLIDITY.

OF RUDE WHISTLING AND HUMMING.

OF FAVOURITE DOGS.

OF EATING CONSPICUOUSLY, OR SILLY.

OF FALLING ASLEEP UNGRACEFULLY.

OF ONIONS AND PEPPERMINT—*(faugh!)*

OF CHILDREN WITH CAKES OR TOYS.

OF WOODEN LEGS.

[The remainder must be given entire.]

OF BABIES.

No right-minded person will take, or give offence, at the exercise of the maternal office in silencing a clamorous voice by natural nutriment; but a public exhibition of pap-boats, and milk bottles, or a messing with plum-buns and moistened sponge-cakes, are open to an unmitigated denunciation.

OF THE LAME, THE SICK, AND THE BLIND.

The best lovers of fun are equally open to good feeling; and there is nothing that can do more honour to a good joke-maker than to become serious when a really serious claim to his consideration and assistance presents itself.

INFECTION AND CONTAGION.

However doctors may disagree on this subject, most certain it is that fevers of various kinds are often caught in an omnibus; so is the small-pox; so are the measles; and a variety of other diseases, which bring us to the next question, which is manifestly a very important one in omnibus-travelling.

THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF WINDOW-OPENING.

Whoever sits at the further end of the vehicle has a right to let down any window near him, though it certainly places those below him in a thorough draught. Those who sit in the middle part of the omnibus have a right to resist this, if they choose; but those who sit near the door have no such right, unless they first offer to change places, and it is declined. Good sense and right feeling can always accommodate matters—only the misfortune is that no sense and rank selfishness too often intrude themselves among well-meaning people.

OF VENTILATION.

Foul airs, vile odours, infections, and fatal fevers—we repeat it—are often found in an omnibus A close hot day, with a cold east wind, and there sit the packed-up sufferers half suffocated, yet naturally dreading to open a window which would place all below it in a thorough draught—certain to produce colds, sore throats, &c. Now, we shall tell you how to obtain a perfect ventilation on the hottest day. Open *all* the windows, if you like as much air, on one side—namely, the leeward side (all the windows on the windy side being kept up), and then order the conductor to put up his wooden door-window, or rather shutter, at the other end. Here you will have a perfectly airy omnibus, the amount of air exactly regulated by the number of windows you choose to let down, yet without the possibility of a draught affecting anybody. This is the true science of omnibus ventilation, simplified; and if you can get thirteen English people to agree to it, you will be a very clever fellow.

A FEW PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. AUGUSTUS PHILIPS.

Chapter I.—Introductory.

Mr. Augustus Philips was walking disconsolately in the enclosure of St. James' Park, on the 8th of June, 1847.

Now this is a fact which, at first sight, may appear to our readers of very little consequence, but we hope that on their becoming better acquainted with Mr. Augustus Philips, they will take a different view of the matter, experience having taught us that the veriest trifles attain a degree of importance quite astonishing, when they relate to celebrated characters.

It is on this principle that the public feel such an intense interest in knowing whether Her Majesty took her usual walk, on such a day, before or after breakfast, or whether F. M. the Duke of Wellington is partial to horse-radish with his roast beef, and whether he eats the said vegetable manufactured into a sauce or merely scraped in the more ordinary manner.

Mr. Augustus Philips, then, was a young gentleman of about five-and-twenty, possessing an agreeable exterior and a set of chambers in the Temple. His parents had been dead some years, leaving him at the age of one-and-twenty an annual income of two hundred pounds. With this he determined to follow the law, and accordingly, after having sedulously attended all the theatres and other amusements of the metropolis, and, which we had almost forgot to mention, eaten his terms with laudable regularity in Hall, was, in due course of time, received a member of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple.

Besides the two hundred a-year before mentioned, Mr. Philips' father had also left him a brother about four years younger than himself to take care of.

This young gentleman having shown a most marked predilection for first trying the force of prussic acid, arsenic, and other interesting poisons, on any unfortunate cats which might happen to fall in his way, and then cutting them up in the most approved fashion afterwards, was pronounced by competent judges to have a decided vocation for the noble art of surgery, and was articled to a medical man accordingly.

On the expiration of his apprenticeship he entered at one of the principal London Hospitals, where he soon distinguished himself by a most diligent attendance on a place of entertainment near at hand, vulgarly entitled a "public-house."

The name of this incipient Æsculapius was Charles, but by his friends he was more generally distinguished as the "Pilot," an appellation which he owed to the fact of his generally appearing in a sort of pilot coat, very shaggy, very short, and very thick, besides being studded down the front by two rows of large wooden buttons. On his head he mostly wore an oilskin cap, while his legs were encased in rather tight-fitting trowsers, held down by rather long straps.

As regards his moral character, the Pilot was particularly partial to tobacco, whether in the form of the aristocratic cigar, or in the bowl of the more humble, and, to use his own term, more "congenial clay," patronised malt liquor to a considerable extent, and in questioning the prettier out-patients who came under his care as to their complaint, never failed asking their name and address as two of the most important symptoms.

On the 7th of June, 1847, the Pilot had returned from a trip to Ramsgate.

It was this trip which caused his brother Augustus to walk about the Park in the disconsolate manner we described on setting out, and as it moreover exercised a great influence on the said Mr. Augustus' after-prospects, we shall dedicate an especial chapter to its narration.

Chapter II.—The Pilot's Visit to Ramsgate.

"Guzzy, my boy," said the Pilot to his brother, as they sat one morning at breakfast in the latter's chambers, "I am going to Ramsgate."

"Alone!" asked Augustus.

"Man," replied the Pilot gravely, at the same time taking out of his mouth the short pipe which he generally smoked between his first and second cup of coffee; "Man, Augustus, is a gregarious animal, and fond of his species—your ignorance of this fact I will, however, excuse, in consideration of the profession to which you have devoted your energies. No, I do not go alone. I tempt the briny main—I go by packet, of course—it 's much cheaper than rail—in company with two out-and-outers, Lint and Hawker."

The Pilot then went on, at some length, to explain to his brother how the trip of Messrs. Lint and Hawker could not, in the strict acceptation of the word, be termed one of pleasure—that they were, in fact, like many great characters of olden days, about to retire into a sort of honorary exile for the time being, in consequence of their finding it rather inconvenient to appear in the streets of the metropolis, owing to the stupid prejudices and grasping avariciousness of certain tradesmen, and particularly of a tailor named Snoggins—that their misfortunes all arose from their being possessed of a superabundant store of talent—that they had written a most excellent burlesque together, which was cheap at a hundred pounds—that they had sent it to a well-known manager, who had actually refused it, involving them, by his infamous conduct, in great difficulties, as they had, with the confidence which genius should always have in itself, incurred debts before-hand on the strength of the hundred pounds which ought to have been theirs.

The Pilot then went on to descant on the scurvy way in which managers treated authors—a subject sure, as he was well aware, to enlist his brother's sympathies, as the latter held himself to be particularly ill-treated by the said managers—finally winding up by a request for the loan of five pounds for the trip.

The Pilot had calculated well. So excited was his brother by virtuous indignation, that he gave him the sum demanded, and, moreover, promised that he himself would join them in the course of a day or two.

The next morning, accordingly, the Pilot and his two friends set off. Want of space prevents our describing their voyage down. This we may do at some future day. Suffice it for the present to observe that they arrived in safety, and succeeded in procuring lodgings in a respectable public-house, all three agreeing that, to a man of moderate desires, the house in question offered quite sufficient to render his sojourn in the town very agreeable, and, as Mr. Lint expressed it, "to strew his path with flowers to a pretty considerable extent, and no mistake."

A week had nearly rolled by. The three friends had partaken largely of all the intellectual and other amusements of the place—the other amusements, as the Pilot remarked, strongly predominating—when their fate overtook them.

Messrs. Lint and Hawker had just dressed one morning, and were leaning out of the window smoking cigars to give them an appetite for breakfast, and exchanging playful remarks of rather a personal character with the passers by, when they suddenly started back, as we should suppose a person would do on meeting the eye of that rare, but, according to all descriptions, rather disagreeable specimen of the animal kingdom termed a basilisk.

"No mistake," observed Mr. Hawker.

"Snoggins," replied his companion.

"He saw us," continued Mr. Hawker. "There 's our trip dished. What business," pursued he in a meditative mood, "has *he* down here, I should wish to know? Why he is not gone yet—he 's looking at the house—he 's speaking to his wife—and now he leaves her and hurries off—Lint, there 's no time to be lost."

Mr. Lint perfectly coincided in this opinion. "It was very evident Snoggins meant to nab them—there *was* no time to be lost; but what was to be done?"

After some consultation they came to the conclusion that the first train to Dover must be taken, and from that place the packet to Boulogne. But their money was expended, or

at least very nearly all; they had reckoned on Augustus coming down in both senses of the word—ruin seemed imminent, when Mr. Lint's face suddenly brightened up, he beckoned to some one in the street—a step was heard upon the stair, and a son of Israel entered the room.

For some time did the Israelite and the two Christians remain in low parley. The clothes and watch of the sleeping and unsuspecting Pilot were transferred to the custody of the former, while the latter received in return the sum of £1 16*s.* 7*d.* The Jew then walked off, and Messrs. Lint and Hawker, having first written a hasty line or two which they left on the table, followed his example, while their victim slept on, little aware of the surprise which was awaiting him when he should awake.

A Good Reason.—We have been informed that the Whigs chose Lord John for their Premier on the principle that of all evils it is best to choose the "least."

A "progress" friend of ours is always looking out for "Signs of the Times." He often, owing to the tardiness of his newsvender, passes the whole morning without discovering any.

"A Little Knowledge," &c.—Douglas Jerrold (who is just beginning to learn Latin) says that he is afraid of wearing gutta percha soles to his boots in the streets, because he imagines that "*Gutta (percha) cavat lapidem.*"

THE BERKELEY NUISANCE.

Public benefactors—and we say this with a perfect recollection of Jerrold, George Thompson, and Feargus O'Connor—are scarce in the present age. Even the Showman's benevolence is of a negative rather than of a positive character, inasmuch as he delighteth more in exposing humbug than in favouring merit. Nevertheless, an occasion now presents itself for any man to come forward as a philanthropist, and shine in that *rôle* without danger and without difficulty. Howard gained immortal honours, but not without incurring the risk of death on thousands of occasions. The Irish priests have also established their claims as benefactors (with every one but the High Church party) by the fearless manner in which they continued to visit their parishioners at a time when a deadly fever was raging among them. But one does not often have the chance of obtaining fame without exposure to the dangers of either sea or land, and the afflictions of either heaven or man; and this chance is to be taken advantage of at the present moment.

We suggest the getting up of a scheme for the exclusion of the Berkeley family *en masse* from the House of Commons. Those that are at present elected should be kicked out, and those that are not elected should be kept out. The way to manage this is simple enough. Grantley, Grenville, Craven, and the whole gang of Berkeleys, are arrogant, stupid, and consequently disagreeable. The constituents, whether of Cheltenham or of West Gloucestershire, hate the whole gang; and we believe that these constituents would unite, under the auspices of the aspiring benefactor and determined man, for placing the whole gang, not in their proper places, which would be the stable or the pig-sty, but in a situation from which it would be difficult to emerge for the purpose of disgracing themselves and disgusting the public. This they have lately done in various ways.

One of the members has been summoned before a magistrate to show cause why he did not support his illegitimate offspring; before a judge of the County Court, in order to settle the question as to whether he should be called upon to pay for the breakfasts he had devoured; and before a judge of a superior court, to answer for having beaten (with the assistance of another Berkeley and a prize-fighter) a man in whose publication he had been (in the most severe manner) represented as he actually was. But besides having acquired an infamous notoriety in the Police Court, the Small Debts Court, and the Queen's Bench, Grantley has written foolery in a pamphlet, which did not much matter. One naturally avoided the work. But he has been allowed to intrude his rubbish into the *Times*, which one *does* read, and in which he has abused his brothers, and has begged, in infamous grammar, that some person or persons would kindly come forward and pay his election expenses. In the Senate he has been, of course, obscure; but on the hustings all the members of this odious family have been prominently ridiculous, as they have been abusive and ungrammatical in the columns of advertising literature (for without payment their trash is now not published in respectable journals).

But the way to put down these pestilential nuisances, to muzzle these mad dogs. It is as follows:—

Every one knows that directly one of the Berkeleys is returned for Parliament, the other Berkeleys set up a bark and do not cease their snapping and snarling until, by means of an election petition, they obtain the expulsion of the more fortunate animal, who shirks out of the house with his tail between his legs, instantly to renew that "barking and biting" in which, according to Dr. Watts, such creatures as the Berkeleys especially "delight."

When a Berkeley is elected, he is not elected in preference to a respectable man, but in preference to some other Berkeley, the voters having to choose between two or more dirty bundles of hay, select that which they conceive to be the less soiled. Then when the petition is to be signed which is to dislodge the Berkeley who has become a senator, no one can refuse to attach his name to it, as Berkeley the senator has committed all sorts of acts which unfit him to sit in Parliament. Then, when Berkeley the rejected candidate becomes, in his turn, Berkeley the senator, another petition is presented. As sure as there are spots on the sun, so certainly are there deep stains on the character of all the Berkeleys, and accordingly out comes Berkeley, No. 2, perhaps (for there is sometimes no end to misfortunes), to be replaced by Berkeley, No. 3. Now, by this petitioning process, the Berkeleys have proved what every one knew before, that they are all unfitted to sit in Parliament, in the same way that (as Voltaire remarked) the Whigs, by proving the Tories to be villains, and the Tories by proving the Whigs to be scoundrels, effectually established the point that all political England was depraved. We suggest, then, that the formula for a general anti-Berkeley petition be prepared, alleging causes why ——— Berkeley should not sit in Parliament. The blank can be filled up Grenville, Grantley, Craven, &c., as the case may be. The objections would apply equally to all, and the hateful family could by this means be kept out of Parliament. Several of its members would be enabled to be arrested for debt, and thus prevented from interfering in public matters, and the man by whose principal assistance this object is accomplished will be hailed as a philanthropist and a benefactor to his species.

Beggarly Pride.—We know a beggar, somewhat aristocratic in his views, who considers himself equal to the Earl of Shaftesbury, as both are in the habit of holding the "cap of maintenance."

MENSURATION MADE EASY.

To Find the Exact Distance between any Two Places.—Say, for example, it is required to find the distance between the Waterloo Road Station of the South Western Railway and any part of the New Road. Take a cab, and, having proceeded to your destination, alight, and ask what you have got to pay. On the sum being named, reduce the pence into miles at the rate of eightpence for every mile, and then divide by two. The result will give the relative distance between the two places. Thus:—

EXAMPLE.

Required the distance between S.W.R. Terminus, Waterloo Road, and St. Pancras Church:

Fare charged by cabman, without blushing . . 2*s.* 8*d.*

2*s.* 8*d.* in miles (8*d.* = 1 mile) = 4 miles.

4 miles ÷ 2 = *Two miles, exact distance.*

Strangers arriving from the country at any of the various railway termini will find this a very simple mode of learning street mensuration. We also strongly recommend it to the notice of the Board of Ordnance.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

Head Partner in the house of Ledger and Co.—"So, Mr. Smithers, I suppose this is what you call taking an intense interest in my affairs, and spending the whole of the day in collecting my outstanding accounts!!!"

THE SHOWMAN'S SPEECH.

The following is a copy of the speech delivered by the Showman to his Contributors on the completion of his first half-yearly volume.

"Satirical and Comic Writers,

"I am happy to be able to congratulate you on the completion of my first half-yearly volume. The measures for preventing crime and theft in the *Punch* writers will, I think, be attended with a beneficial result. The open display of the Puppet-Show jokes has been checked, and several of the principal criminals have been discovered, publicly convicted, and chastised.

"The distress in the Haymarket Theatre, consequent upon successive failures in the production of 'legitimate' plays, has been mitigated by the consciousness on the part of the manager that his faults have afforded you opportunities for satire.

"On the other hand, organized confederacies endeavoured to excite your fears by means of threats. Visions of big sticks and heavy damages were held out to affright the timid, while the most enormous bribes were exhibited to the avaricious. In this conjuncture I applied to your loyalty and wisdom for increased powers, and strengthened by your prompt concurrence my satire was enabled to defeat, in a few days, machinations which had been prepared during many months. The energy and determination shown by the Publisher in this emergency deserve my warmest approbation.

"In the midst of these difficulties, you have continued your labours for the improvement of Albert Smith. Your attacks upon the Chartists will, I trust, gradually remove an evil of great magnitude in the social state of England.

"I have given my cordial assent to the measures which have in view the reformation of Mr. Lumley, and I entertain an earnest hope that we have made considerable advances in that beneficent work.

"I have to thank you for the readiness with which you have granted the supplies of copy necessary for the public entertainment.

"I shall avail myself of every opportunity, which a regard for your welfare may allow, of increasing your salaries. [Here a rude and disgustingly loud cheer was given.]

"I have renewed, in a formal manner, my connexion with the *Edinburgh Review*. The good understanding which prevails between the two publications has continued without the slightest interruption.

"Events of no importance have disturbed the tranquillity of the Berkeley family. These events have led to hostilities between the various members.

"I am employing myself in knocking these persons' heads together, in hopes of bringing to an amicable settlement their differences.

"I acknowledge with grateful feelings the many marks of attachment which I have received from all classes. It is my earnest belief that these will be perpetuated."

THE ENTIRE AND INIMITABLE ADELPHI COMPANY.

Webster, the "great legitimist," who never produced anything but the high drama, excepting always translations of French vaudevilles, adaptations of French operas, performances by Ethiopian serenaders, Hungarians, Van Joels, and acrobats of various descriptions, is, in spite of our gentle remonstrances, puffing in his own unrivalled style the company of the Adelphi Theatre, whose elegant performances form the last novelty which he has given in the "legitimate" line. Those who object to the word "legitimate" being applied to such pieces as "Did you ever settle Accounts with your Laundress?" &c., must remember that "legitimate" is everything produced at the Haymarket, and that everything produced at the Haymarket is "legitimate."

But leaving the question as to whether Adelphi performances be or be not "legitimate" as a moot point, let us call attention to Webster's play-bills, in which he announces the last week but ever so many of the Entire and Inimitable Adelphi Company. Now, as Madame Celeste has left for the provinces (at least we suppose she has, as she was announced last week to be about to do so in two days) the company cannot be entire. As to its being inimitable, we, however, have but little doubt. Bedford's nose, size, and vulgarity cannot be imitated with any chance of success, nor can any one hope to approach in absurdity and affectation the pronounciation of Celeste, with her necessaries, her massacres (mazourkas), and other words uttered in accents horrible to hear and impossible to acquire in any part of Europe, and in any manner, except in London and from Celeste. Then, again, as no one can equal Wright in his humour, so no one would wish to imitate him in his coarseness and even indecency; and altogether we may safely affirm that although the departure of Celeste prevents the company from being "entire," there can be no doubt that as regards many points Mr. Webster is quite right in speaking of it as inimitable.

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE.

Some amusement was caused about a fortnight since by (strange as it may at first appear) an article in *Punch*, in which Mr. Bunn was alluded to merely as a "well known bard." This was the first time of any reference being made to that gentleman since the publication of his "Word with *Punch*," which, it was thought, would have done some harm to our disrespected contemporary. It has, however, evidently done him a great deal of good—in the same way that whipping effects an improvement in a rude boy. It is rumoured that several other individuals—who have been attacked for refusing private boxes to one writer, requiring another to pay his bills, starting a rival paper, or being guilty of some piece of effrontery equally gross, for which they have been subsequently libelled and caricatured—intend adopting a similar course to that taken by Mr. Bunn. We understand that as *Punch* will then necessarily lose the favourite subjects of attack, it will alter its style, and reject satire for panegyric.—*Whitefriars Reporter.*

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Appropriately embellished Covers (price 1s.) for binding Volume I. may be obtained through all Booksellers and Newsvenders, to whom Subscribers desirous of completing their sets are requested to make early application for back numbers.

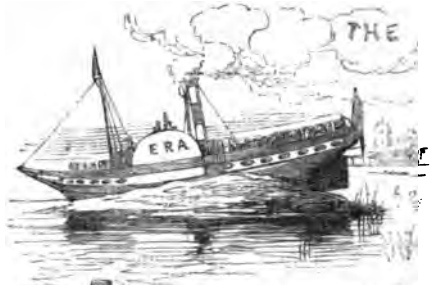
Parts I., II., III., and IV., price 6d., each, and Part V., price 7d., completing Volume I., may still be had.

Volume I. of the Puppet-Show, *price 3s. 6d., in scarlet cloth, ornamented with gold design and lettering, is just published.*

London: Printed by William Dover, of No. 105 Blackfriars Road, in the County of Surrey, at the Office of Vizetelly Brothers and Co. Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and published by the said William Dover at the Office of the Puppet Show, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, in the parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

Chapter XI.—The Richmond Boats.



venerable steamers which paddle their slow way backwards and forwards from London to Richmond Bridge, are supposed by some persons to have been built from the lines of the ark soon after the flood. Our own opinion is, however, that they were constructed some time before, and that the ark was built in imitation of the Era. The Richmond boats may be known by the oceans of white paint wherewith it has been the pleasure of the proprietors to bedeck them; indeed, considering the successive coats which they have had during the lapse of ages, it is not unreasonable to suppose that, although their timbers may have long since crumbled away, the successive layers of paint plastered one over the other answer all the purposes of the original wood—so that, in point of fact, the boats are nothing but shells of paint. It is to be understood that we advance this doctrine rather as a theory than state the matter for a fact.

Another peculiarity of the Richmond boats is the number and size of their windows, which run from stem to stern, and from which one would imagine that the crews were in the habit of keeping a good look-out. This, however, is not the case, inasmuch as generally speaking the greater portion of the time occupied between Putney and Richmond Bridge is passed upon mud-banks waiting for the tide. The voyager has thus an opportunity of beholding the scenery at his leisure, and making many excellent reflections upon the impediments and obstacles to which steam-boats, as well as man, are subject. Above Battersea Bridge the river begins to assume a countrified appearance—the banks, as though in grief for being deserted by the town, wear the willow garland, and many Swans, but no Edgars, are seen gracefully floating in the flood. Hereabouts, on the Surrey shore, the river Wandle joins the Thames. There is an indistinct myth of trout being occasionally seen in this stream, and on making inquiries of an angler who had just returned from its banks, he informed us that, after fishing for some time, he hooked it—thus leading us to give credit to the myth in question. On further investigation, however, we ascertained that "to hook it" was a vulgar expression signifying to go away. Near Putney, upon the right bank, will be observed the College of Civil Engineers, and a number of the pupils, who are completing their mathematical education by lying on their backs on the greensward by the river bank. Passing through Putney Bridge, which was built in order to check duplicity by preventing the progress of craft upon the river, you observe the "Eight Bells," kept by Mrs. Avis, who, for her courteous attention to thirsty voyagers, is really a *Rara Avis in terrâ*—that is, in Surrey. Paddling leisurely by, the steamer heaves in sight of the metropolis of suburban scholastic regions—Hammersmith, where many little boys are brought up Conservatives, in consequence of being sent to Prepare a Tory Schools. In due time we pass under the bridge, which is really a hardly-used one—for, although never condemned, it is cruelly hung in chains. A short distance further, the traveller will perceive, upon the Surrey bank, a wooden fence, which encloses a reservoir of water belonging to some metropolitan company or other. There is a legend that in this pond a huge sturgeon was once captured; and as the creature, to have got there, must have triumphantly lept over the towing-path and the fence, the story shows that a much closer affinity than has generally been observed exists between the sturgeon and the flying-fish.

Near Kew Bridge is generally moored the Maria Wood barge, in which craft the Civic court annually go swan-hopping. This mystic operation is performed by eating vast messes of turtle soup and drinking huge oceans of iced punch and champagne—although we do not exactly see how the process can cut nicks in the swans' beaks—the actual purpose of the expedition. Its object, however, is highly laudable, as it is clear that, by making new nicks every year, the swans are prevented from appearing, as they otherwise would do, in public, every one with his Old Nick behind him.

Kew, as every one knows, is noted for its Botanic Gardens, the soil of which is so fertile as to cause the names of the plants to grow to an immense length—and toughness. Opposite is Brentford, concerning which we have only to make this remark, that if dirt were picturesque, Brentford would be the most picturesque city in the world. We are now rapidly approaching our destination. The river is studded with islands or aits—one of which, from the ridiculous scenes enacted by picnic parties under the shadows of its trees, has got the appellation of the ait of absurdity. A few minutes more and the steamer stays her dripping paddles by Richmond Bridge.

The visitor may now proceed ashore, and look about him. He will probably, in the first place, ascend Richmond Hill, where, however, he will gaze in vain for the "lass" of that locality. The best way of enjoying the celebrated view, however, is to proceed to the Star and Garter. In this house the length of a visitor's purse is of no consequence, but the amount of cash in it dignifies a good deal. Supposing, however, that all is right in this respect, let the pleasure-seeker hie him to one of the terrace dining-rooms, and there, after having pleasantly dispatched his salmon cutlet and roast chicken, and after the noiseless waiter has produced the sparkling crystal, from within which rises the incense of the rich Bordeaux—let him, we say, lean lazily back, and as his eye roams over the glorious panorama of wood and water, let him meditate on the French woman's saying, *Mon dieu!* what a pity that it is not a sin to look at such a landscape!"

A Zoological Comparison.—We compare the country party to a rattlesnake. Bentinck makes the noise with the tail; and Disraeli bites with the fangs.

A Publican and a Sinner.—A tavern-keeper writes to ask us whether, having failed five times and recommenced business as many, he is not justified in holding "re-publican" principles?

FATHER THAMES'S LAMENTATION.

I.

THERE 's many a jolly old river
Comes dashing from mountains down—
The rioting blue Guadalquiver,
And Tagus at Lisbon town.
And travellers say the Simois
Runs still in a silver thread;
It may be, but all that I know is,
I wish I ran there in its stead!

II.

They give me the name of a father,
And call me a wonderful flood;
Their praise is all well, but I 'd rather
Dispense with the gift of their mud;
If they really feel any affection
For what I have done for their race,
They strangely prove such predilection
By flinging their dirt in my face!

III.

I 'm really a seedy old fellow,
And can't meet my brothers at all—
The Rhine, nor the Tiber so yellow,
Are ever at home when I call.
The Danube, though often half frozen,
Has ventured to cut me quite dead,
And when I look in he lies dozing,
And won't stir an inch from his bed.

IV.

The Nile fattens crops for his neighbours,
The Shannon hides pikes in his banks;
They honour the one for his labours,
And Paddy to t' other gives thanks.
I carry big ships on my waters,
The whitebait to stuff them I save;
My reward is the blood from their slaughters,
And London's foul sewers,i n my wave!

"BROWN EYES, WHICH APPEARS (!) AS IF HIS WHISKERS HAD BEEN SHAVED OFF."

SOME extracts from the *Hue and Cry* appeared last week in the Irish correspondence of the *Times*. Amongst other absurdities, some man was mentioned as "having brown eyes, which appears as if his whiskers had been lately shaved off."

Now, at first, the *non sequitur* in the above appears very ridiculous; but a little reflection will convince any person that deductions equally nonsensical are made every day by what are called "educated persons" in England.

For instance, Sir R. Inglis would say, "Mr. Smith rides in a railway carriage on Sundays, which appears as if he were an atheist."

Many other persons would severally argue:—

1. Mr. Smith objects to the amount of our national expenditure, which appears as if he were a revolutionist.

2. Mr. Smith shakes hand swith a Roman Catholic, which appears as if he were a Jesuit, plotting against the Protestant religion.

3. Mr. O'Donovan objects to appointments in Ireland being given almost exclusively to Englishmen, which appears as if he were a rebel.

4. Mr. Douglas Jerrold abuses everybody right and left, which appears as if he were a philanthropist.

5. Mr. Webster produces translations from the French, and introduces acrobats and Ethiopian serenaders on his boards, which appears as if he were a "legitimate" manager.

To the above we beg to add the following of which the argument is in the same style:—

The *Times*, after ridiculing the "brown eyes which appears as if," &c., says, in a subsequent number (Friday last), that *two men named Patrick Murphy* have been arrested, which seems as if that journal were badly edited.

A BATCH OF WANTS.

WANTED to know the contents of one of the beams referred to in Byron's line, "the moonbeams rested on the waters," in superficial feet, and the value of the same at 2*s*. 6*d*. per foot.

WANTED to know, as "sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," what sort of sauce Mr. Anstey should be served with? also, where he buys his boots, they *stand* so long?

WANTED to know how they can try all the Chartist *leaders* together, with only one *Wheeler*?

WANTED to know, the amount Government receives from rents of crown lands; and what is done with the money? Is it made "*ducks* and *drakes* of?" and if so, are those in the parks the only specimens?

WANTED to know if Diogenes passed through the Insolvent Court with his lantern, how many honest men he would find?

And, lastly,

WANTED to know a person who can answer all these queries. Should he want a situation, and be able to do everything, speak two or three languages, make himself generally useful, and perform the work of two ordinary clerks and a porter, he may, if he has luck, obtain an engagement in some respectable mercantile house in the City, at eight shillings a-week, and find himself. But if, instead of the above qualifications, he possesses a pair of handsome calves, and is a tall, well-looking man, he may get a place as footman, in some family of distinction, at from forty to fifty pounds a-year, with board, lodging, and clothes.

TO THE ELECTORS OF YOUGHAL.

'T is said that Honesty 's a fool;—
Now if we could invert this rule,
'T would prove as plain as reason can
That Anstey is an honest man.

OUR LEADER.

CONSECRATED REBELS.

IT is the fashion among those who toady the Whig Premier to give him credit for honesty and courage, and so, whenever we complain of his political incapacity, we are told how straightforward he is, and what a vast deal of moral courage he possesses. For our own part, we always thought his honesty a mere compliance with respectable forms, and his moral courage a stupid obstinacy, which passed for bravery because he rushed forward not seeing the probability of his knocking his head against the wall.

Now that Clarendon has put down the Irish Rebellion, Lord John is to deal with those who raised it. The sportman kills, and the pointer goes to pick up the game. It appears that the parties most deeply implicated in the conspiracy are the Irish clergy. These persons have been hounding on the peasantry to fight, blowing the trumpet from behind the altar. Their influential position must obviously have made them the most dangerous partisans of the cause; their functions keep them out of actual personal exposure, and yet these—the most pernicious villains of the faction—are to be saved from punishment, if Lord John Russell can manage to cast his ministerial mantle over them. If this is a specimen of his "moral courage," we confess we shall be glad to hear a new definition of that quality.

A great many people cannot account for this resolution of His Lordship's. To us, the motive appears obvious. He wishes to secure the sacerdotal support for his party; and will let the "surpliced ruffians" endanger the Empire, on condition that they vote for the Whigs.

His partiality to the Roman Catholic clergy has long been known, and forms a strong contrast with the wish he has often evinced to dabble with his profane paws in the Protestant church. But to carry that partiality to the point of *conniving with rebels*, are English constituencies prepared to support *that?*

PINS & NEEDLES.

Mr. Whiteside, Q.C., was in the first instance retained for Smith O'Brien, but subsequently refused to plead. This is not the only instance in which the King of Munster has been unable to keep his own counsel.

The classicality of Disraeli's parliamentary speeches cannot be reasonably doubted. He is an English specimen of the Latin *Jew venal* (Juvenal).

Mr. Macready, the "eminent" tragedian, has, at last, ventured across the Atlantic. As the Yankees are a peculiarly stiff and straight-laced set, the "mannerism" of Mr. Macready will doubtless find its admirers.

Many of the Aldermen who act as Magistrates are lamentably ignorant. Why are they allowed to sit in judgment when they are totally unable to *parse* a sentence?

One of the papers says that the south of Ireland is infested by a horde of savages. Unfortunately, in hoards of another description—gold, for instance—it is very deficient.

The Hon. Craven Berkeley, whose aspersions on Mr. Roundell Palmer provoked a discussion in the House of Commons, now tells the Cheltenham electors that he "*challenges* inquiry." This does not look like a *craven* Berkeley.

Surely the absurdity of the Government passing a Fisheries Bill for Ireland is apparent, because the fisheries must still continue a State monopoly, inasmuch as the executive are seizing all the "Pikes" they can find.

It appears that Lord John is to be a witness on Smith O'Brien's trial. Considering how he has reigned as Premier, everybody will be glad to hear of his "deposition."

The Marquis of Lansdowne has gone to visit and improve his fine Irish estates. For once in his life, he is going to act on "good grounds."

The recent letter of Mr. *Guinness* published in the "*Times*," shows that that celebrated Irish brewer would make a "stout" resistance against the Repeal faction, if required. However, in point of influence and station, Mr. Guinness is to Lord Clarendon what a *barrel organ* would be to Jullien's "concert monstre."

Jenny Lind is spoken of as being very engaging. Her breach of contract with the conductors of the Worcester festival leads us to believe that she often engages to do more than she performs.

On dit that the Lord Chancellor contemplates moving for an injunction to restrain the proprietors of Cremorne from exhibiting the sea lions and lionesses, on account of their interfering with her Majesty's "keeper of the *seals*."

Lord Clarendon, as the papers tell us, allows the Irish rebels new milk every morning for breakfast. How natural, that when Ireland is in a decline, England should have to provide the ass's milk!

By a recent Act, Boards of Health will be established in various country towns. They will most probably be formed from the political sticks of the provinces.

THE MONEY-WORSHIPPERS;

OR, THE PRAYER OF THE MODERNS.

Six days we give thee heart and brain;
In grief or pleasure, joy and pain,
Thou art our guide, oh God of Gain!

And on the seventh, although we kneel
At other altars, and conceal,
For fashion's sake, the Love we feel—

'T is but our outward looks that pray;
Our inward thoughts are far away,
And give thee homage night and day.

Though often at a purer shrine
Our thoughts and actions disincline,
We're never hypocrites at thine.

Oh no! we love thee far too well,
More than our words can ever tell,
With passion indestructible.

When thou art kind, all Earth is fair,
Men's eyes incessant homage glare,
Their tongues perennial flatteries bear.

But when thou frownest, all men frown;
We dwell among the stricken-down,
The scum and byword of the town.

Though we are good and wise and true,
Deprived of thee, men look askew:
We have no merit in their view.

Though we have wit and eloquence,
The world denies us common sense
If thou no golden shower dispense.

But mean, base, stupid, all the three—
It matters not whate'er we be,
We have all Virtue, having thee.

Men hold us in their hearts enshrined,
To all our faults their eyes are blind,
We are the salt of humankind.

If we are old they call us young;
And if we speak with foolish tongue,
The praises of our wit are sung.

If we are ugly, gold can buy
Charms to adorn us in the eye
Of universal flattery.

If we are crooked, we grow straight—
If lame, we have Apollo's gait,
Seen in thy light, oh Potentate!

Shine on us, Mammon, evermore—
Send us increase of golden store—
That we may worship and adore;

And that by look, and voice, and pen
We may be glorified of men,
And praise thy name, Amen! Amen!

APPROPRIATE BOOKS FOR APPROPRIATE PERSONS.

The Rambler	for	Mr. Chisholm Anstey.
The Discontented Man .	,,	Mr. Disraeli.
Baron Munchausen . . .	,,	Mr. W. B. Ferrand.
The Exiles	,,	Louis Blanc and M. Guizot.
The Ready Reckoner . .	,,	Alderman Gibbs.
The Racing Calender . .	,,	Lord G. Bentinck.
Fatal Ambition	,,	Irish Insurgent Leaders.
Splendid Misery . . .	,,	Marquis of Chandos.
Struggles through Life .	,,	Messrs. Duncombe and Borthwick.
Vicissitudes in Genteel Life	,,	The Duke of Buckingham.
Finesse	,,	Sir R. Peel.
Eccentricity	,,	Colonel Sibthorpe.
Children of Error . . .	,,	The Russell Cabinet.
Keith's Arithmetic . .	,,	Sir Charles Wood.
Connaught Rangers . .	,,	Smith O'Brien and Co.

COMPLIMENTARY.

Cockney (*stammering*).—"WELL K-K-KER-COUNT, I-I-I-I REALLY TH-TH-TH-THINK YOU SPEAK BE-BE-BETTER ENGLISH EVERY TIME YOU V-V-V-VISIT THIS COUNTRY."

Count Bosh.—"YOU DON'T ZAY ZO, VELL DIZ VER EGGSDRAWDNARY PUT I DON'T TINK *you* DO!"

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

Now that Her Majesty has again sought in Scotland a little privacy and repose, we presume that she will be dogged by a select party of penny-a-liners from mountain to mountain, as constantly and patiently as sportsmen in that part of the country dog grouse. The Queen having gone by steam, proves that she feared exposing herself to this sort of annoyance, in a journey by land; but we should not be at all surprised if some exemplary reporter followed in the vessel's wake in a bumboat, and registered every "black" that came out of the funnel.

Then there are Mayors at every port she passes, eager to rush into her presence; snobs at every pier, with telescopes of great power to watch her; and boats of all sorts in abundance hovering round her yacht, laden with SNOBS eager to glut a prurient and degrading curiosity, by watching this Royal Lady as closely as jailors watch a criminal. Indeed we are sometimes disposed to believe that she must wish occasionally that she was plain Miss Guelph in a cottage at Kensington. When she sighs, a liner "wafts the sigh" to the metropolis; when she yawns, a dozen plebeians gape to witness the phenomenon.

Another nuisance, arising from this spying system, is, that the liners feel it their duty to describe (as they call it) every place she visits, and the papers are inundated with trash about "stern headlands," "lofty overhanging mountains," and "calm surface of the lake," winding up with some historical balderdash about the towns, stolen from the commonest guide-books.

Now that the Queen is "out of town," the Court Circular Snob will bestow more attention on people of minor importance, in order to eke out his report. The royal babes will be more minutely looked after, and the poor little dears not be allowed even to trundle their hoops in peace!

A REASONABLE QUESTION.—The papers talk of the Irish insurgents sending out several "*flying* columns" to scour the country. Did they ever send out any other?

NOTES UPON DONCASTER RACES.

OUR "Sporting" Reporter—a fellow who, we regret to say, attends more to pleasure than to business—has just dropped into the "PUPPET-SHOW" with a few notes upon the "sights" of the week at Doncaster. He says:—

"The weather continues very fine, notwithstanding the certainty of *small fields* for all the races." By this, we presume the fields at Doncaster have been "cut and dried" for the occasion, like the crops.

"For the sweepstakes of 100 sovereigns each, for four-year olds, Montpensier walked over." Considering the hurried manner in which the French Royal family recently cut away from Paris, we are not surprised that Montpensier was unopposed. In that peculiar style of running the Louis Philippe stock is unrivalled.

"Lord Eglinton's Flying Dutchman carried off the Champagne Stakes." We are told he "won in a *canter*," which, for a *flying* animal seems rather anomalous.

"The Cleveland Handicap was won by the Duke of Bedford's Saddle." If the Duke's *Saddle* was victorious, where was the *horse?* In this race Good Boy was beaten. For a good boy to be beaten is a poor incentive to decent behaviour in future!

"Lord Clifden carried off the Municipal Stakes with his horse Tiresome"—a tiresome customer apparently to deal with. Mr. Payne's Crucible also ran, but not winning the sovereigns, he could not, of course, melt them.

The Great St. Leger Stakes fell to the lot of Lord Clifden's "Surplice"—an orthodox animal, no doubt. Paradoxical as it may appear, all the Flatcatchers were done—"Flatcatcher" running third. Mr. Green attempted to takes the Stakes by "Assault;" Mr. Parr essayed to wipe them off with his "Sponge;" and Mr. Stephenson's "Cannibal" tried to swallow them, but all to no avail. The Duke of Bedford's "Justice to Ireland" figured in a sorry way. Indeed, as the Duke's brother, the Premier, well knows *justice to Ireland* is not much sought after at present.

Mr. Bell's "Fiddlestring" made capital play for the Queen's Plate to the tune of 100 sovereigns, but whether the money will be paid in notes we have not heard.

The remainder of the "Meet" calls for no comment, save that the Sweepstakes run for were followed by a series of steaks at the hotels, when some of the hungry competitors bolted—their food, previously to

BALANCING "THE LEDGER."

ROYAL PRIVACY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

MR. O'DEE'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

(AFTER LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S.)

OUR political readers will be glad to learn that the eminent Mr. O'Dee has proceeded to visit Ireland, in person, with a view to seeing what remedial measures can be adopted for the benefit of that unfortunate country. Mr. O'Dee proceeded by Bristol in the third-class train.

Mr. O'Dee was attended by his usual staff—a disappointed creditor and a seedy companion; and started from his lodgings in a Hansom, amidst the cheers of the small boys in the neighbourhood. He acknowledged the salute of the apple-woman with much courtesy.

On arriving at the railway station, he was received by a demand for half-a-crown from the cabman, and a railway porter who took his carpet-bag. In his journey down, he was pleased to express himself much gratified at the state in which he found the pale ale at the various railway stations along the line.

[FROM OWN OWN CORRESPONDENT].

Ireland, Cork.

Mr. O'Dee arrived here yesterday morning. He has fixed his head-quarters at the Blue Goat for the present. It is rumoured that he will not go out further than the corner of the street. Such is the desperate and lawless condition of this unhappy country, that it is even whispered that his person could not be safe—from the machinations of his tailor!

A council was held yesterday at the Blue Goat—present, Ensign O'Callaghan, Mr. O'Doodle, medical student, Messrs. O'Hullabaloo, M'Buckskin, &c. The council sat two hours. John O'Gorman was the pot-boy in waiting.

It transpired that the question under discussion in some degree bore on the propriety of raising a loan, but the particulars have not reached us. It is also said, that a dispute arose, touching the mode in which the refractory subjects are to be dealt with—Ensign O'Callaghan maintaining the propriety of putting the tailor under a pump; Mr. O'Dee insisting that a horsepond would be more appropriate.

Mr. O'Dee continues to enjoy his usual health, and played skittles this morning for an hour.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE MINISTRY?

WE perceived, by looking into our demi-semi-official friend, the *Observer*, the other day, that all the Ministers have gone out of town, and left Downing Street desolate. Lord John is in Scotland, the Marquis of Lansdowne has gone to visit his Irish estates, Sir George Grey is on the loose in the provinces, and altogether the helm of government is left without a steersman, and the paddle-box of legislation is destitute of a Captain. Under these circumstances, we want to know who is governing Great Britain and the Colonies? If young Hawes has been asked just to hold the helm a minute, we shall be having him sending to Timbuctoo when he wants to write to Cavaignac, or directing the Mediterranean Fleet to cruise in the Dead Sea to keep a look-out on the King of Naples; not to mention his dispatching a steamer to Battersea to find poor Sir John Franklin's expedition.

But perhaps Hawes himself has mizzled as well as his greater colleagues! In that case, do our young friends the Government Clerks carry on the business? We can fancy Fitz-Eagle of the Treasury saying, "Bring me a sandwich and declare war against Austria;" or Bibbleton of the Admiralty roaring out for "pale ale and two new line-of-battle ships, to be got ready immediately." We can't understand how Charles Cochrane has overlooked this opportunity of seizing the reins of power, and mounting by the crupper of despotism; but of this we feel quite sure, that were the gallant Cuffey abroad, instead of being immured in the "jug" by tyranny, he would soon be on the throne of the Guelphs, sitting crossed-legged, and heating his goose in the kitchen fire of Buckingham Palace.

We think this state of things really too bad. The Premier may probably think that there is some "sweet little cherub," in short petticoats, sitting up aloft, to look out for the life of poor Jack Russell; but we warn him against being too confident. And we ask again, what has become of the Ministry?

URQUHART AND ANSTEY.

Now that Parliament is prorogued, and Urquhart and Anstey can't bore the members any more, it becomes a serious question what they will do. These twins (and as Castor and Pollux came from the egg of Leda, so we are half inclined to believe that they were hatched from some goose egg) are cast loose on society. England becomes a vast common, and the animals Urquhart and Anstey are unfettered on its surface.

Demosthenes used to declaim by the sea-shore, that the rolling of the waves might prepare him for the stormy roar of the multitude. Will Urquhart bellow at Gravesend, and Anstey shout at Brighton, in order to be better able to meet the groans and uproar that greet them in Parliament? Or will Urquhart spout at Anstey, and Anstey at Urquhart, in some lonely neighbourhood in the country, where the noise can evoke no response but the sharp sound of the echo and the congenial bray of the ass!

The subject is an interesting one, but we content ourselves with having broached it for the speculation of the curious. Meanwhile, it is gratifying to know that two such objects exist in our Legislature; and we presume they are there for some such mysterious reason as that which prompts our architects to put hideous mediæval heads on our public buildings.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Times* of Sept. 11:—

"Wanted, a Lady's Maid, to go to the West Indies with a Lady *who* thoroughly understands hairdressing, millinery, and dressmaking," &c. &c.

We have often seen advertisements for ladies' maids, requiring them to possess a knowledge of hairdressing, &c., but we never knew the lady herself to trumpet forth her own qualifications in those departments; however, she perhaps intends giving her maid a treat, as the man did the ass when he put it into the cart and got into the shafts himself.

A LITERARY INN.

AMONG the curious suggestions which the brains of the ingenious gentlemen of *Jerrold's Newspaper* hatch every week, we perceive one that a literary inn should be established in the Metropolis, for literary gentlemen to enter, as law-students do the inns of court. At first sight, we thought that the object of the promoters of the project was to establish a "public," or tavern, for the convenience of the profession; and our imagination began to run riot in anticipation of it. We fancied to ourselves a snug coffee-room, and Thomas Carlyle entering to call for a "go" of Scotch whisky, or Savage Landor demanding a sherry-cobbler, and saying "the PUPPET-SHOW after you," to Mr. Hallam, employed opposite with his pint of port and our periodical. We gloried in the notion of observing Sir Edward Bulwer crying, "Waitaw, give me some of the rich juice of the grape which glows in the old Parthenope;" and Disraeli smoking his Latakia, and spouting about the Caucasian race. "How delightful," thought we, "to see Jerrold swallow his bitters before writing a leader; or Albert Smith removed at the request of the company for asking somebody who Pope was!"

But, alas! further inquiry taught us that a much more commonplace affair was proposed. We confess that we see no probability of its ever being carried out, for who, we should like to know, is to bring such a motley crew of historians, poets, metaphysicians, jokers, statisticians, dramatists, comic-writers, critics, essayists, novelists, leading-article men, reviewers, satirists, antiquarians, logicians, rhetoricians, and buffoons, as compose the literary profession, together in harmonious union? How the deuce can one man meet another in hall with his fingers stained with the ink with which he has just been mauling his new book!

And what kind of association must that be in which it could be possible for Carlyle and Albert Smith to meet on an equality, as men of letters?

A QUESTION IN PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.—Across what suspension bridge should a gentleman in difficulties travel? That which would enable him to get over *Menai Straits*.

LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

A PATENT for an extraordinary mechanical invention, by Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, to prevent the royal yacht from rolling at sea. This suggestion was induced in consequence of Her Majesty, while crossing the Firth of Forth, inquiring the reason why the Victoria and Albert "rolled" more than usual. The invention is founded on the "royal road to science."

A Patent for a "lingo-meter," to measure and regulate the speeches of parliamentary orators. By a "silent" member.—Mr. Anstey is selected to test its virtues.

A Patent for a machine to cultivate that Celtic esculent the potato *without manual labour*. By an Irish agriculturist.

A Patent for a scheme by which an extravagant man may pass through the Bankruptcy and Insolvent Courts, *ad libitum*, to the enrichment of himself and the destruction of his creditors. By a Chartist Conventionalist and cheap periodical scribbler, who is practically conversant with the whole of the "intricate" machinery of debtor and creditor, and devoted to the "Dispatch" of business.

A Patent, by Albert Smith, to secure to himself the full benefit of his peculiarly "snobbish" style of literature. [We think this superfluous, as nobody is likely to evince any disposition to imitate the commonplace productions of that *quasi* eminent *litérateur*.]

A MYSTERY UNRAVELLED.

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to a work entitled "The Mysteries of the Court of London," by an Ex-Trafalgar Square Agitator, which has just made its appearance, and asks us, "What particular Court of London it is that the book refers to—whether it is the Court at St. James's, or Buckingham Palace, or Capel Court; or merely one of the courts in the back slums of the metropolis?" An impertinent fellow, who is looking over our shoulder, ill-naturedly suggests, that, judging from the recent public examinations of the author, reported in the daily papers, the Bankruptcy Court is, in all probability, the one alluded to.

OUR OWN LAW REPORT.

SEAGER AND EVANS *v.* CRUIKSHANK.

THIS was an action brought by the plaintiffs, the well-known gin-distillers, to recover damages from the defendant (who has gained a European reputation as a comic and, latterly, as a melo-dramatic artist), for an injury alleged to have been done them by the publication of a set of designs, entitled the "Bottle," and the "Drunkard's Children." Mr. H. S. Edwards appeared for the plaintiffs, the defence being conducted by Mr. Bridgeman (with whom was Mr. Hannay).

The learned counsel who opened the case commenced with some remarks upon gin in general, in which he displayed a profound acquaintance with his subject. Having squeezed much interesting matter from the juniper-berry, he plunged into a cask of the spirit, and gave a most entertaining sketch of its history, from its appearance in the vat of the distillery to its disappearance from the quartern of the tavern. He had formerly been unacquainted with even the taste of gin (*a laugh, which was quickly suppressed by the usher of the court*), but since this case had been placed in his hands, he had felt it his duty to consume several gallons of it. Part of this he had taken "hot with," (meaning, as our reporter understood, "hot with sugar"); another portion he had enjoyed in the form of "cold without;" and the remainder in its simplest and most natural state—a state which he might be allowed to characterize as "*neat* but not gaudy." He need not speak of the beneficial influence which gin exercised over society generally, quieting the squalling infant, and cheering the aged washerwoman over her soporific labours. Now, if a philanthropist were to be checked in the performance of his good deeds, if a missionary were to be arrested in his course of Christianising the heathen, or a Soyer in feeding the destitute poor—if this were to be done without shame, at least it would not be permitted with impunity. In like manner, the person who would wilfully and wantonly injure the gin-distiller should not be suffered to escape without making some compensation at the same time to the injured party and to society at large. The defendant had inflicted a wilful and wanton injury on the plaintiffs, by representing gin, in two series of plates entitled the "Bottle" and the "Drunkard's Children," as a natural conducive to crime and debauchery of every species—to say nothing of death by drowning, which it was also alleged to produce. Trial by jury was the great bulwark of our constitution: he would rather abide by the decision of a jury of twelve Englishmen, than by that of any judge that ever wore the ermine. He had proved himself entitled to a verdict, and now left the case in the hands of twelve honest men, and what was more, twelve Englishmen, with a perfect confidence as to its result.

Mr. BRIDGEMAN, for the defence, would not be harsh upon his learned friend as to the several gallons of gin which he pretended to have found it necessary to consume. He would not say that the acquaintance which his learned friend appeared to possess with the spirit in question did more credit to the strength of his stomach than to his understanding or his morals. His learned friend had spoken of gin as quieting the squalling infant, and consoling the aged washerwoman under the inflictions of her soap-horific labours! (*laughter*). He was not aware that his learned friend had ever been cheered to the performance of any great task, although it was quite possible that, in the other character which had been alluded to, he might have derived some consolation under the afflictions of misfortune. The jury had merely to decide whether habitual intoxication was, or was not, conducive to a man's success in life. In the former case, they would give a verdict on the side of the plaintiffs; in the latter, on the side of truth.

Mr. HANNAY followed on the same side. He would ask his learned friend the counsel for the plaintiffs, what proof he could adduce that gin was the liquor represented in the "Bottle?" Supposing it to have been the object of the talented artist to represent brandy, could he have done so in a mere woodcut? Besides, it might have been whisky, and as such it had been alluded to in an article in the *Times*. His learned friend possessed all the desire and none of the ability to injure the defendant; and as he (his learned friend) had commenced with misrepresentation, so he would end with failure. He would now call a witness, who owing to the effects of spirit drinking, had the rapacity of the vulture without its courage.

John Bosky, examined. Had been in the habit of drinking large quantities of gins. Drunk it in tumblers with hot water and sugar. Intoxication generally ensued after the tenth glass. When intoxicated used to beat his wife and injure his children in various ways. Considered gin, when taken in large quantities, to be exciting, but not prejudicial to health.

Cross-examined—Had never drunk gin in moderation, but always in excess.

Mr. EDWARDS, in replying, would take the liberty of noticing the virtuous feeling which had been displayed by his learned and immaculate friends. Some persons despised gin drinking, although, at the same time, excessively intimate with the vice in question; but every one knew that familiarity was likely to breed contempt. A poem entitled the *Gin Fiend* had been written as a sort of companion to Mr. Cruickshank's plates; so that his learned friend's ingenuity in suggesting brandy and whisky would be thrown away on an intelligent jury.

The SHOWMAN having summed up (after tasting several samples of the spirit in question),

The jury immediately returned a verdict for the defendant.

Loud cheers from the artist's friends followed the announcement, and the SHOWMAN informed Mr. Cruikshank that he left the court without a stain upon his reputation—derived from—"The Bottle."

AN EXCELLENT MATCH.—Lord George Bentinck, touching his visit to Ireland, denies that he is running a race of popularity with Lord John Russell. We see no reason why he should not—for what with the Premier's little body, and Bentinck's little mind, they would equally be "light-weights."

CREST-FALLEN.—We do not know if the Premier is a fatalist? He, however, evidently believes in his motto, "*Che Sara Sara*"—"What will be, will be," and takes no pains to prevent it.

HOLD YOUR BREATH!—The monopoly indulged in by certain distinguished individuals in christening their children, is far more ridiculous than sensible. What will Mr. Cobden say to the following:—"The infant son of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz has been christened George Adolphus Frederick Augustus Victor Adelbert Ernest Gustavus William Wellington!!!" If the favoured infant only realize half the fame attached to the last name, Wellington, all his other titles will be superfluous.

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL (NOT BURKE'S).—The report of the fancy dress ball, at the King's Rooms, Portsmouth, is wound up by a "local" reporter as follows:—"Dancing was prolonged *till the glow-worm showed the matin to be near!!!*" We presume that when the incipient ray of the solar beam peeped through Aurora's curtain, the poor glow-worm was obliged to hide its terrestrial rushlight under a bushel.

A FEW PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. AUGUSTUS PHILIPS.

Chapter III.—How the Pilot Left his Lodgings.

"I WONDER what o'clock it is," said the Pilot, about an hour after the events recorded in our last chapter, at the same time stretching out his hand to take his watch from the watch-case in which he had placed it the evening previous. For reasons well known to the reader, he found it had disappeared.

"I suppose Lint and Hawker have gone out," he thought, "and taken it with them to time their return to breakfast," and so saying he took his cigar-case from under his pillow, extracted therefrom a cigar, lighted the same, and then laid himself down again in the bed.

The train of thought which he then fell into was what may be termed indefinite. He first wondered—very slightly—where Lint and Hawker were gone to, and then allowed his mind to hover for an instant around the probability of their having ordered kidneys for breakfast; it next struck him that it must be somewhere about the hour at which old Scalpel was delivering his lecture at the Hospital, and how very glad he, the Pilot, was at not being present. After extracting the greatest possible amount of comfort out of this idea, he next proceeded to count the number of panes in the windows of his room, and then the exact quantity of rose-buds in the pattern of his bed-curtains, occasionally imparting a dash of variety into his calculations, by tracing all sorts of fantastic figures of men and beasts in the cracks in the ceiling.

At length, he lighted a third cigar and rung the bell.

After a short period an ambiguous kind of individual, meant for a waiter, but strongly partaking of the characteristics of a pot-boy, made his appearance.

"Are those gentlemen below?" asked the Pilot.

"No, sir, they a'ant," replied the waiter; "I seed them go out pretty airly this mornin!"

"Very well," replied the Pilot, "bring me my boots, and I 'll get up."

On this the waiter disappeared, and a short time afterwards a knock at the door announced that he had again found his way up stairs.

"All right," said the Pilot, "put them down," and a noise as of a pair of boots dropping from the height of two feet, seemed to confirm the Pilot's rather hasty assertion.

After putting on his boots, the Pilot found his toilet brought to an unexpected stand.

"Why, where on earth," said he, looking about, "are my trowsers—they 're not here—that fellow can't have been so foolish as to take them down to brush—what humbug," and the bell was again rung for the ambiguous waiter, who, on coming up, was sent down for the missing garments.

A few minutes elapsed, when he reappeared, but with the intelligence that the clothes were not down stairs, and therefore must be in the room.

"Recollect, sir," added he, "you a'ant sent 'em down to brush since you 've been here, and it a'ant likely I 'd go and take 'em of my own accord."

Struck, apparently, with the force of this reasoning, the Pilot, aided by his companion, again set about looking for the missing apparel in every nook and corner, but of course without success.

"This is very strange," observed the Pilot, "you must have got them."

"But we a'ant," expostulated the waiter-pot-boy.

"They are not here, as you see," observed the Pilot, flattering himself he was about to clench the business, "and the last place I was in was Tivoli gardens, on the occasion of the grand gala there yesterday evening. I suppose I did not leave them there."

"Appearantly you left them somewhere else, then," answered his companion, "for you a'ant brought them back, it seems."

This remark, whether justly or unjustly, rather raised the Pilot's ire. With some observations as to his being rather tired of having the wind whistling about his legs in that manner, he again affirmed that the clothes *must* be down stairs, and that he should feel obliged by the waiter's going and finding them.

The waiter, on his side, hinted that it was within the range of possibility that he might entertain strong objections against neglecting all his other duties to look for the Pilot's garments, and left the room.

After waiting five minutes, the Pilot again had recourse to the bell, and then resumed his occupation of pacing up and down.

No notice having been taken of his summons, he once more had recourse to the bell-rope, but this time pulled with such vigour that the peal was heard through the whole house.

Shortly afterward a confused murmur of voices was heard upon the stairs, and the next minute the ambiguous waiter appeared, preceding the master of the house, accompanied by a couple of friends out of the parlour, a few *habitués* of the tap-room, and a helper or two out of the stable, who had come up with him in the laudable hope of seeing some one getting "his head punched," though, with a true sense of impartiality they were not particular as to whether that "some one" was the Pilot, the waiter, or the landlord himself.

On the latter individual's inquiring the cause of all this noise in his establishment, the Pilot replied that he had merely rung for his clothes, which they had refused to give him.

Hereupon arose a horrible confusion—every one speaking at once.

"You're all a set of swindling blackguards," exclaimed the Pilot, highly incensed.

"If that's the case," said the landlord, "you better leave the house as soon as possible."

"How can I leave it, when you 've got my clothes?" retorted the Pilot.

This sentence, concluding as it did with an assertion which was the cause of all the dispute, caused it to rage with more fury than ever, when suddenly the Pilot's eye caught sight of Messrs. Lint and Hawker's letter addressed to him, and lying on the floor, where it had by accident fallen.

The perusal of this altered matters very much. The Pilot grew cooler, and, with a far greater portion of urbanity than he had before deemed necessary to infuse into his conversation, explained the state of things to the landlord.

When he had concluded, the landlord asked him, in rather a sarcastic tone, whether he, the Pilot, imagined that he, the landlord, believed his account. The Pilot replied that of course he did, and that he should very much like to be acquainted with the individual who would doubt it.

The landlord then replied that the Pilot was particularly lucky in coming there, as his wish was gratified, seeing that he, the landlord, doubted it extremely; on which the Pilot said that the landlord had better mind what he was about, and the other asked why, and the Pilot said he would show him, and the landlord, in a taunting manner, said he wished he would, but that he, the landlord, had strong misgivings on the subject—the upshot of the matter being that the landlord's observations were suddenly stopt short by two well-directed blows in the face, which knocked him over on the floor just in time to form a cushion for the ambiguous waiter, who instantly followed.

Having thus disposed of these two, the Pilot must have considered it his duty to assail the others, for he immediately commenced an indiscriminate attack on those behind. This occasioned a tremendous rush to the stairs, and in the scuffle which followed, the young disciple of Galen got carried down, without the power of resistance, with the "struggling masses," and at last found himself in the yard of the inn, and shortly afterwards in the grasp of two policemen, whom the cries of the landlady and her barmaid had attracted to the spot.

A quarter of an hour later the Pilot was being escorted to the police court, with half the fly-drivers, ticket-porters, fishermen, and blackguards then in Ramsgate. It is true that his costume was rather singular, seeing that it consisted of nothing more than a shirt, a pair of Wellington boots, and a blanket, which one of the policemen had procured him, wrapped round his body in the manner of an Arab's mantle, or a Roman's toga.

TOUCHING SOCIAL GEOLOGY.

SIR,—The most superficial student of geology must be aware that the globe is formed of a series of layers of earth arranged something after the manner of the skins composing an onion, which—the layers not the skins—are called *strata*, although the appellation at first sight certainly appears an erroneous one, for nothing could possibly be crookeder. Well, each of these *strata* exhibits traces of different species of animals, from the oyster and the cockle to the lion and man. It is supposed that the earth was at one time inhabited by nothing but confusion, afterwards by vegetables, subsequently by fish, and so it went on improving until mankind generally, and the SHOWMAN most particularly, adorned its surface. Now, I have lately discovered that there is an extraordinary similarity between the construction of the earth and the arrangements of a drawing-room card basket. In the latter you find the Lord Fitz Highstrikes and Sir Simon Somethings occupying the first layer; the second is composed of officers of the line; the third of doctors, a Christtino Major or two, and a few Company's Officers, and so on to the end of the chapter—that is, of the cards—until at last humble Mr. Smith stops the scientific research. A great deal of tin and brass is to be found towards the surface, and there are also veins of mourning to be discovered which correspond to those of coal in the earth, although the former proceed from decayed animal rather than vegetable matter. You may also occasionally meet with the fossil remains of an invitation to some mammoth ball, whose grimy appearance betokens its primæval date. If you should deem these remarks worthy a place in your justly admired journal, you will confer a favour on the British Association, and on, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

To The SHOWMAN. J. BUCKLAND.

"PROGRESS OF A BILL."—One of our Correspondents, who signs his letter "A Subscriber to the Illustrated London News," exhibits so intense an anxiety for the withdrawal of W. B. Jerrold's "Bill," that he would stop its "progress" altogether. Now, as Bulwer gave indubitable proof that Pelham was "his own dear self," the SHOWMAN, reasoning by analogy, sets down Douglas Jerrold for a "Man made of Money," and suggests that in justice to his own reputation he ought to discount his son('s) *Bill!*

REFORM YOUR TAILOR'S BILLS.

MR. SHOWMAN,—I see with sorrow that the spirit of innovation is invading our venerable institutions of Lords and Commons. People talk of abolishing the old established forms, as if those which were found to answer the purposes of our ancestors were not good enough for us. Among other changes it is proposed to shorten those attendant on the progress of a bill through the House.

The Legislature would, in my opinion and that of my friends, be acting with a much greater regard for the liberty of the subject, if, instead of doing away the forms in question, they were on the contrary to extend them to the relations of social life. For instance, the eighteen questions now inseparable from a parliamentary might thus be adapted to a tailor's bill.

1. 'That leave be given to bring in his (Shears') bill;' 2. 'That his bill be read a first time;' 3. 'That his bill be read a second time' on some convenient opportunity; 4. 'That his bill be now read a second time' (on his Shears' calling); 5. 'That his bill be considered on a day to be mutually named;' 6. 'That his bill be considered;' 7. 'That the debtor and friends adjourn to some place of entertainment near at hand at Shears' expense;' 8. 'That the result be declared on a given day;' 9. 'That Shears be requested to attend, on the day in question, to hear the result;' 10. 'That the same be read to him;' 11. 'That the same be read a second time, omitting the disputed items;' 12. 'That Shears agree with his customer as to the said items;' 13. 'That his bill be again sent in as "bill delivered;"' 14. 'That you promise to read his bill a third time as soon as convenient;' 15. 'That his bill be really read a third time;' 16. 'That he humbly request his bill be paid;' 17. 'That you look upon this as a rather shamefaced demand;' 18. 'But that you nevertheless will consider of it in due time.'

By giving a place in your columns, Mr. SHOWMAN, to these observations, you will be conferring a benefit on society at large, and more particularly on

Your obedient servant,

YOUNG ENGLAND.

LITERARY RUMOURS.

OUR readers will recollect that there was a rumour floating about some time ago that an inhuman monster in the *Quarterly Review* was going to annihilate the light literature of the day. The announcement of the forthcoming new number has acted on the profession like the report of a gun on a lot of partridges; and comic writers may now be seen flying about society in disconsolate confusion. As for Albert Smith, however, *he* need not be afraid. *His* recent writings are quite heavy enough to keep his hide all safe from the lash.

For our parts, we await the attack with perfect confidence. Our course is quite clear. We shall know the writer of the article before a week has passed from its publication; and having discovered the "unhappy beast" (as A'Beckett used to say in *Figaro*), we shall castigate him without mercy, and send him howling through the metropolis in such a miserable plight, that even his creditors won't be able to recognise his mutilated carcase. He shall grin in mis-shapen hideousness from our pillory every week. His friends shall be ashamed to be seen speaking to him; and the very boys in the streets shall point at him, as the fellow that was wopped by the SHOWMAN. "Rigby, beware!"

Another rumour is, that Mr. Coventry Patmore, the young poet, has a new volume coming out. We confess to a liking for his poetry, but should prefer to see a little dash of grotesqueness introduced, to relieve the metaphysics which he is too fond of bringing forth. What does the reader think of the following fragments, intended as a cross between the SHOWMAN and Patmore?

* * * *

"They talked about the weather,
He took her gentle hand,
And they wandered out together
On the long-ribbed golden sand,
'Midst the shells and seaweed scattered
By the ocean on the strand!"

Here the reader perceives the abrupt introduction, *à la Patmore*, of an unmarried couple.

"Bright broke the laughing ripples,
Soft and creamy on the beach,
Like the wine a fellow tipples,
With the apple and the peach,
After dinner from the rowdy
The dad puts within his reach!"

The above is the happy mixture we suggest as an improvement. The next stanza is the amorous business, though quite *proper*:—

"Nay, do not blush, dear Mary,
If I kiss you here once more;
See here, my gentle fairy,
How the waters kiss the shore,
How the rain-drops kiss the roses,
When the clouds their treasures pour!

"How the birds the leaves are kissing,
As they rest the weary wing—
So if mother finds us missing,
And declares it 's not the thing,
Tell her to take a lesson
From the practice of the Spring."

Now for a dash of the metaphysical:—

"And if she still should bore us,
Declaring that it 's odd,
Tell the moralist before us—
Poor creature of the sod—
That Nature 's but the garment
Worn before mankind by God!

"That Love's delicious passion,
With its all-devouring flame,
Is but another fashion
Of the garment of the same—
Is but the favourite costume
Of the everlasting Name!"

WITH A HOOK.—An anti-repealer tells us, that it 's no wonder John O'Connell makes such a good thing out of his father's "bones," as he was always a great hand at *castin' nets* (castanets) among the people.

DELAFIELD'S MAGNIFICENT STUD.

We perceive from a case which lately came before the Hammersmith Police Court, that Mr. Delafield, the lessee of the Royal Italian Opera, possesses a stud of horses whose names are borrowed from those of eminent actors and actresses. One is called Madame Vestris, another Charles Mathews, a third Mrs. Keeley, and so on throughout the list.

We suggest that during such time as Covent Garden Theatre be not occupied, Mr. Delafield should introduce these horses to the public. An animal which, in addition to beauties of an equine nature, possesses the grace of Madame Vestris, the ease and elegance of Charles Mathews, or the sprightliness of Mrs. Keeley, could not fail to be a thorough favourite with the public. And we have no doubt but that, as the stud includes horses which are entitled, by their dramatic talents, to bear such names as those which we have mentioned, it also contains some which possess qualities akin to those of the members of the Italian Operas. We can fancy one of Mr. Delafield's magnificent dray horses being worthy of the name of Lablache; and he may also possess some particularly fine animal—if so, he is fortunate—with all the fire and vigour of a Grisi.

Alboni might be represented by a cob of engaging qualities, while "Tamburini" would of course be a thorough-bred. We are not aware whether any of the dramatic stud would be able to act as instrumental musicians; if so, it would be only fair towards Signor Costa to make him godfather to one of the best animals. The next in merit might be named after Sainton,

and so on, until all the principal instrumentalists in the Covent Garden Opera had their representatives. If we may be allowed to end with a wretched pun, quite unworthy of our reputation, we will state that, in case of our suggestions being adopted, the singing at Covent Garden will be decidedly *horse!*

Time works Wonders.—The Speaker declares that half an hour is sufficient to address the House. We shall hope after this to hear of more valuable "minutes" of Parliament.

SOVEREIGN REMEDIES.

A POLITICAL TRIO.

Cavaignac—Now, Ferdinand, do leave this little affair of Austria to Victoria and me, and we will settle everything to your entire satisfaction.

Victoria—Yes, that we will, my beloved brother! All we desire is to ensure you the entire peace of Italy!

Ferdinand (*like an idiot*)—Oh! very well! I quite agree! The *entire piece* of Italy is all that I desire!

QUESTIONS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

The number and the nature of questions which the Showman receives from correspondents can scarcely be conceived by the general reader. To reverse the expression of the penny-a-liner, they can be more easily described than imagined; and we have, therefore, determined to endeavour to give some faint idea of them by means of the following, which the poet whom we keep has put into very beautiful metre:—

Gentle Showman, prithee tell me
Who's to marry Jenny Lind?
Will you say in your next number
How a chap can raise the wind?

Does His Grace the great Field Marshal
Often go to bed in liquor?
When a certain Duke was bankrupt,
Do you think he pawned his ticker?

Who will win the next St. Leger?
Mention, too, the second horse.
Is there any chance of *Surplice*
Walking coolly o'er the course?

If a man most rudely kicks me,
Is it as an insult meant?
Is a true-born English subject
Bound by law to pay his rent?

Why does Sibthorpe wear a moustache?
Why the Showman wear a patch
O'er that eye whose bright companion
Hath not in this world a match?

Why does Mr. Douglas Jerrold
Never finish any tale?
Is it from benevolence, or
Is it from a want of sale?

If my wife gets precious noisy,
Hav'n't I a right to lick her?
If a man gets very sea-sick,
Think you *Punch* would make him sicker?

Why, when some folks go to Margate,
Do they bid a long adieu
To their friends, as if they started
For the distant Timbuctoo?*

Tell me, Showman, tell me truly,
Who of Junius wrote the letters?
Why do all Celts hate us Saxons,
Is't because they hate their betters?

Ought I, if I hit a Peeler,
To the ground at once be felled?
When great Julius Cæsar perished,
Was there any inquest held?

Will you, please, defend a shop-boy,
Thrashed for stealing from the till?
Will you, kindly, generous Showman,
Put your name unto a bill?

Here we stop, as the last request is really too much for our feelings.

* "Our poet" ought to be ashamed of himself for the above rhyme.—Showman.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Asmodeus is informed that the substance of his verses has appeared in print before.

J. H. had better send us the sketch of the interior.

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THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

CHAPTER XII.—THE MAN WHO OWNS A RIVER YACHT.

HE is frequently in business in the City, or, perchance, possesses a wharf somewhere above bridge. He is of jolly habits; a favourer of luncheons; never sticking at a pint of sherry in the forenoon, and having no objection to a glass of something cold-without, provided it be after twelve o'clock. To drink spirits before noon is, in his opinion, to be dissipated, and not "the sort of thing—you know." In costume he is partial to blue coats with anchor buttons, and rather likes people to observe tar stains upon his hands. Afloat, that is to say, somewhere between Gravesend and the Pool, he wears a cap with a gilt band, and is careful to don a jacket. He possesses a huge wardrobe of outside garments, including pilot-coats of unknown thickness, which he is particular in having made as shapeless as possible, and oil-skin wrappers, warranted to stand any climate between London Bridge and the Nore. He does not, as has been falsely represented by more than one of his delineators, interlard all his discourse with sea terms; he does not ask a lady in a quadrille to "fill her topsails and shoot a-head;" or request the performer on the piano-forte, at the end of a figure, to "stand-by and belay:" but he likes to have an opportunity of displaying his nautical lore, notwithstanding; is partial to salt-water novels, and always reads the intensely technical salvage cases in the newspapers.

The man who owns a river yacht has generally a great ally and factotum in the shape of a tarry old Triton, half-sailor half-waterman, who officiates as captain of the craft, and sometimes, too, as crew. With this canvas-breeched gentleman the man who owns a river yacht is on very confidential terms. He talks of him as being a species of unappreciated Lord Nelson; is of opinion that he can sail a hatch-boat better than any man afloat; and is certain that he could pick his way to Margate jetty blindfold. This confidential mariner is eternally seen pottering about the yacht. He is to be found scrubbing away at her counter at low water, and is always examining her moorings and doing odd jobs—nobody but himself knows what they are—about the rigging. For, understand us, we do not talk of Royal Yacht clubbists—of the owners of hundred ton cutters, and two hundred ton schooners, of which the arrival at or departure from Cowes is chronicled in the Hampshire newspapers and the *Morning Post*—but of the more humble proprietors of the three, five, and ten ton hatch-boats, which go dodging about the Thames and the anchorage-grounds, which we have described, at a length worthy of the importance of the subject, in an early chapter of this invaluable series. To resume: the confidential crew is frequently assisted in its labours on board the yacht by the gentleman proprietor; and the two have been seen, on many distinct occasions, to drink beer together. The man who owns a river yacht generally belongs to some small local club which sports a tiny flag, has a code of private signals which nobody understands, the members of which must, once a month, at a small third-rate hotel, drink grog, sing the "Bay of Biscay," the "Death of Nelson," and the "Lass who Loves a Sailor;" and which gets up a funny little match, once in each season, which event the club is proud to have noticed in a very small paragraph, under the head "AQUATICS," in *Bell's Life in London*.

The man who owns a river yacht is not very fond of venturing beyond Sea Reach. He occasionally, however, when the weather looks settled, crawls down the coast as far as Margate; and if he feel particularly plucky, and the sea be remarkably smooth, he gallantly doubles the Forland and enters Ramsgate Harbour, with the air of a man who has discovered a New World and thrashed an

Armada. This is an exploit which furnishes matter for a good twelve-months' brag. And the man who keeps a river yacht always refers to it as "that time—you know—when I was knocking about—down Channel."

During the summer season the man who owns a river yacht is fond of having rooms down at Erith or Gravesend, the vicinity of which places of naval resort forms his favourite cruizing ground. He is always very active on the match-day of a large club—the Thames Yacht, for instance; and is fond of stationing his boat in such a position as to make her seem for a brief period the leading craft of the race. When the yacht which is really the first of the competing craft comes up, and is about to shoot past him, the man who owns a river yacht suddenly bears up and stands off in another direction, he and the confidential crew giving a loud hurrah in token of their approbation of the prowess of the triumphing craft, and as a symbol that Britannia really does rule the waves. Our friend then cruizes about until the competing vessels have re-appeared, and nearly arrived at what was the starting-point, and which is the winning-post, when he cunningly manages to sail past the buoy, just a-head of the winning craft, and occasions ignorant speculators to imagine—the delusion being assisted by the gold band round his cap—that he has sailed and gained the match. Feeling by this time pretty tired of his day's tacking and veering, the man who owns a river yacht quits it, returns home by a Greenwich steamer, and leaves the confidential crew to bring the gallant vessel to her moorings.

That night at home, he slips on a snug dressing-gown, puts his feet on the hob, has his brandy-and-water very hot and strong, and considers himself to be an adventurous mariner, a fellow with the dare-devil of the Bucaneers, one who goes down to the sea in ships, and sees the wonders of the great deep.

LATEST FROM THE HIGHLANDS.—Thanks to the strenuous and untiring exertions of the reporters of the different London journals, the royal "privacy" continues as "public" as usual.

WHIRLIGIG WISDOM.—We cannot exactly coincide with the views of the Irish in desiring rotatory or ambulatory parliaments; for being of a rotatory character, we fear the debates would never come to an end; and as for their being ambulatory, it looks very much like "Walker."

FOREIGN INVASION.

Our country readers will learn with astonishment and dismay that London was invaded last week by a body of French soldiers of the National Guard. They entered the city from the docks, and marched towards the West-end, attacking indiscriminately the public-houses on their way. They lighted cigars at nearly every shop they came to, and clanked their sabres as they marched out—carrying fire and sword, in fact, through the streets of our metropolis.

The alarm created by the spectacle will be easily—perhaps we should say *un*easily—imagined by our subscribers. There was a great call made for the Lumber Troop, but, by a singular coincidence, it was found that all those gallant veterans happened to be particularly employed in their coal-cellars at the moment when they were wanted. An absurd attempt was made to fasten scythes on some of the twopenny omnibusses, with a view to charging with them, as our revered ancestors used to do; but the effort resulted in nothing but a fright to some old women, and a graze with the instruments on the shins of the conductors.

The head-quarters of the invading army have been fixed in Leicester Square.

Since the above was written, we have discovered that we were the dupes of an unprincipled penny-a-liner, and that the invaders were neither more nor less than a party of National Guards, who came over from the *fête* at Boulogne to have a glimpse of the town; but we believe it to be true that some alarm was excited among the unthinking by their appearance. Be that as it may, the liner shall be punished for his exaggeration; and we have determined to compel him to associate with the set of his colleagues who are dogging the Queen, at present, in Scotland.

Roman Rebels.—As several of the Popish Ecclesiastical body are supposed to be implicated in the Irish rebellion, it is to be hoped that they will act up to their religion, and go to "Confession" at once.

Ill-Timed Conduct.—It appeared in evidence that the Chartists met at coffee-houses in St. Giles's. How strange, that though close to "Seven Dials" they were never "up to the time of day!"

THE CLERGYMAN AND THE BAD HALF-CROWN.

A clergyman (whose name the *Times* says—and with great truth—it would be cruel to give) was charged last week before Mr. Norton with having passed a bad half-crown to an omnibus conductor.

It was proved that the reverend gentleman received change from the complainant to the amount of one-and-sixpence: that the complainant in testing the half-crown first smelt it, and then almost "bent it in two" (as the reporter absurdly expresses it): that the reverend gentleman's attention was called to the circumstance of the half-crown being a bad one: that he refused to give back the eighteen-pence which he had received as change from his bad half-crown, and even to pay his fare, which was one shilling.

The reverend gentleman was of course given in charge, the fact of his having passed the bad half-crown was proved, and the defence was, that if he had returned the eighteen-pence which he had received as change from his bad half-crown, or had paid the shilling which he owed for his fare, *his character would have been compromised.* What a character to be compromised by the payment of a just debt!

The worthy (of being despised) magistrate thought the clergyman had behaved very properly "under the circumstances," and reprimanded the conductor for having pursued the only course which was open to him.

It was suggested that the conductor might have asked for the clergyman's address: but the man who would refuse to give back eighteen-pence which he had received as change from a bad half-crown, might also decline giving his card, which certainly could not be of so much value.

We wish the *Times* had published the reverend gentleman's name: it would have been a severe punishment, but one which he richly deserved.

THE AGE OF REFINEMENT.

In an intellectual and refined age like the present, when costermongers speak French, and sweeps commit suicide, the young ladies in the middle and lower walks of life are strangly acted on by a love of the marvellous and romantic—so much so, indeed, that they look with scorn on every book which has not a Fitz-James for its hero, or a Clementina Wilmot, or some one else equally interesting, for its heroine.

These same young ladies, who would almost faint at the idea of knowing the price of a loaf, spend in reading maudling nonsense many hours which might be far more profitably employed in the pursuit of household knowledge, or in improving their minds with useful information, in which they are lamentably deficient. We can fancy one of them seated on a bench in some romantic spot—Hampton Court Gardens, for instance—thus accosted by an enraptured swain:—

"Say, gentle maid, what is 't you read
With such a sad delight,
Which thus can cloud with sorrow's gloom
Those features once so bright—
Which thus can cause the tear to start—
Which thus thy mind distracts?"
The gentle maid with sobs replies:
"The *h*Orphan in five *h*Acts."

OUR LEADER.

THE POISONING MANIA.

We don't know whether the present age may properly be called an age of "progress" or not, but we think there can be no doubt that it is an age of poison. We see it in everything. G. W. M. Reynolds poisons the minds of the populace through the medium of his deleterious dulness; the Corporation of London poison the atmosphere by keeping up those ancient institutions the cess-pools; all London conspires to poison the Thames by an agglomeration of abominations; and Lord Morpeth does a little business on his own account, by poisoning the Serpentine. Then cooks poison people by *blanc mange*, and there still are creatures who distil British brandy! Our infants are stuffed with dangerous elixirs and filthy cordials; our boys suck painted lollipops; our young men smoke poisonous Cubas; and everybody accuses everybody else of poisoning. Protestants declare that Catholics poison the minds of the people, and *vice versâ*. There is a small gang of Atheists, too, somewhere in the back slums of town, who publish, weekly, a twopenny dose of the most deadly poison, and call it a "*Reasoner*." We should like to know why these wretches are not punished as well as the dispensers of arsenic, since their aim is to corrupt and destroy the soul?

Poisoning, in its literal form, by the agency of arsenic, has become, too, dreadfully frequent among the poor, a most fearful evidence of the depravity of the age. Where are our preachers and moralists that they make no attempt to suppress this? What are Government about that they do nothing towards it?

In fact, we bid fair to realise, literally, the old proverb, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," by all of us subsisting on the poisoning, in one way or other, of our neighbour.

THE YOUGHAL BLUNDERBUSS.

Poor Anstey shoots with aim untrue,
Talks thick as hail, but injures few,
Discharges words which plainly tell
He 'll soon discharge himself as well.

Metropolitan Improvements.—We perceive that some individual of lowly mind has just opened a Whittington Hat and Cap Warehouse, near the club of the same name. We suppose that we shall next have the Whittington Boot and Shoe Mart, to be followed by the Whittington Early Coffee-stall, at the corner of the street, for such members as are obliged to be up betimes, in order to take down the shutters and clean the windows of the establishments to which they belong. The list will also doubtless include a Whittington Pie House, where, in order to render the matter complete, Whittington's Cat will of course play a conspicuous part.

PINS & NEEDLES.

Since the severe articles in the *Times*, Louis Blanc declares that England is as bitter as *Gaul* against him.

The Irish, when meditating an attack, are frequently described as being well armed; but when the test comes, their retreat proves that they are better legged.

It has been said that there are no reptiles in Ireland. What, then, was Smith O'Brien when crawling amongst Widow Cormack's cabbages?

We perceive that more troops have embarked for Ireland in the "Pigmy" government steamer. Would it not be appropriate for the said *Pigmy* to proceed to Scotland afterwards and bring back the *little* Premier?

The *Sunday Times* says that there is no such thing as Irish distress, because Jenny Lind has been engaged at such high terms that the prices at the Dublin theatre must be raised. According to this doctrine, there can be no pauperism in England while the Italian Operas are fully attended; nor can any one be in want of a penny loaf as long as the *Sunday Times* is sold for sixpence.

Some of the jockeys who rode losing horses at Doncaster, and who belaboured their animals most unmercifully, have now learned that "there 's many a slip between the cup and the whip."

Several instances have lately occurred of men leaving their wives in England, to seek their fortunes in some of the colonies. According to Euclid's axiom that "the whole is greater than its part," it is very absurd for these persons to leave their better halves for the sake of better quarters.

Complaint has been made in some of the repeal prints of the *brusque* manners of Lord Hardinge, during his recent command in Ireland. This allegation cannot excite surprise in those acquainted with the gallant viscount, as he has always been looked upon as an *off-handed* man ever since the battle of Ligny.

O'Mahony, the rebel chieftain, being a vain man, decorates himself in green and gold. We suggest the uniform should be green baize, the only *bays* he is likely to achieve.

The Irish agitators have frequently declared themselves as firm as a rock. Like the emblem of their country, we fear it is a sham-rock.

The French Police are very proud of their reputation for skill and dexterity in the apprehension of offenders. The escape of M. Marc Caussidière, however, proves that in this instance they could not come quite up to the Mark.

Mr. Doheny, in order to amuse his followers, is in the habit of leaping over three or four horses, intermingled occasionally with a jackass. This is a vaulting ambition by which Mr. Doheny may not perhaps *do any* harm; but to clear his political hobbies is a leap which may perhaps cost him his neck.

John O'Connell ought to be taken up under the Mendicity Act, as he has written a letter to Clarendon on Repeal, begging the question.

ROW-IN-LONDON.

CAUSED BY THE INVASION OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL GUARDS.

In London, when the funds were low,
And business was uncommon slow,
The Quadrant only on the go,
And that kept moving sluggishly.

But London saw another sight
When National Guards arrived at night,
And Lumber Troopers took to flight
Across the pavement slippery.

In shirt and stockings fast arrayed,
The Lord Mayor gasped out, sore afraid,
And with the Aldermen essayed
To join the flying cavalry.

To cut and run they 'd stoutly striven,
But back to battle they were driven;
And then the foremost rank was given
The Bunhill Row Artillery.

But bolder yet that troop must grow,
Or, London conquered by the foe,
The Gallic cock will proudly crow
On Temple Bar right merrily.

'T is morn—but Specials, in a swoon,
Won't reach the Mansion House by noon,
Where frantic Gibbs and "pale-faced Moon"
Groan in the butler's pan-t-ry.

The combat deepens—on ye brave,
Who rush to Guildhall or the grave;
Save, Magog! oh, the city save,
And charge with all the Livery.

Few French shall tread where freemen meet
Turtle on Lord Mayor's day to eat;
But hung on high, with dangling feet,
Swing opposite St. Sepulchre's!

SUPPLEMENTARY HINTS UPON ETIQUETTE FOR FAST MEN.

Although a great many works on the above subject have already been published, several indispensable particulars have invariably been omitted. In order to supply this defect, the Showman has determined on drawing up and publishing the following supplementary rules, which are indispensable to all such as wish to act after the most approved model of the first "fast" men of the day:—

1. If you carry a stick, always swing it round as you go along. This will give you a free and easy air. If you hit any one in the face it will only add to the effect, and attract people's attention more surely.

2. Always poke your face under the bonnet of any woman you may happen to pass, especially if she be alone and unprotected. Should any one observe this and be inclined to resent it, do not notice him, but pass on: it is not worth the while of a fast man to get into any squabble with an individual of such low ideas.

3. Never pay your tradesmen's bills; it is vulgar to do so. Should any one of your creditors ever meet you, make him all sorts of grovelling excuses, and beg him not to be hard with you. This increases the humour of the thing vastly.

4. Should any poor wretch tell you he is starving, and ask you to bestow a halfpenny to enable him to procure a bit of bread, give him a cut with your cane, and let him know that you are not to be taken in.

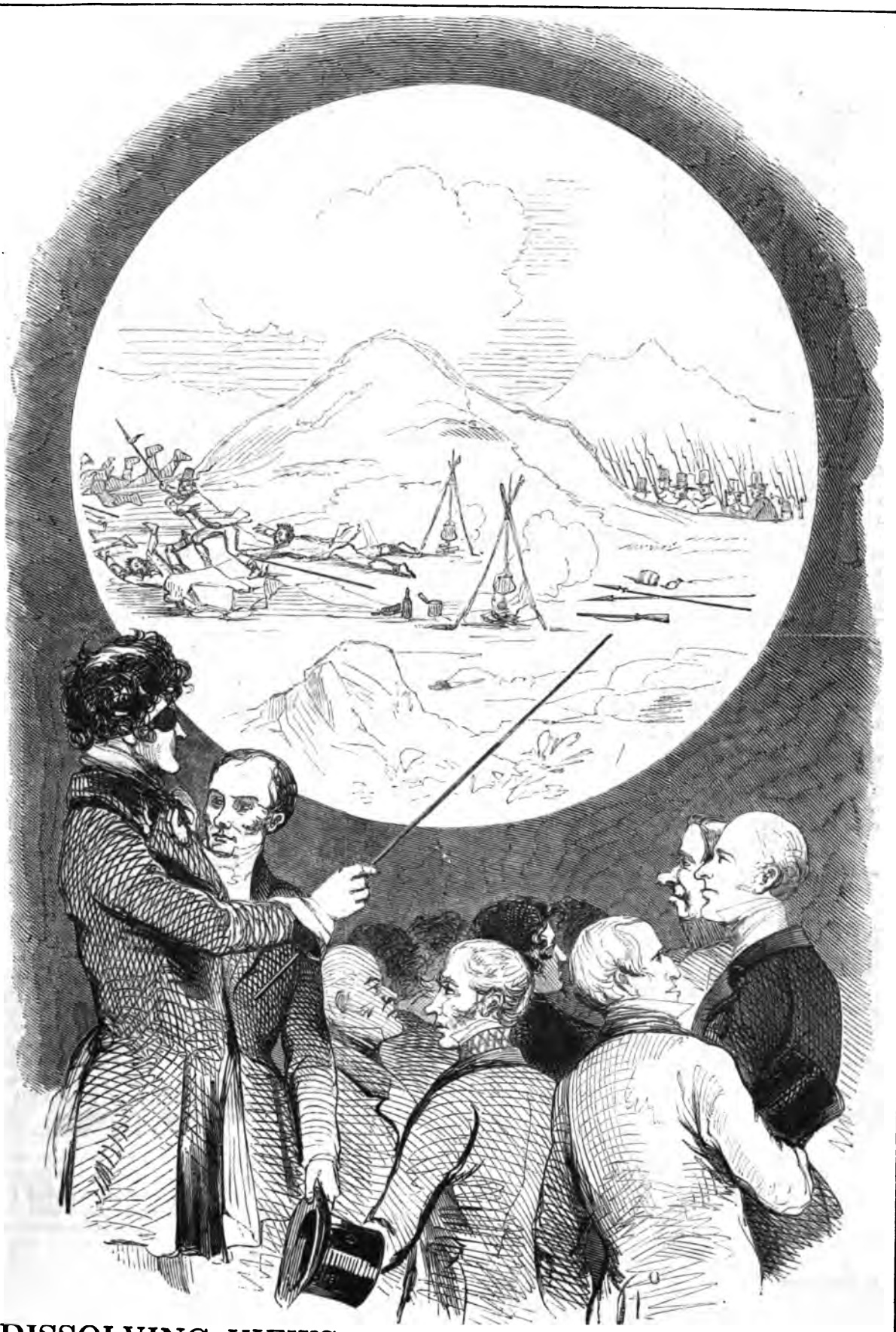
5. When you go to the theatre, always refuse to take your hat off until you are obliged: this will create a disturbance, which will interrupt the performance and be productive of a great deal of fun.

6. When you enter a coffee-room or chop-house, always call the waiter by some christian name or another: never mind whether you hit upon the right one or no; it is better to be wrong than to name him as other people do.

7. Above all, never walk out with your mother or sister: it would make people imagine that you felt affection for them, which is exceedingly dummy and slow.

THE SHOWMAN'S

View the First—THE MORNING OF THE GREAT IRISH REBELLION.



DISSOLVING VIEWS.

View the Second—THE EVENING OF THE GREAT IRISH REBELLION.

THE BOULOGNE *FETES.*

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

HAVING arrived safely in Boulogne, I proceeded to fraternise with the Custom-house officers, in hopes that they would allow me to pass my flannel waistcoats without paying duty. This attempt was attended with signal failure, and the only person who made a genuine offer of fraternisation was an Englishman, with moustaches and a red waistcoat, who invited me to play at *écarté*, and turned up the king every time that he dealt.

One of the principal amusements of Monday was a donkey race, which I shall pass over as a most asinine affair. A race in sacks followed, and excited great enthusiasm among the spectators. At starting, considerable odds were laid against any one reaching the winning-post, for the course had been marked out on the sands, and it was confidently asserted that the sea would come in first. Before the race, the animals took their preliminary jumps, and were pronounced to be in a fine dirty condition. When they pulled up (their sacks), it was evident that the training of one or two of them, at a neighbouring *estaminet*, had had the best possible effect. After they had fairly got off, the favourite made all the jumping, and about two to one were now laid on the ground, from which they did not rise until after the conclusion of the race. After a severe contest the favourite won by exactly a length, which he was unfortunate enough to measure on the sands. The next heat was won by the same animal, who hopped over the course. In the evening, many thousands changed hands—not in consequence of the race, but of various public balls.

TUESDAY.—I rose early, for the purpose of being present at the distribution of alms to the poor. As a member of the literary profession I applied for my share, but my claim was, I regret to say, refused. I have written to the British consul on the subject. I then proceeded to witness the amusement of climbing the greasy pole, and endeavoured to parody

"Fair *clime*, where every season smiles," &c.

which, luckily for your readers, I was unable to accomplish. This climbing reminds the philosophical observer of ambition, for the higher you rise the more chance you have of falling. I must say that in spite of the temptation of the prize—a silver watch—the summit of the tall and greasy pole was an eminence which I had no wish to attain: there are many characters in which one may shine besides that of a *polar* star. The pole had been rendered so very slippery that all who endeavoured to mount came down like lightning—indeed, to use an appropriate Americanism, I may say like greased lightning. It is impossible to assert what sort of a watch the prize would have proved; but it is quite certain that, as no one gained it, it did n't "go." Perhaps the whole affair can be best explained in the following stanza, in which I have imitated Byron:—

The *ile* and grease,
The *ile* and grease,
Which covered o'er that pole so high,
So quick slipped down the human geese,
That none at length to rise would try.
The silver watch is up there yet,
But none that silver watch can get.

WEDNESDAY.—Grand departure of 327 National Guards to Folkestone. Chorus on leaving the harbour—"*Noyer pour la patrie.*" Arrival of the National Guards at Folkestone, without being shipwrecked. General thanksgiving. Terror of the natives of Folkestone at being invaded by the French. Restoration of confidence, and general *entente cordiale.*

While the above affecting tableaux were being enacted, a balloon ascent took place. It was rumoured that Prince Albert Smith would take a seat in the car; but those who remembered his failure in the character of an "intrepid aeronaut" at Vauxhall Gardens were of a different opinion. Thank heaven, he performed a prudent part! The balloon fell into the sea, and although every one was saved, I could not have endured the pain of knowing that the representative of all that is great and noble in English literature was in peril for even one moment!

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

THE following highly interesting fragment was read to the Royal Society of Bibliomaniacs at their last sitting, by G. Twaddle, Esq., the talented author of "Ye Convicte his Curse," an Elizabethan epic, in twelve books, printed in black letter at the expense of the society.

The fragment was found by this gentleman during his late trip in the Highlands, and bears strong internal marks of its authenticity.

THE FALL OF LONDON.

Dear is the smell of roast venison. The remembrance of currant jelly dwelleth on the mind of Jones. He is invited to dinner.

At Fulham dwelt his host: his shop is in the City. His step in the counting-house is dreaded: his apprentices quail before his looks. His thoughts are given to friendship—to Jones, the purveyor of butter.

[Here unfortunately there is a break in the original M.S., which continues, however, as follows:—]

Black was the brow of Jones: but not with anger. The tear starteth in his eye. He wipeth it away. Ah! wherefore doth he grieve?

He standeth in the street of vehicles:* he looketh around.

His stick is raised: † but all is silent around. If he would no more walk, he must ride on the wings of the storm, for no omnibus is near—no—nor a cab!

Oh! why was this desert in the town! Arise, ye reporters, and tell me! Was the great city fallen? Why rattle no longer the carts nor the prison-vans over the pavement? Why urge not the coachmen more their broughams over the far-spreading causeway? Is London the mighty no more? Is she ruined and sunk down for ever?——Oh, no! we should rather say not. They have stopt up the street—there is no thoroughfare—the authorities are mending the road!

* Most likely Piccadilly is here meant; but this is not certain.
† Perhaps as a signal.

EPIGRAM.

That mirrors are endued with thoughts,
Though strange, yet seems correct,
Since no right-minded person will
Deny that they reflect.

The *Sunday Times*, in speaking of the subscription room at Doncaster, says it was "so filled with clouds of cigar smoke, that the corks bursting from soda-water bottles could scarcely fly through it"!! This is laying it on rather too thick. Was the writer able to walk through the smoke? and if so, does he move with the same momentum as a cork propelled from a soda-water bottle? And is he in the habit of breathing anything—except absurdity? if so, what are his lungs made of? The room cannot have been half so cloudy as the ideas of the person who wrote the above trash.

DISHEARTENING PROSPECTS.—Several members of the Whittington Club are about to give an amateur theatrical performance at the Strand Theatre, as they did last year. In our qualities of critics, we shall naturally have to be present, and, as a matter of course, undergo unutterable torture for two or three hours. We trust, therefore, that the gentlemen in question will let this be their last attempt, since, slightly varying the language of the frogs in the fable in reference to their boyish persecutors, "though it may be *a* play to them, it 's death to us."

MAXIM FOR PERSONS ABOUT TO EMIGRATE.—A life in this land is worth two in the bush.

A Facetious Fallacy.—A young gentleman who had paid much more attention to logic than his creditors, was so much struck with the ingenious paradox which proves that the hare cannot catch the tortoise, that he incautiously imagined that the swiftest bailiff could not catch him when he had once started. He therefore became self-confident, and ran on wholly indifferent to the speed of the law-functionary. It is almost superfluous to add, that the youth who thought he had logic at his fingers' ends, found that he himself was at the fingers' ends of the bailiff almost immediately.

THE COOK "COOKED."

Now tumbled in the fire, alas!
From out the *frying*-pan,
O'Brien in a *broil* must be,
The vain, ambitious man!

Not satisfied with "cellar" fare,
That knight of "tea and toast"
Has burnt his fingers in the vain
Attempt to *rule the roast!*

A. Soyer.

THE CONDITION OF RAMSGATE.

[FROM THE PUPPET-SHOW COMMISSIONER.]

I arrived here a few days since, and was immediately "drawn" to the hotel where I am now "quartered." You are aware that the only object with which I came to Ramsgate was a deformed gentleman, whose acquaintance I enjoy; but there are so many points connected with the place—not of an epigrammatic nature, for with those you are always well supplied—that I feel it my duty, as a philanthropist and a comic writer, to bring them before your notice, in hopes of benefiting the inhabitants through your medium.

The town is as full as the Puppet-Show Office on the day of publication. I was unable at first to obtain a single bed, although the landlord found means to "accommodate" me (as he sarcastically said) with a couple—one on the coffee-room table, where it would of course have been improper to remain after the usual absurd hour for commencing breakfast; the other on a staircase at the top of the house, where I luxuriated until a loud and disagreeable cry of "all out," which I understand was addressed to the bathers in the sea, served as a hint that it was also time for me to make my egress.

The amusements of Ramsgate I have not been able to discover. Those persons who attempt anything of the sort endeavour to find it in walking past each other and riding on donkies—in attending the libraries, where there are no books, and the reading-rooms, where there are no newspapers. Then in the evening (which begins in Ramsgate several hours earlier than in London) there are concerts at those libraries where there are no books, and where the singers have, unfortunately, only to be heard to be at once appreciated. There is, moreover, a Concert *di camera obscura*, which takes place in the promenade close to that wonderful exhibition. The leader of the band, which executes—that is, murders—all sorts of music, is, we believe, "from Her Majesty's Theatre:" at all events, his playing is quite worthy of Mr. Balfe's orchestra.

If, however, the gentleman is not "from Her Majesty's Theatre," all we can say is, that he forms an extraordinary exception to the musicians generally, both of Ramsgate and of Margate. The orchestra at Tivoli—the orchestra at the Assembly Rooms—the orchestra at Ranelagh—and, as we firmly believe, the execrable and not sufficiently-to-be-despised orchestra of the promenade at Ramsgate, are all composed of persons "from Her Majesty's Theatre." We may be allowed to hope that they will be very far from it the next time we honour Mr. Lumley with a visit.

There appears to be no Progressista party in Ramsgate: no change has taken place in the "entertainments" (as they are facetiously called) at the Libraries for many years past. The comic singers roll their eyes in the same manner, distort their mouths in the same manner, and sing the same "Von horse chay," as they did some dozen years ago. Unfortunately, the "Arab horse" continues to enjoy a popularity more than commensurate with its merits; and the wheel of fortune, with 1897 sixpenny tickets and a single ten-shilling one (which, not having been seen for many years, is looked upon as fabulous by the best authorities), is turned to the same lucrative advantage which it has enjoyed since the last century.

As far as I have been enabled to judge, Ramsgate affords no fair specimens of the literature of the country. The most "eminent writer" is a certain P. Pearce, *Esq.*, who has gained a celebrity as a proprietor of bathing-machines, and who aspires to the reputation of a poet. His abilities, however, do not correspond with his intentions, as may be easily ascertained from a perusal of an extract from his poem on the Siege of Seringapatam, which, as a hack-critic would say, "is to be seen on every bathing-machine in the town."

In one line of this effusion P. H. Pearce, *Esq*, speaks of the walls "groaning beneath the slain," which is evidently intended as a complimentary return to the slain, who had just been groaning beneath the walls.

But the inhabitants seem to be deficient even in orthography. For instance, the word "Prospect" (as any one may observe who has ever been on the promenade) is divided into two syllables, of which the first is formed of the letters Pr—while the latter is composed of o s p e c t. But the most amusing piece of English—I mean Ramsgate—literature is an announcement which states that "for the safety of children and the comfort of others, any person injuring the fence, riding, driving, or leading cattle of any description, cutting turf, or making holes in the promenade, *without permission being had from Mr. J. Wells*, will be prosecuted." Now the first thing which strikes a stranger in reading the above, is the extraordinary habits of persons whom it is necessary to caution against "riding any species of cattle:" then again, how can "cutting turf or making holes in the promenade" interfere with "the safety of children?" And, after all, one is led to infer that by "obtaining permission from Mr. J. Wells" (who, if he be not stricter in other matters than he is with his composition, must be a very easy sort of man), any of the horrible crimes which the public are warned from, may be committed with impunity.

It is made to appear, from the announcements of a "Mutual Protection Society," that Ramsgate is infested by a horde of robbers of the most ferocious description. Some of the inhabitants have formed themselves into an association, of which the object is to guarantee its members against all sorts of outrages, from being stopped against their will in the streets, to housebreaking and murder. The members are certainly very lucky fellows: if any "person or persons" dare to "stop" one of them, a sum of forty shillings is offered for the apprehension and conviction of the miscreant; but those who do not belong to the Society may, it appears, be murdered with impunity, as far as the "mutual" gentlemen are concerned. The Association, moreover, engages to give the value for property lost by its constituents. I subscribed to it on my arrival here, and endeavoured to obtain a repayment of some money which I lost in raffling. The wretches, however, have refused to pay me. I shall, therefore, say nothing more about the place.

P.S.—I was induced to-day to taste one of the gigantic oysters which Ramsgate produces. I am afraid I shall taste it for a month to come.

Good Security.—The *Times* informs us that Mr. John O'Connell makes an appeal to the tail of the moral force faction to agitate for Parliamentary sittings in Ireland. The Showman wishes he may join them and remain faithful; for, like the tethered ass, he may be less injurious if tied to a stump.

A Cabinet Toast.—May no man, by "kicking up a breeze" against the Government, ever succeed in "raising the wind" amongst the people!

An Escaped Lunatic.—If the guardians of Bedlam have missed one of their inmates, they may hear tidings of him by applying at our office, as we have recently met with a gentleman who believes that the funds voted for Ireland went to the poor.

A FEW PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. AUGUSTUS PHILIPS.

Chapter IV.—In what State Mr. Augustus Philips finds his Brother.

By the time they had arrived at the Police-Court, the crowd, with that profuse, and, we may even venture to say, unbridled exercise of the imaginative faculties for which crowds are so justly celebrated, had already converted the prisoner into a Chartist emissary, a runaway bankrupt, a foreign spy, and an Irish rebel.

By what process each of these several ideas found its way into the heads of its respective partisans was, and most likely, as is generally the case, ever will be, a profound mystery. Still this state of things was not without its merit, as on the disappearance of the Pilot though the doorway of the Court, it was the cause of an agreeable diversion in the day's proceedings, and tended materially to lessen the *ennui* to which the assembled multitude must, while waiting outside, otherwise inevitably have fallen a victim, by getting up a pugilistic contest, on a most lively scale, between a ticket-porter, in a white smock-frock and a glazed hat, and a fly-driver, distinguished by a yellow neck-handkerchief, a very seedy long great-coat, and a peculiarly hoarse voice; the spark which brought about this social explosion being a slight disagreement as to which of the classes just enumerated the object of their surmises belonged.

On the Pilot being introduced before the magistrate, that functionary, who, in compliance with the maxim that "where there is a doubt it is to be given in favour of the accused," looked upon the Pilot, the instant he saw him, as a miscreant and malefactor by nature, asked him, in a very sarcastic tone, whether he believed that Londoners thought they were going to have it all their own way in that part of the world; and further, whether he imagined that he could insult the Court with impunity, as his appearance there with a cigar in his mouth clearly testified he did.

The Pilot answered that such an idea never entered his head, and immediately removed the offending object, thereby saving the five or six policemen, who constitute the "force" of the place, and who had immediately made a savage rush at him, that trouble.

The magistrate having observed that his victim had better mind how he answered, as there was such a thing as punishment for contempt of Court, then proceeded to hear the evidence.

It was in vain that our young acquaintance urged the aggravation he had endured before committing the assault, his inflexible Minos said that "this attempt to palliate the offence instead of showing contrition, only heightened his guilt in the eyes of every man of proper feeling and loyal sentiments, and tended to impress people with a very bad idea of his, the Pilot's, morals, and that therefore he should inflict a fine of five pounds for each of the five assaults that had been proved against him.

"As regarded the charge of endeavouring to swindle the landlord out of the money for board and lodging, it was very evident that the story about his confederates was a mere fiction got up to serve his own purposes, as the escape of his two companions proved;" adding, with what the Pilot, in his situation, could look on in no other light than as a piece of most cutting irony, that, "not wishing to be more severe than was absolutely necessary, he should only require the payment of the fines, and would defer his judgment regarding the swindling, until such time as the prisoner could procure testimonials of his respectability."

After this effort of judicial eloquence, the worthy magistrate leaned back in his chair and looked very hard at the prisoner, thereby giving him clearly to understand that although the latter, from long experience in the practices of depravity and vice, might be very clever, yet there were men, well known for every public and domestic virtue, who were still more clever than he.

The Pilot now began to feel seriously alarmed. He had not a penny, nor any friend to whom he could apply nearer than London; and unless the money were immediately forthcoming, he could not hope to avoid a nearer acquaintance with the internal architecture of the county jail than he felt at all inclined to make.

"You can't pay, I suppose," said the Solon on the bench. "Officers, take him away!"

Although the Pilot was not of the gentlest nature generally, visions of prison-diet, treadmill exercise, and a concomitant peculiarly short cut of hair, were not without effect upon him.

"If you will only remand me," he said, in a most humble tone, "until I can hear from town, I will discharge the fines and——"

"More than we shall you, I am afraid—ha! ha! ha!" interrupted the magistrate, chuckling extremely at this effort of his wit; an example which, of course, none of the independent officials present followed—certainly not!

In spite of this, the Pilot suppressed his indignation, and was continuing in the same strain, when he suddenly gave a howl which would have done honour to one of Mr. Catlin's Indians, and which caused his judge, who was balancing himself on the hind legs of his chair, to start back with affright and considerably derange his centre of gravity, the effect of which was that he first touched the ground again with the back of his head instead of the soles of his feet, as he had no doubt intended.

At this instant, Mr. Augustus Philips, who had been directed thither, made his appearance.

The first thing that met his astonished view was the worthy magistrate on all threes, if we may so express it—that is, on his knees and one of his hands, the other being applied to the back of his head aforesaid, while his eyes were rivetted with horror on the Pilot, who was kicking and struggling in the hands of five of the six policemen present, and in his shirt and boots, while the sixth detective held his blanket, which had been cast off simultaneously with the emission of the howl that had so terrified the judge, and previously to the performance of some feats of agility, more especially limited to the cutting of capers, which at first sight appeared in the highest degree gratuitous and uncalled for.

This, however, was not the case. In obedience to the magisterial commands, the Pilot had taken his cigar from his mouth; but not wishing to lose it, and forgetful of its state of combustion, had concealed it in the folds of his temporary toga, through which it had slowly but surely eaten itself a passage to a most sensitive part of his body, and caused him to seek relief in those antics which we have merely hinted at in our inability to describe.

It is impossible to say how long the Pilot might have persevered in his extraordinary exercises had he not perceived his brother Augustus.

The effect was instantaneous. With the blandest manner in the world, the prisoner turned to the magistrate, who had now recovered his usual position, and informed him that the presence of a beloved relative would enable him to meet those claims which the justice of his country made upon him; then addressing Augustus, he explained to him how matters stood, and requested him to advance the money for discharge of the fines, as likewise for the settlement of the account of himself and friends at the inn.

Mr. Augustus Philips had at first thought the scene very comical: at present, he looked on it in rather a different light, and at eight o'clock the same evening returned, with a heavy heart, an empty purse, and the Pilot in a new suit of clothes, to London, instead of enjoying a pleasant residence of a week or ten days at the sea-side—a memorable example of the delusiveness of human hope. This was the cause of his walking so mournfully in the enclosure of St. James's Park, and of the adventure which then and there befel him.

A Medical Opinion.—A medical student informs us that we need never fear an invasion from the French, because *Dover's* powder would throw them into a fearful perspiration.

SERGEANT ADAMS AND LORD A. RUSSELL'S DOGS.

At the Middlesex petty-sessions, three individuals were lately brought up for having been concerned in the robbery of three bloodhounds belonging to Lord A. Russell.

Mr. Bodkin, who appeared for the prosecution, demanded to have the trial postponed, on the ground that the principal witness, one of Lord A. Russell's grooms, was in attendance on his noble master in Scotland.

With that affability for which he is so distinguished, Mr. Sergeant Adams immediately granted the request, and remanded the prisoners until the October Sessions. Of course, if the witness in question cannot then make it convenient to come up to town, they will be again remanded, and the process be repeated until he can.

This is a case which the Showman feels great pleasure in making public; with honest pride he calls attention to the strict impartiality with which Mr. Sergeant Adams administers justice. With him the maxim that "there is but one law for the rich and the poor," is indeed a reality. Here we have three men accused by an individual in humble life—a groom—in the service of Lord A. Russell, it is true, but that does not, of course, influence Mr. Sergeant Adams in the least; this groom cannot attend, and therefore the prisoners are remanded till he can. Mr. Sergeant Adams has no idea of letting the ends of justice be defeated, and if Lord A. Russell were to take it in his head to make a short trip to Constantinople or New York, or a voyage of discovery to the North Pole, on his departure from Scotland, taking his groom with him, the three accused would be locked up until his return. They might perhaps be innocent, and thus suffer two or three years' unmerited imprisonment; or if Lord A. Russell choose to settle down as a colonist, still retaining his groom, they might linger out their lives in one long captivity; but what of that, it is better that the innocent should suffer than that the guilty should escape.

There might, perhaps, be some objection to this mode of proceeding were it not universal; but who can entertain the least doubt that the favour thus granted to the poor groom of Lord A. Russell—but that, as before observed, has no weight in the matter—will of course not be refused to others, and consequently when some scion of aristocracy is brought up for assaulting or ill-treating a working man, or insulting a defenceless female whose occupations may render his or her absence for a few months requisite, the aristocratic criminal will be locked up, despite of his noble birth, till his lowly prosecutor can return to bear witness against him.

How totally void of foundation, then, is the cry of some evil-minded persons, that in England respect is shown to wealth and rank; in this case we have a direct proof of the contrary, and instead of their being any truth in the assertion that justice is going to the dogs, here we have her coming direct from them—and Mr. Sergeant Adams.

"The Absurd of all Observers."—A week or two since the *Observer* took upon itself to review Talfourd's "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb," and a very wishy-washy namby-pamby article was of course the result. In it we were told that many of Charles Lamb's "most cherished pieces are already forgotten." Charles Lamb's writings forgotten!—by whom, we should like to know, except the *Observer* critic, whose ignorance of English literature is so barefaced, that he does n't even know the author of "Cooper's Hill," a poem that excited the admiration of both Dryden and Pope, and which has been commended by every essayist on English poetry. The *Observer* critic speaks of George Dyer "as the author of a piece named 'Cooper's Hill,' to be found set forth at length in 'Enfield's Speaker.'" In the first place, the poem of "Cooper's Hill" was written by Sir John Denham; and secondly, it was never published in "Enfield's Speaker." Two absurd blunders, sufficient, we should say, to disqualify this ignorant man from writing criticism again in any newspaper in the United Kingdom—excepting the *Observer*.

Q. What distinguished "knight of the hammer" best represents a "Ragged School?"

A. Tatters-all.

"ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO!"

We had just been perusing the *Book of Snobs*, when we dropped on the following advertisement in the *Yorkshire Gazette* of the 16th inst.:—

Lost, at or near the Railway Station, on Wednesday afternoon week, a BUNCH of SEALS, together with a GOLD PENCIL-CASE, and a WATCH-KEY. One of the Seals was a Transparent Pebble, with three sides, having on one side the *Crest* of *George Hudson, Esq., M.P.*; on another the initials of "*E. H.*;" and on the third side the *Arms of the families of Hudson and Nicholson!!!*

A Handsome Reward will be given to any person who, having found the same, shall place them in charge of the Publisher of this Paper.

We are always obliged to anybody who teaches us something that we did not know before, and therefore hail with gratitude the information that Hudson has a crest. We perceive that the cock is not the only bird which wears a crest, but that humbler winged animals enjoy the same appendage.

How did Hudson derive the crest—from his father the labourer, or his master the linen-draper? Is his name on the roll of Battle Abbey, or only on the roll of huckaback which adorned his shop? Did he gain his honours with difficulty, or are they so abundant that he possesses them—by the yard?

And then, how aristocratic the announcement, that the third side of the seal bears the arms of the families of "Hudson *and* Nicholson!" We are positively awed by so much greatness! for of course the armorial bearings of the great Baron Nicholson are those alluded to; or are the arms only those of Nicholson the ostler—Mrs. Hudson's respected parent—who lords it over the vassals of the *Garrick's Head!*

We have now viewed this singular announcement about "arms" in all its "bearings," and pronounce it one of the best instances of snobbism that ever excited our ridicule. We perceive that a "handsome reward" is offered to any one who finds the arms. Is this a hint to the heralds, and can it be possible that the story about the lost seal is an ingenious gag?

However, as the advertisement does not tell the finder how to know the arms, we furnish them, as follows:—

"The crest—a quartern oat-scuttle, impaled on a yard-wand proper. The motto—'Measure for measure.'"

A FEW WORDS TO FORTUNATE SPECULATORS.

In the present day society is full of lucky railroad and other speculators, quondam little tradesmen, with their wives and families, who have been suddenly raised from a state of comparative poverty to one of affluence.

Such people wish to be thought very fashionable; their early education, however, having been neglected, they present us with a curious medley of sparkling jewellery and bad grammar, rustling silks and vulgar expressions, fine linen and coarse mistakes. The Showman recommends, in consequence, with all due delicacy, the following facts to their consideration:—

1. That the expression *it's I* is quite as euphonious, and decidedly more grammatical, than *it's me*. Prepositions, however, have a natural repugnance to be followed by a nominative, and therefore, *between you and I* is not to be preferred to *between you and me*.

2. That *they is* is decidedly incorrect, as is likewise *them as wishes*.

3. That the word *hereditary* has the accent on the second syllable, thus, *herēditary*, and is on no account to be pronounced *heredit-ary*.

4. That the expressions *I'm that tired, he's that hungry*, are by no means elegant ones, but savour strongly of provincialism of the worst class.

5. That it is not indispensably requisite to subjoin the word *wine* when speaking of *sherry*; on the contrary, competent judges deem it more elegant to omit it.

6. That the words *mushroom* and *umbrella* are words of two syllables, and that therefore it is not correct to say *musheroom, umberella*.

7. That the principal part of a lady's dress is a *gown*, and not a *gownd*; while in choosing between the two words *chimney* and *chimbley* the former is to be preferred.

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE *OVER* DIFFICULTIES.

THE PURSUIT OF THE POLKA UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

My home is Norwood, on the Surrey range of hills my dwelling stands,
Far removed from what a Fast Man's life hilarious most demands.

"Home! sweet home!" 't was nice to hear thee, sung by Vestris long ago,
That was certain to endear thee, even if that home was slow.

But like many other blessings, in this pleasant world of ours,
Home "ad libitum" indulged in, quickly on the palate sours.

Dancing I am fond of, but the neighbours round, a shady set,
Vote the Polka quite indecent, so a pretty chance I get.

Surely, therefore, none would blame me, e'en were I inclined to roam,
Since my parents take such care to keep myself their son at home.

Every day I read the papers, double supplement and all,
Envying, since I can no better, every snob that "does" Vauxhall.

See, what's this! why Cremorne's open! Laurent's band—the thought's [sublime;
Ends, too, at half-past eleven; I'll be back in decent time.

Thinking thus, I, wicked sinner! wrote a note polite and small,
Asking myself out to dinner with some friend apocryphal.

Then, not without fear and trembling, I in boat and railroad trust,
Lest to punish my dissembling trains should smash, or "boilers burst."

Cremorne gained, I need not mention orchestra and lamp-gemmed lawns—
Sounds fantastic toes inviting, "Charles" and whitebait, punch and prawns.

This remark I can't help making, not that, stingy, I repine,
Yet *'t is* odd the predilection Gallic damsels have for wine.

Ask the modest Anglo-Saxon, she'll prefer, if tired or warm
From the *Deux-temps'* dear distraction, Bass or Barclay's blissful balm.

Dancing over, out I mizzle, calling for a cabman bold;
Rain had just begun to drizzle, and 't was getting rather cold.

Off like lightning! but, like weather, such a pace could never last;
As we gained the hill of Balham, rained it hard and stuck we fast.

Spite my oaths and cabby's blows, the tired brute refused to budge—
Force, persuasion, unavailing, three miles homeward I'd to trudge.

When at last the house I entered, jaded, muddy, far from dry,
I foresaw the storm internal would the outer one outvie.

"This the time you come from dinner"—"two o'clock, as I'm alive,"
Spoke my Pa' in accents wrathful; "thus to worry me you strive."

"Ne'er again," resumed the Gov'n'r, "shall you keep such hours as these,
Learning all that's bad and vicious—now don't answer, if you please."

Thus debarred from telling any monstrous falsehood in defence,
Light in hand, to bed I bolted—type of injured innocence.

Ne'er again in night cab's cattle will I trust to go in haste,
Lest I once more a victim fall to a confidence misplaced!

IRELAND AGRICULTURALLY CONSIDERED.

The farms being very small, and admitting of no division of labour are necessarily *roodly* cultivated. There is no rotation of crops, which brings the people to a stand-still, whilst their poverty deprives them of the proper necessaries of husbandry, which is equally felt by the wives. Drainage is very little known, except by the O'Connell's from the pockets of the poor. The land, like the clothes of the peasantry, consists of miserable patches, which being soon cultivated, leaves the latter in bad habits. They smoke their weeds, instead of cutting them down round their farms, and even at the proper time the harvesting of potatoes is sometimes neglected, which is *radically* wrong. Four-fifths of them are dependent on the soil, which perhaps causes their damaged condition. The larger parcels of land are all tied up, and no one knows when they 'll be opened. The rents of their farms are as bad as those of their stockings—the former going to rack, and the latter to ruin. The landlords sometimes make up the rents by seizing the crops, but this only *sews* discontent, instead of repairing the breach. The small holders have a great many bairns, but very few barns, so that the corn and the children are sometimes thrashed on the public roads simultaneously. The middle-men have little interest in their welfare, being frequently void of principle, and their craft altogether is a bad one, in humble imitation of their priests.

A Decided Improvement.—The Bey of Tunis has lately given £100, besides other rewards, to a Tunisian gentleman for writing a poem in his honour. Poets and authors would soon move down from their attics were all recompensed by such *beys* as this one.

Some one named Donovan, a "phrenologist," advertises that he will engage, at a day's notice, clerks &c., of *superior organization of brains*, for those who want them. We hope this person will be consulted at the formation of the next cabinet, as there may then be a chance of a small supply of brain in the heads of the government.

A Needle-*ss* Observation.—The common *sewers* of London are represented as being in a dreadfully bad state. This we believe to be a fact, and one to which some hundreds of poor shirt-makers can bear ample testimony.

At the Norwich Musical Festival the Duke of Cambridge paid particular attention to the score of Elijah, which he held in his hand. This is more than can be said of some of his late royal brothers, who were rather celebrated for *neglecting scores*. But then, they were not scores that involved "sweet sounds."

An old naval officer, who signs himself "a Blue in the Camperdown action," tells the *Times* that "he has been looking for the long-promised war medal." We fear it will be some time before the Government will *meddle* with the affair, and we think also that the old "Blue" ought rather to have assumed the signature of a "green" expectant.

Case of Destitution.—Mr. John O'Connell, feeling himself rejected by his friends, intends joining the agitation for Triennial Parliament, as he is willing to *try any hall* confederation rather than none at all.

The *Times* (sarcastically) remarks, that France is to be the model for the reconstruction of the world. If they intend shaping it differently, we hope they will make "all square."

A Cure for the Cholera.—As this disease is characterized by great depression of the nervous system, the jokes of the Puppet-Show will be found the best remedy!!!

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Impromptu.—Declined, with thanks.

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THE SHOWMAN'S TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

No. II.—THE DRUNKARD REFORMED.

TIMOTHY O'BEERY was a labouring man who occupied himself during six days of the week in gaining money, and one night in spending it. His wages were thirty shillings per week, and his liquor was whisky, in which fiery spirit his whole affections were centered. He had no relations and no friends, for during the one night which was devoted to the spending of his weekly earnings—and for the time, as he often remarked, he lived at the rate of six hundred a-year—during this period he recognised none of his acquaintances, but invariably "kept himself (and his whisky) to himself."

It may be argued, from this fact, that O'Beery was a selfish man. But, no! for the motive which prevented him from offering the poisonous alcohol to his associates was purely a benevolent one; he was not the man to nurture an odious vice in others which he was unable to extinguish in himself. And there were moments when O'Beery felt convinced of the sin of drunkenness, and cursed the day when the first noggin was raised to his lips. Often on the Sunday morning, with his tongue parched, his hands dry and feverish, his stomach debilitated, and his head splitting, would he confess the folly, the more than folly, of imbibing intoxicating liquors, and then he would be visited with horrible statistics and terrific deductions.

For O'Beery had been twenty years in full employment, and during that period had expended one pound out of each week's wages in obtaining spirituous consolation. His means, then, enabled him to consume forty goes of whisky (at sixpence per go) on each of those nights which he devoted to drunkenness. And, accordingly, we find that in the course of the year he mopped up, swallowed, and imbibed 2,080 goes of whisky, either "cold without," or "warm with." Multiplying the above result by twenty, for the number of years during which he had pursued his evil ways, we arrive at the stupendous conclusion, that during the whole of his drunken career Mr. Timothy O'Beery had consumed the enormous, disgusting, and incredible-if-not-mentioned-in-the-PUPPET-SHOW amount of 41,600 goes; averaging something more than half-a-quartern each! In order to indulge in this beastly luxury, he had actually spent the sum of £1,040, the amount which any of our readers will have to pay who goes into a tavern and orders 41,600 goes of whisky.

We have already stated that at the period at which our narrative commences O'Beery had been drinking for twenty years; he continued to do so for six months longer, thus incurring an additional expense of twenty-six pounds, when an event occurred which produced an indelible impression on his mind—we mean on that remnant of a mind which alcohol had not deprived him of.

It was a Saturday night, and O'Beery was reeling drunk somewhat before the time at which he usually became so. He had swallowed his thirty-eighth go, and had issued forth into the street in hopes that his heated brow might be somewhat cooled by the night air. He wandered about for some minutes without knowing whither he went, until attracted by a large building, which bore the appearance of a gin-palace; he entered, and, throwing down his remaining shilling, called for the two goes of whisky which were still necessary for the completion of that condition into which he was already so far advanced. He returned home in a state of whisky and of unconsciousness; to open the street-door, fall up stairs half-a-dozen times, tear his clothes off, roll into bed, give one groan, two grunts, and three sneezes, was but the work of three-quarters of an hour, when O'Beery fell into a deep and drunken sleep. He awoke the next morning with his tongue like a board, his breath like fire, his brain like heated coals, and his face like Paul Bedford's.

Mr. O'Beery rose with the moon, and commenced dressing himself. Having occasion to use his *mouchoir*, he inserted his hand in the pocket of his coat in order to draw it forth. The handkerchief was there, and with it a book which he immediately opened, and (after spelling the words carefully) discovered to have some reference to a savings' bank in the neighbourhood. He turned over the pages with a mad excitement which he could scarcely explain (for he was very seedy from the effects of the previous night's debauch), when the figure 1 in the second column of the £ s. d. department caught his bloodshot eye. His hand shook violently, partly from a certain nervousness caused by drink, partly from a wild anxiety as to the meaning of the mysterious figure 1, so that for some seconds he was utterly unable to solve the enigma. At length, however, he discovered that the bank was debtor to some fortunate individual in the amount of one shilling; and, actuated by some strange impulse, he set out in the direction of the establishment from which the inexplicable book had been issued, in order at once to set his mind at rest on the subject. Arrived at the bank, an insurmountable obstacle presented itself—the bank was closed, for the day was Sunday. O'Beery returned home, retired to rest, and passed a night of anxiety, but not of sleep.

When the bank opened on Monday morning, Mr. Timothy O'Beery had been waiting half an hour at the portal, in feverish expectation of the event. He rushed towards the chief clerk, and, laying down the book before him, gasped nervously, while awaiting his explanation. A few minutes served to inform him that he had entered the establishment at a late hour on Saturday night, and, depositing a shilling on the counter, had insisted on being supplied with two goes of whisky; that the clerk had benevolently taken the shilling and had put it down to the drunkard's account; that the drunkard had been conducted in an unconscious state into the street; and that if the money which the drunkard had been in the habit of spending in liquor had been placed in the hands of the said clerk, the said drunkard would have been at that time a Dives on a small scale.

Mr. Timothy O'Beery went home a sober and a wiser man. The little episode in his Saturday night's adventures had produced an alteration in his character and tastes. He abandoned whisky entirely; in short

"Nothing of him but did suffer some watery change."

On Saturday he was a drunken beast; on Monday he was a reasonable being.

A SETTLEMENT IN FULL.—To the numerous parties concerned much satisfaction has recently been communicated by an intimation that during the ensuing session a bill will be brought into Parliament, extending the application of the Act of *Settlement* to the debts of the Duke of York, the accounts of Mr. Alderman Gibbs, and the family feuds of the Brothers Berkeley.

"WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES."—Powell the carpenter, seeing that Chartism had become very much *disjointed* since the 10th of April, and imagining that there would soon be a *screw loose*, resolved upon having some of its members *nailed*, and, for this purpose, sought an engagement with a well-known Whig *cabinet-maker*.

THE SEES OF ASAPH AND BANGOR.—Mr. Hudson wishes to know how any person could have imagined that Bangor could be joined to the Sea of Asof, which is so far distant from it.

GUNPOWDER *versus* THE PRIMER.—It was stated, in the report of a meeting at the Chartist Hall some time ago, that the Chartists had resolved upon establishing a school for the purpose of instructing youth in the *true* principles of Chartism. If we are to judge them by their recent proceedings, the schoolmaster's chief duty will be to "teach the young idea how to shoot."

THE SHOWMAN'S VISIT TO THE WALHALLA.

A SHORT time since the SHOWMAN proceeded in his Brougham, and a very good humour, at half-past eight, P.M., and the express wish of Mr. Richard Pridmore, to Leicester Square, and a private view of the Walhalla, now favourably known to the public as the *Salle de Valentino.*

On alighting—and the pavement in front of the entrance—he found in the first place a large crowd of spectators assembled; and in the next, considerable difficulty in making his way through them, as he was immediately recognised and enthusiastically cheered. Several persons carried their enthusiasm for his talent to such a pitch that they were desirous of obtaining some relic in remembrance of him; and one gentleman in particular, remarkable for his warmth of feeling, made an attempt to obtain his watch: the SHOWMAN, however, declined acceding to his wish, for fear of evincing any undue partiality, and contented himself with confiding his admirer to the care of a policeman, thinking it dangerous to allow him to remain at large in the excited condition he then was.

Having passed the entrance, the SHOWMAN proceeded to lose his way among objects of the most varied description—chairs, tables, hammers, chandeliers, bricks, dusters, tenpenny nails, and a large pay-box, covered with red cloth, and stowed away in a corner, for all the world like a common portmanteau. Having happily steered clear of all these Scyllas and Charybdises of practical life, the SHOWMAN at last attained the landing-place, where he was received with marked respect, and two other gentlemen who had come in after him. On his presenting his card of invitation one of the attendants observed "that 's the ticket," and pointed him out the way he should go, from which the SHOWMAN took especial care not to depart, for fear of falling into similar difficulties to those he had just escaped.

On reaching the ball-room, the SHOWMAN immediately proceeded to take a seat, and also copious notes of the whole proceedings.

The *Salle de Danse* is a most noble place; large, lofty, well ventilated, and beautifully decorated. To make an atrocious pun, remarkable for nothing but its truth, the decorator, *Hurwitz*, must certainly have had *his wits* about him while planning and carrying out his designs.

Among the other embellishments, a long table running down the centre of the noble apartment seemed to attract in an especial manner the attention of the "gentlemen of the press!" it is but fair to state, that this table was laid out for supper, and covered with every possible delicacy—sufficient indeed to have supplied Mr. Cochrane himself with the virtue of the same name, and made a modest man of him for the next three years.

"That 's a pretty moulding," observed one gentleman.

"What, round the ceiling?" replied a second, looking upwards.

"No, round that raised pie," said the first. Indeed, to his great sorrow, the SHOWMAN observed that while walking up and down pretending to admire the arrangements of the *Casino*, the majority of those present cast furtive glances, which, unlike angels' visits, were anything but "few or far between," at the supper table; and one gentleman, possessed of a frightful obliquity of vision, was evidently the object of much envious feeling on account of his being enabled, without fear of detection, to regard the arrangements for the banquet, and select beforehand the best place at the table.

During the repast, the expressions "excellent," "superb," "divine," were heard on every side. At first the SHOWMAN was at a loss to determine whether these were applied to the viands or the decorations, but the commendatory notices which have since appeared in the various papers prove that they were applied to the latter.

At a late, or rather an early, hour the company—with the exception of one or two, who evinced a decided preference for remaining on the floor—retired, with every wish for the success of the enterprise; a consummation that cannot fail to be accomplished if the proprietor will only prevail on the two or three gentlemen with the very glossy hats, who were there on the night in question, to frequent the *Salle de Valentino* every evening, as nothing will then be able to "take the shine out of it."

SHAMEFUL HOAX.—Last week some inhuman wag wrote to Lord John Russell informing him that Mr. Chisholm Anstey had been afflicted with lock-jaw. Lord John, who was at dinner when the message arrived, drank an extra bottle of claret in consequence of the good news, and had just written a congratulatory epistle to Mr. Shaw Lefevre, when he ascertained that he had been the victim of a base deception. The name of the miscreant has not yet transpired. We suspect Mr. Di-r-e-i.

A RED REPUBLICAN—Louis Blanc with the scarlet fever.

STRANGE MODERATION.—At a period like the present, celebrated for violent language of every description, it is really quite refreshing to find any one still using a quiet and gentlemanly tone. This was forcibly impressed on us the other day in an account of some action in which "the troops were said to be much *annoyed* by the enemy's artillery," which had been raining destruction on them for the last hour. By the way, we should like to know when they would be *disgusted.*

BLOODHOUND.—For SALE, the services of a BLOODHOUND, of the purest Scotland-yard breed, perfectly docile, highly intelligent, and warranted to betray its friends or benefactors without fail: answers to the name of Powell. May be seen, between the hours of 10 and 6, at the Central Criminal Court, Old Bailey. No Chartists need apply.

OUR LEADER.

THE CHARTIST TRIALS.

SUCH is the contemptible nature of the Whig Ministry, that it cannot accomplish even a reputable object by decent means. They defend the constitution, it is true, but their weapon is dirt. They hit foul blows in a good cause, and excite the disgust of those for whose benefit they triumph. We have always been of opinion that the Chartists ought to be put down, but we decidedly object to its being done by the instrumentality of Powell, the approver in the trials.

Powell appears to have been recommended to the Government chiefly by the fact that he was an accomplished rascal. The Whigs put down thimblerigging; but in this case they have made the *amende* by employing a thimblerigger. As sweeps fight with soot, they war with ruffianism.

Respectability of character is the best guarantee of honesty of testimony; yet in this case the principal witness on the side of Our Lady the Queen is a man distinctly proved to have been a blasphemer in language, a swindler by profession, a scoundrel in morals, and so systematically false in every way as to have obtained the *soubriquet* of "Lying Tom," by which he is as well known as Lord John Russell by *his* nickname of "Finality Jack." He ("Lying Tom," we mean) insinuated himself into the confidence of the Chartists, inveigled the unwary, encouraged the seditious, and excited the hesitating, looking forward all the while with eager devotion to the blood-money with which congenial Whiggism was to reward his every footstep in the cause of treachery and crime. There is a fine impudence in the statement that "Lying Tom" was guided solely by a regard for the public good. Considering that now-a-days nobody gives even statesmen credit for perfect disinterestedness, it is amusing to see it claimed for a liar, a rascal, and a spy. We wish the Whigs joy of their new ally. "Birds of a feather," &c.; and it may be consoling to them in their present deserted position to reflect that they are honoured by the alliance of "Lying Tom."

Of the way in which the trial has been conducted by the legal functionaries, everybody will say that Justice Erle has been singularly moderate and impartial; but there are few who will not blame the malignant hostility of the Attorney-General, who appears to have revived the brutality of Coke, and only forgotten his law. We are surprised to see Mr. Kenealey identify himself so prominently with the ruffians of rebellion. It is dishonourable to his talents, which are good, and his acquirements, which are known to be great. Does there not linger in his classical memory a remembrance of the Roman statesman who was blamed for comporting himself as if he were *in republicâ Platonis* instead of *in fæce Romuli?* He may depend upon it, that when talent mingles with the dregs of the populace, the effect is not to elevate the dregs, but to degrade the talent.

Mr. Ballantine, however, comes best out of the affair. He has displayed the most acute sagacity and the most accurate judgment, and has elevated his reputation from that of an able barrister to the higher one of a judicious politician, and a straightforward, sincere man.

On the whole, we can but praise the determination to put down rebellion evinced by Government, and regret that on this important occasion they should have dishonoured the holiness of their intentions by the vulgar vileness of their means.

PINS & NEEDLES.

We are frequently informed that the soldiers in Ireland go out in *scouring* parties. Should they fall in with Archbishop M'Hale, a little soap to that gentleman's conscience would be an improvement.

A new invention, called the "Organic Vibrator," is advertised by S. and B. Solomons, which, when adapted to the ear, has the property of rendering any voice audible. If it would enable Mr. Chisholm Anstey to hear the voice of reason, the invention would be a national advantage.

As the Irish rebel leaders consider themselves of great persuasive powers, might they not escape from prison by attempting to convince the turnkey that "an empty house is better than a bad tenant?"

At Brussels there is a Congress sitting to put down war. Their success against warriors has been small, confirming what the Roman poet said—*impar congressus Achilli!*

Feargus O'Connor stated at a meeting in Nottingham, that the Government had not caught the "old fox" yet, meaning thereby himself. There is no occasion to try, for his recent proceedings prove he is going to the "dogs" of his own accord.

O'Connor also boasted that Government would give any sum for his head. In case of their purchasing the article, we should advise them to take it without the brains.

The Chartists say that Feargus O'Connor is beyond all praise. In respectable circles, he is so far beyond it that it never reaches him.

One of the Irish rebel leaders complains that he is very harshly treated by his masters of the English Government, because, in his situation, "no followers are allowed."

The heat in Paris has lately been very "oppressive." We hope this will not continue to be the case, or we shall have the brave citizens rising again in the cause of Liberty.

The Clerkenwell Chartists are constantly told that they shall soon be "as free as the air they breathe." When we consider that not a particle of the air which they breathe is free from some sort of impurity, we cannot look upon the simile as either a happy or a complimentary one.

A provincial paper speaks of Mr. Webster having "assumed" a certain character to perfection. Our contemporary is probably aware that assumption is a thing for which our legitimate friend is quite notorious.

One of the Irish journals lately spoke of Lord John Russell's imposing appearance. The Premier, then, affords a strange instance in which a man's character may be discerned from his looks!

Every one is astonished at the consistency with which the *Morning Chronicle* supports Sir Robert Peel. We believe an explanation may be found in the fact that Sir Robert Peel supports the *Morning Chronicle*.

After all, the *Chronicle* can scarcely support Sir Robert with consistency; for, in order to back his views, it must be continually contradicting itself.

Nevertheless, the *Chronicle* ought to possess a good deal of consistency, for it is sometimes exceedingly dense.

A Dubious Character.—An American informs us that Sir Charles Wood of the Exchequer would never be thought capable of telling the truth in the United States, as whenever he began a sentence with "*I calculate*," no one would believe him.

Erratum.—It is written by some lexicographer that a treasury is the repository for anything valuable. As Lord John Russell, however, is the first lord of the British one, it is an error which we consider it our duty to correct.

POISONING AND PAUPERISM.

A MODERN SKETCH.

Dithyrambic.

I.

* * * * *

The child to the white straw pallet slips,
The angel of sleep puts his seal on its lips;
In another minute a breathing low,
And over the cheek a warmer glow,
Shows that the tender care-worn thing
Sleep's quietly under the dark night's wing.

II.

See, through the shade a sombre figure glide,
And, lightly moving, come to the bed-side—
The mother there is kneeling,
She does not kneel to pray;
The parent's hand is stealing
The offspring's life away.
She touches the infant. "Wake up, wake up,
I have brought thee a draught in this pretty cup."
No draught can cause one, made however strong,
To sleep more soundly, or to sleep so long!

III.

In a pauper's coffin the body is thrust,
(Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust!)
A bunch of dirty shavings is laid
To keep up the globe whence the thought has fled,
And the dark raven screams from overhead
The only wail that is heard for the dead!

IV.

Say, does the steeple death-bell toll
A knell of respect for the parted soul?
"The steeple death-bell!" Who, I pray,
For a pauper's death-bell is going to pay?
He is not like those, who, when fate takes their breath,
Go off in a kind of respectable death!

V.

Two paupers carry a seedy pall,
The coffin is borne, by a white-washed wall,
To that bleak part of the churchyard ground,
Where the muddiest, dreariest earth is found.
"Bear it along, boys; steady, steady,
The perfumed parson is nearly ready!"

VI.

Thus, in a land among all men renowned
As "merry England," poisoners are found
To set up colonies in village scenes,
Death their subsistence, arsenic their means;
While fools who rule the land stand calmly by,
And no tear rises in the rich man's eye.

The patriotic Mrs. Cuffey—the Chartist washerwoman *par excellence*—might have rested satisfied that the Government would "peg" away at poor Cuffey and the "Convention" without mercy. All she has to do is to "prop" her husband up in difficulty. He had better have confined himself to *her* "line," instead of getting into the line he has. Had Cuffey, like his industrious "better" half, handled the warm *box-iron* instead of advocating *cold steel*, or mangled linen instead of politics, his domestic happiness might not have been prejudiced.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

Exquisite—"Now, my good Lumps, you must not bother me with those stupid accounts; the season's over, and you know it's not fashionable to stop in town."

Three Throws-a-penny Man—"Vell, Bill, me and my family's off to the sea-side, vere ve intends follerin our purfessional occipations and combining business with amusement!"

ADVERTISERS EXTRAORDINARY.

It is highly amusing to peruse the numerous advertisements in the *Times*, many of which contain an amount of ignorance and impudence scarcely to be credited. We will take a few as examples:—

First, we find "Apartments furnished with an *extra-sized* bed-room"—intended, we presume, for "children of a larger growth," such as Lablache. An *extra*-sized bed-room is certainly as rare as the eminent primo-basso.

Next, a "snip," in advertising for a "brother snip," thus expresses himself:—"Wanted a man [query, a *ninth* part of a man?] as captain in a work-shop. He must be capable of assisting in the cutting-room when required, *and of cutting occasionally.*" We should say that the captain's "cutting occasionally" would be unquestionable—perhaps every Monday, when operatives generally consider themselves privileged to go holiday making.

Next is to be found a coal merchant, who puffs off his "Best Screened Walls-end." This shows, at least, that the coals are not without fault, for, if perfectly good, they would not require *screening!*

In the publication department figures a publisher advertising the "Monumental Brasses of England." Whether in these is included the statue of George IV. in Trafalgar Square, we know not, but so *brazen* a specimen certainly merits notice. Indeed, it is scarcely likely to be forgotten by the British public. With respect to the "living *Brasses* of England," a reference to the present House of Commons will furnish dozens.

One advertiser, not very flatteringly, addresses himself to "Black Job-masters." He might as well have explained the trade of the Black Jobbers in question, for such is the variety of *black jobs* practised in these days, that people requiring a "perpetrator" of such ought to define their wants more clearly.

Word and Deed.—The Chartists, during their little effervescence, appropriately enough chose "Justice" as their pass-word, for by it they were passed into prison.

A Picture of Distress—One sold at "Stowe."

Bad News.—We see that the cholera has arrived at Hull. This is bad, for it is such a disgusting place that the disease, of course, will leave it at once and come up to town.

Singularly Appropriate.—The new Lord Mayor, being a spectacle-maker, began business last Saturday by making a spectacle—and a very ridiculous one too—of himself in his gilt waggon.

Feargus O'Connor pretends that he thinks nothing of the power of the Government. We are afraid that when he finds himself in prison he will think a good deal of it.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Handbook to Political "Turning,"	by Sir R. Peel, "Spinner."
The Bankruptcy and Insolvent "Court" Guide	The Author of *Mysteries* of London.
The "Bitter Rhetorician;" being a Sequel to the "English Speaker"	Mr. Disraeli.
"A Week in Dublin;" being a complete History of "all Ireland"	The English Premier.
A Treatise on the Growth of the Hair	Messrs. Muntz and Sibthorpe.
Hints on the Liberty of the Press	An Irish "Felon."
The French Revolution—Magnified and Distorted	Percy St. John.
"The Idler;" a Monster Volume of Speeches	Mr. Chisholm Anstey.
How to Twist Statistics for Special Purposes	Mr. J. Wilson.
Quakerism and Quackery	Mr. J. Bright.
Peel, Politics, and Pie-crust; or, "Broken Vows"	A Protectionist.
"Figures not Facts"	The Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Screw Steam-vessels *versus* Admiralty Screws	Lord Auckland.
"Cuff-eyana;" or, a *Slap* at Chartism	Benjamin Caunt.

JACK IN THE BOX!

AN ANTICIPATED EPISODE OF THE IRISH TRIALS.

A FEW PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. AUGUSTUS PHILIPS.

Chapter V.—How Mr. Augustus Philips pays a Visit to two old Friends.

Long and silently had Mr. Augustus Philips continued his promenade, totally regardless of all around him, his mind boiling over with gall, or struggling with despair, according as he happened to think of the sum the Pilot's adventure had cost him, or to recollect that he had not at that moment a sixpence left, and that it would be weeks before he touched his next quarter's income. It is true that he had written to a most particular friend for the loan of £10; but all assistance from that quarter was more than apocryphal.

"What is life, after all!" said Mr. Augustus Philips, being for the moment in his savage mood. "A bitter mockery—a—a—manufactory of delusive hopes, destined to burst like so many—" "Like so many moral grenades," added he, after a pause, "carrying destruction and havoc into the hearts of all around. The world is merely a collection of debtors and creditors," continued he, in the same strain, and thinking most probably of his bootmaker, who had confidentially informed him, the same morning, that he had a large amount to make up, and should feel obliged by the settlement of his small account—"of debtors and creditors, in which the latter enjoy, unfortunately, an awful preponderance. It is enough to—to—to—" and not being able apparently to find a conclusion for his sentence sufficiently clenching, he contented himself by ejaculating the monosyllable "ah," in a tone of concentrated disgust, and giving himself two or three sharp knocks on the breast.

His progress was now arrested by a number of persons, of all ages, looking with intense anxiety at a small specimen of humanity, in a large straw hat and a short frock, feeding the swans. He was on the point of passing them, with a bitter smile, when he suddenly stopt short at the sight of a good-natured looking old gentleman, in a blue coat with brass buttons, a white hat, a pair of nankeen trowsers, and, though last not least, with a beautiful girl of about nineteen leaning upon his arm.

In spite of all his efforts, Mr. Augustus Philips felt rivetted to the spot. "Pshaw," thought he, "there are plenty more as beautiful as she. Besides, would she, or any other of her fickle and interested sex, care for a man who has not even a sixpence in his pocket? Ha! ha! ha!" whereupon he laughed internally very sarcastically, and walked on.

Having given this convincing proof of his mastery over himself, he proceeded exactly forty paces, and then walked back again, taking up his position on the bank, and forthwith sedulously employed himself in admiring the graceful form and fair expressive face, shaded by a number of glossy *blonde* ringlets, of the nankeened old gentleman's companion.

While he was thus engaged, the young lady herself looked up, and observed his eyes intently fixed upon her; on which she instantly looked away again and blushed deeply—an example which Mr. Philips immediately followed.

"A regular flirt," muttered he, rather inclined to get up a quarrel with himself. "As hollow as a lamp-post, no doubt. Well, I shall go."

"And with his head over his shoulder turned,"

he proceeded a very short distance, in order to convince himself he meant what he said, when his peregrinations were put an end to by his foot slipping, and his immediately thereupon performing a somersault of which even Auriol might have been proud, and disappearing in the water.

The effect of the splash which followed his fall was terrific. An immense amount of screaming was instantaneously got up, and every one told every one else "to save him," which, however, no one offered to do. The excitement was at its height, when a matter-of-fact looking individual observed that it was not deep, on which every one became very courageous, and talked about "rescuing him from a watery grave"—a trouble they were saved, however, by the reappearance of Mr. Augustus Philips' feet above the surface of the stream, and presently afterwards of himself in full.

With a stern look, dripping like a river-deity, Mr. Philips scrambled on shore, endeavouring to appear totally indifferent to the laughter which now greeted him—an attempt, by-the-way, in which he signally failed.

On his asking in an imperious tone for his hat, the merriment became more boisterous than before, as the object in question, which had been launched with considerable force from its owner's head, in his involuntary descent, was now floating away far beyond his reach on the surface of the water.

"Excuse me, sir, but may I inquire what course you intend pursuing?" said the old gentleman, coming up with the young lady on his arm.

Mr. Augustus Philips was at first about to answer fiercely—very fiercely—and to show, that though he might fall into the water with any man, he was not to be insulted with impunity; but the frank open manner of his interlocutor, and perhaps the presence of his fair companion, completely disarmed him: he contented himself, therefore, by blushing first from the tip of his toes to the roots of his hair, and then from the roots of his hair to the tips of his toes, ultimately replying, "that he did n't exactly know, but that he rather inclined to the belief that he should take a stroll through the gardens."

"In that state!" said the old gentleman.

Mr. Augustus Philips replied that he should soon be dry, and finished by making some feeble and despicable joke about taking a bath for nothing.

"I think you would do better to take a cab," observed the old gentleman.

Mr. Augustus Philips, in his own mind, thought so too; but, alas! he had nothing in his pocket to pay the fare, and therefore, with some remark about borrowing a hat from one of the keepers, he was about to depart.

"I can't allow you to go in this way," said the old gentleman, retaining him. "Excuse the liberty I take, but this is not our first meeting—I was accidentally present in the police-court when your brother—"

"Do not allude to it, sir," replied Mr. Augustus, calling up his whole available stock of gall to his aid at the mention of what was more or less the primary cause of his own misfortune.

"Let me remark, then," continued the old gentleman, "that the keeper's hat alluded to is decorated with a gold band, which, however becoming on the head of its lawful proprietor, would be strangely displaced on that of a—a—"

"Member of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple," said Mr. Augustus, anxious to get away, no matter how or where, provided he could only hide himself from the gaze of the young lady, who had been a witness to his humiliation. "There, sir, is my card; believe me I shall always feel grateful for the—"

"What!" interrupted his companion, "Philips—Augustus Philips—why, yesterday your brother's name was Jones—but, of course it was, that's true—Philips—what, of Teddington?"

It now came out that the old gentleman, whose name was Bagster, had also resided at Teddington, and been a friend of Mr. Philips, sen., and that previously to his leaving the village, some twelve years ago, to settle in Kent, Augustus and the young lady on his arm, who was his daughter Harriet, had been playfellows together.

"Well, this is the best joke I ever heard of," said Mr. Bagster, laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks.

Willingly would Mr. Augustus Philips have done the same; but, after an unsuccessful attempt, he gave the thing up as a perfect failure, and contented himself with turning scarlet for about the fiftieth time, and remarking that they were "the observed of all observers."

"Bless my soul," said Mr. Bagster, now for the first time conscious of the crowd around, who stood with gaping mouths and staring eyes looking on, "you can't stop here—you shall come to my lodgings in St. James's Street—close at hand, you know—there you can first dry yourself, and afterwards have a chop and a chat about old times."

But Mr. Philips declared that he would never disgrace any one by walking in that plight with him through the streets—to which Mr. Bagster replied by an abortive attempt to pull him along by force—the matter being at last amicably settled by the old gentleman's agreeing to return to his house—of which he had given Mr. Philips the number, and the promise to keep the street door open—five minutes before that individual, who would then follow.

These conditions having been carried into execution by the departure of Mr. Bagster and Harriet, and the period fixed on having elapsed, Mr. Augustus Philips made a

sudden start, and set off at the top of his speed to Mr. Bagster's residence, and the great surprise of the mob, who, thinking he was suddenly afflicted with hydrophobia, fell aside to let him pass. To keep up, however, the popular treatment in cases of this kind, they instantly afterwards followed at his heels, hooting and yelling all the way, until Mr. Bagster's street-door had shut their victim from their sight; after which they amused themselves with looking at the exterior of the house about three hours longer, and then gradually departed, much edified by the result of their observations.

TO ENGLISH REPORTERS WRITING FROM FRANCE.

BY A MORNING PAPER'S "OWN CORRESPONDENT."

1. Of course you are supposed not to understand French. You must, therefore, make use of French words on every possible occasion.

2. Some authorities would recommend a constant reference to the dictionary, but unless you have some previous acquaintance with the French language this would be dangerous. For instance, you might speak of "a chest of drawers" as "*une poitrine de caleçons*," and allude to "a walking match" as "*une allumette marchante*."

3. The safest plan is to copy down the names of streets, and any French words which may appear in a play-bill, or on the *carte* at the *café* (which you must never call a coffee-house, as an *estaminet* must never be called a tavern). You will find that many of the names may be used with great advantage on occasions when you might least expect it.

4. Demi-slang words, such as "*rococo*" and "*chique*," may be introduced with considerable effect; and a sparing use of the expressions met with in the *tapis franc* conversations in the "Mysteries of Paris" (or *Mystères de Paris*, as you will, of course, call it) will be found to tell amazingly.

5. If you are writing from a provincial town, no matter what the inhabitants may be, complain of "the accent of this part of France," and speak of the *patois* as if you knew the difference between it and pure French.

6. Lose no opportunity of showing your knowledge of the various classes which compose French society. Remember that every fat man in a white waistcoat is a *bourgeois*; every boy, a *gamin*; and every young woman in a cap, a *grisette*.

7. Abuse England and the English, as if you forgot that you belonged to either the one or the other, and you will then have acted upon the plan generally adopted by English reporters writing from France.

ICE FOR THE MILLION.

THE following are a few particulars respecting a new speculative body in London, entitled "THE GREAT FROZEN OCEAN ICE COMPANY." The premises, one or two directors, and two or three magnificently pellucid blocks of the "congealed ocean," are already afloat; and any metropolitan lounger in search of a cooler, may "see through" the affair, without spectacles, in the course of his wanderings along the Strand.

The plan of the company is as follows:—Capital, £50,000,000, to be raised in shares of £50 each. £5 to be deposited on account of each share. The remainder to be "called for" the moment the Frozen Ocean "breaks up."

A fleet of fifty sail (of the *line*, of course) to be dispatched on the First of April next from the Thames direct for the Frozen Ocean (unless foul winds compel an indirect passage), armed with spades, pickaxes, and all the necessary implements for so (*h*)arduous an undertaking. Each ship to be freighted with a number of Irish labourers, whose exclusive duty it would be to "axe the way" to the frozen regions.

It is calculated that in proportion as the mercury of the thermometer sinks below zero, the shares of the company will rise; that is to say, the colder the weather becomes, the warmer of necessity will be the pockets of the shareholders, because, the greater the quantity of ice obtained, the greater will be the profits derivable therefrom. This is as clear as mud; or at all events as clear as a railway speech from Colonel Sibthorpe.

The moment a ship comes foul of an iceberg (or, which is more probable, an iceberg falls foul of a ship) the labourers will begin to demolish it, and load the vessel. This will have a twofold effect, as in proportion as the icebergs are by such means annihilated, so will the ship be released from being hemmed in and ice-bound; and they will have nothing to do but to navigate homewards. The "drift" of this plan can be easily imagined by the reader.

The affairs of the company will be conducted on a "sliding scale;" but it is advised that holders should be "firm" in order to avoid the chance of a "fall." The company calculate that if they can "stand upon their legs" only for one twelvemonth, they will be able to "break the ice" and conquer all difficulties.

The following are only a few of the advantages expected to be realized by the shareholders and the public at large:—

I. Champagne drinkers will be enabled to luxuriate in that beverage to perfection. Specimen "champagne ice corks" have been cut out of a "monster block," which being introduced into the bottles keep the wine in a deliciously cool state. These corks are warranted not to melt too rapidly. As, however, the sooner champagne is "up" the sooner it will be "down"—("still" champagne excepted)—there is little doubt of the corks outlasting the wine. They also give it a "sparkling" effect.

II. A "refrigerator" has been prepared, which precludes all possibility of an immense block of ice perspiring away, during the hottest season, more than one drop per minute. This is to prevent the ice taking a "drop too much."

III. To wholesale confectioners the advantages would be incalculable, because they will naturally require wholesale ice. They will, therefore, only have to give their orders for a whole iceberg at a time, when a ship will take one in tow and bring it home. A fair allowance will be made for "waste" on the voyage, as, whether the weather be hot or cold, "melting moments" will be inevitable.

IV. Skaters will also be able to pursue their diversions in the midst of summer—say even the dog days. The parks will, on application to the company, be laid with sheets of ice at the shortest notice, by which the summer months will be invested with all the characteristics of a Russian winter—and winter amusements will be afforded in summer weather. This will be peculiarly acceptable to the aristocracy and fashion, as they are most partial to everything "forced" and "out of season."

We had almost forgotten to mention, that at the foot of the prospectus appears an *N.B.*, to the effect that the Great Frozen Ocean Ice Company is in nowise connected with the "dissolving views" at the Polytechnic Institution.

OH, MAMMON! MAMMON!—The Premier flippantly remarks that he considers himself as good as a priest, for by offering the endowment to the Roman Catholic clergy in the shape of gold, he is "laying the extreme unction to their souls."

GRAPE SHOT—Prostrate with port beneath the table.

Q. When is a university student like a young goose?
A. When he 's *green* and *plucked*.

The £100 given to the Welsh Educational Institution by the Prince of Wales, is esteemed by the Cambrians a Welsh rare-bit. (Oh!)

A FEE SIMPLE—Five shillings for a hair-dye.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

TO THE "SHOWMAN."

SIR,—I am a medical assistant, which is a sufficient guarantee for my poverty. My days are spent in search of labour at a salary of £30 per annum, but the young gentlemen who come to London to walk the hospitals deprive me of success by giving their services gratis, or for an hour or two per day to attend the lectures. I have had an interview of late with a professional gentleman who deigned to grant me an audience of half an hour, and with whom I had nearly succeeded in making an engagement. He wished to know if I had seen much practice in midwifery? I answered—very much! Had I any objection (as a philanthropist) to stay in on the Sunday as well as any other day? I replied—no! Had I any aversion to rising, on an average, twice in the night? I agreed to this! Could I keep the books? I hoped I could! Did I understand Latin thoroughly? I trusted so! Was I conversant with the operations in cases of emergency? I was not afraid to venture on them! Was I a quick dispenser? I had, I thought, some dexterity in that department! Were my references good? I submitted to him the names of three surgeons and two clergymen! "Very well, sir," concluded the Æsculapian prodigy, "I see that we shall come to terms; but there is one request I have to make, which I think the generosity of your disposition will not suffer you to refuse." "Name it," I exclaimed eagerly. "In any unavoidable absence of my 'attendant,' have you any aversion occasionally to wait at table." Five smart lashes with my cane on the miscreant's shoulders was my answer, and I rushed like a madman from the room.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

PROBE.

PICTORIAL MUS ICAL NOTATION.

WE have invented a new system of Musical Notation by means of pictures, which, although subject, in a few cases, to some inconveniences, such as unintelligibility, is, we flatter ourselves, an improvement upon the inconsequential and other methods. If our system should be generally adopted, of which one or two of the best authorities have the presumption to entertain doubts, a piece of music will not only serve to demonstrate the talents of the musician, but also to exhibit the capabilities of the artist. We would indicate the names of the notes in the following manner:—

Do, by means of a doe rabbit. The sharpness of the note to be indicated by the elevation of the rabbit's ears, its flatness by their depression, its naturalness by their being in their ordinary state.

Re, by means of a ray of light. The sharpness to be indicated by the acuteness of the angle formed by the ray with the earth, the flatness by the obtuseness of the angle, and the naturalness by its being at right angles.

Mi, by means of an individual who is supposed to represent the person playing the piece of music. The individual could be represented as a writer for the PUPPET-SHOW if it were desired to indicate sharpness, flatness would be suggested by the portrait of a legitimate manager, and naturalness by the figure of an ordinary sort of being.

Fa, by means of a design which should give the idea of distance. Sharpness would be indicated by the land being represented as on an acclivity, flatness by an extended waste, and naturalness by an English meadow.

Sol, by means of the sun. Sharpness to be indicated by the sun in the tropics, flatness by the sun in Iceland, and naturalness by the sun in some country in the temperate zone.

La, by means of a young lady in astonishment, and who would, as a matter of course, exclaim la! Sharpness to be indicated by an excited state of astonishment, flatness by one of a more torpid character, and naturalness by a young lady in conversation with some other young lady who is conveying to her some ordinary piece of intelligence.

Si, by means of the sea. Sharpness to be indicated by the sea during a storm, flatness by a perfect calm, and naturalness by the sea in its usual condition.

N.B.—A gentleman belonging to the PUPPET-SHOW will be willing to give lessons according to the above system at the rate of five guineas *per* lesson.

A SNOBBISH MARRIAGE.

IT is curious that snobs cannot even marry without betraying their snobbish propensities. From last Friday's *Times*, we learn that a Mr. B—— married a Miss W——. This is all right and proper; but why should B—— inform the world that Don Miguel was to have been there but for the death of his aunt? Could the presence of the Don have made the occasion more solemn, or the match happier, or B—— more handsome, or W—— more beautiful? We will be bound that B—— is a far more able and honest man than the Don; and why truckle to him in such a manner? The Don is known to be a tyrant, and suspected to be a fool; and we can't see how such a character could ornament a religious ceremony in any way whatever.

In fact, dear B——, to brag of the Braganza is snobbish. Shut up the Peerage, open the *Book of Snobs*, read the PUPPET-SHOW, and you won't fall into such an error again. Do you really suppose that the great British public cares who was at your marriage; or whether the Don has lost his aunt, his cousin, or his grandmother?

SO MAY YOU.

WHEN you find yourself bereft of
Children, father, mother, wife—
When each tie is harshly severed
Which once bound you unto life,

Do not think that sorrows such as
These are either rare or new—
Millions of your fellow-mortals
Have endured them: so must you.

When you find, while fortune smileth,
Servile crowds flock to your side,
Who will blazon forth your virtues,
Who your faults will seek to hide,

Do not think that, Fortune frowning,
One a generous act would do—
Millions of your fellow-mortals
Know they would not: so shall you.

When you find your efforts seem to
Bring naught else but deadly blight—
When you see that all your struggles
Only draw your chains more tight,

Do not think that you can never
Snap the links—the bonds undo—
Millions of your fellow-mortals
Have o'ercome them: so *may you*.

THE FRENCH EDITOR TO HIS READERS.

IT is well known that newspaper editors change their politics as readily as they do their coats, and, in some cases, we are afraid, a great deal more often. The greatest ingenuity has lately been shown by the French editors in making this change, and in proving, as is usual in these cases, that the change is in fact no change at all—that "circumstances and not themselves have altered," &c., &c. At first thought it appears a difficult matter for a writer of royalist principles to prove in the short space of three days, and half a column of letter-press, that he is and always has been a thorough republican; but something in the following style has generally been successful in effecting this object:—

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS—It is now forty years since we had the pleasure of first addressing you. Of those who read our journal at its commencement, the old are now dead, the young are very far advanced in years, and even the children are middle-aged persons. We think we may state boldly that none, either of our original subscribers or of those who have subsequently honoured us with their patronage, will deny that we have, in spite of our name—which, after all, signifies nothing—always proved ourselves of stern unflinching republican principles. But the best way of establishing beyond doubt our love of freedom is by referring to our conduct under circumstances which gave us an opportunity of manifesting it. Have we not, then, we ask, always shown the greatest dislike to paying taxes, and have we ever paid the money for a bill-stamp without a sigh? And then the glorious words which at once convey the whole idea of our glorious republic! Who, when sent to Clichy by the diabolical machinations of inhuman creditors—who, under these trying circumstances, pined for LIBERTY with more eagerness than ourselves? Again, we have always maintained the principles of EQUALITY with the greatest strictness—plebeian by birth, we have always looked upon ourselves as perfectly on an EQUALITY with the proudest aristocrats. We are quite convinced that our love of FRATERNITY will not be questioned, for at the commencement of every new half-year we have never failed to call upon you, our subscribers, to unite one and all in paying up your subscriptions. LIBERTY, EQUALITY, and FRATERNITY are the principles which the Republic professes—LIBERTY, EQUALITY, and FRATERNITY are the principles which we have ever maintained. *Vive la République!*

CUFFEY THE CANTANKEROUS!

At the recent Chartist trials the renowned Cuffey played a part almost as conspicuous as that of the forensic firebrand, Mr. Kenealey.

The legal objections raised by Cuffey were scarcely less astute, or rather less asinine, than those of the pugnacious barrister. In fact Cuffey would have proved himself a most able junior to Kenealey, had he been a black sheep instead of a black victim of the law.

Kenealey was learned upon the corrupt practices of attorney-generals past and present; and Cuffey showed himself "well up" in Magna Charta and the rights of Englishmen. "I demand," said the black knight of the mangle, "to be tried by a jury of my peers!"

Now, who are Cuffey's peers?—Are they the grim barons who compelled John to sign his famous promissory-note? or did Cuffey (*nigroque similimus*) expect a jury of Ethiopian serenaders to be empanelled, with Boz's Juba, or Molyneux the black, as foreman? Perhaps Cuffey, who is intimate with Magna Charta, likewise possesses a smattering of black-letter law! If so, and the Webber Street conspiracy had succeeded, who knows but Cuffey might have sat, a Chartist Blackstone, upon the sable woolsack of the National Convention!

Fortunately, however, for Cuffey, and for society, these are enlightened times, else the Star Chamber might ere this have introduced Cuffey's head to its congenial block; or, at least, instead of Mr. Hemp being troubled to form a jury, Mr. Calcraft might have been required to provide a rope.

In short, we need look no further back than the days "when George the Fourth was king," to feel convinced that the black arts of the Chartists would have been counteracted by the black cap of the judge, and Cuffey and his co-conspirators be dangling like one of those numerous ropes of onions with which the neighbourhood of their meeting, Clare Market, abounds.

IN THE WRONG BOX.

The following letter was dropped by one of the jurymen on the Chartist trials, on the occasion of their being taken out for a walk by the officers in charge. The writer no doubt hoped that some charitable person would pick it up, and forward it to its destination; but as he had forgotten to put any address on the cover, the Showman, who found it, thought that the best course would be to print it in full in the Puppet-Show, by which means it could not fail to meet those eyes for which it was intended.

London Coffee-house,
Sept. 28, 1848.

Dear Little Diddy,

It is no use repining against one's fate, and therefore I shall not say how wretched and miserable I feel at being separated so long from my own dear darling. I will merely observe, that if there is one class of men I hate more than all others, it certainly is the Chartists, a set of—but I won't be violent; it only irritates me, and makes things worse.

How are matters going on? Is the beautiful Stilton that was begun the evening before my departure all gone? If not, lock it up till I return; and should your cousin Charles drop in, give him some of the kitchen Gloucester—it's quite good enough. By the way, as you must be dull without me, I will pay for a box for you at the theatre, provided you can get your father to go with you—and also take the children; but mind, I distinctly object to your going alone with Charles.

The coals, I suppose, are pretty well out by this time; if so, you can lay in two or three tons: I should think that would last you till my release.

There is one conclusion I have come to since I have been a victim to this legal tyranny: I will make my boys either butchers, surgeons, or clergymen, for then they cannot be seized upon and caged, no better than a set of convicts, whenever the Cuffeys of their day shall choose to get up a conspiracy, or the existing authorities take it in their head to make jurymen of them——

Your affectionate
Popsy.

P.S.—I suppose I *shall* get released by Christmas; however, there is no knowing. If I am not, I think you had better spend your Christmas with your father; in case, however, you do give a party yourself, you will, of course, not invite Charles.

MR. O'CONNOR'S SPEECH ON HIS RE-ELECTION.

The past Session has been iniquitous beyond expression, as the "six points" have been repudiated. In fact, its sole object has been to "catch" me, which, although Parliament has sat so much longer than usual, has not been accomplished. Many persons have been offered thousands of pounds to obtain my conviction, and any sum would now be given willingly for my valuable head.

In spite of a mercenary House of Commons and a venal press, I shall soon see the poor labourers occupying landed estates, and purchasing more from the manufacturer and tradesman than all the other classes put together. I possess no money myself: I don't care about it; in fact, I don't like money. But if I had twenty millions I would not spend a shilling of it on myself—I would give it all to the people.

My opinion of the House of Commons is that it does not contain one honest or talented man except myself.

My opinion of the Press is that it does not include one honest or talented journal except the *Northern Star*, which is published weekly, price sixpence. The London newspapers generally are edited by men who have been convicted of the most revolting crimes, and who can only be characterized as mean, sneaking thieves, and brutal, bloody-minded liars.

I advise my followers to avoid secret associations having violent objects in view; not because there is any crime in belonging to them, but because it is attended with danger.

If you will re-elect me, I pledge you my sacred word of honour that you shall have the Charter in eighteen months. In case Lord John Russell should presume to refuse it, I have made arrangements for obtaining it from Sir Robert Peel as soon as he takes office.

[Mr. O'Connor was then re-elected by a large majority of dirty hands.]

THE RING.

GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN JERVIS (THE "QUEEN'S BENCH BRICK"), AND KENEALEY (THE "OLD BAILEY SLASHER").

This interesting event came off last week, amidst a large attendance of the Fancy, at the Old Bailey. Both men were in good condition for the combat, having been in training at Billingsgate. Bodkin was the bottle-holder for the Brick, and Parry assisted the Slasher. The umpire was old Erle, who has had great experience in these matters.

Round 1.—The men came up to the scratch pluckily, and dodged knowingly for some time. The Brick made play with his right, which was well stopped by the Slasher's left. A struggle, and the Brick down. (Cries of "Go it, Slasher!")

Round 2.—The Slasher made play with his right, and tapped the Brick on the snout, from which the claret flowed copiously. ("First blood for the Slasher!")

The next round both parties gave unfair blows, and the umpire Erle was appealed to, on which the Slasher wanted to punch his head.

The fighting after this became more confused, the men hitting wildly. The Brick was heavily grassed, and came up piping and groggy with a mouse under his left eye. The Slasher's peepers were blackened when he tipped the Brick the Horsham cut, and was pronounced the winner, but the claim was denied by the backers of the Brick.

REMARKS.

We are not inclined to regard this affair as very creditable to the Ring. There was an ill-feeling evident on both sides, which is not often seen among the game cocks of good breed; and there was also a desire shown to snarl at the decision of the umpire. The Queen's Bench Brick could not keep his temper, and the Slasher hit foul blows once or twice. On the whole, the Slasher has improved in his hitting; but it must be said of him, as a fighter, that he does not known where to stop. A few more such combats, and the Old Bailey Ring will lose all its respectable supporters.

FIGHT TO COME.

Jervis and Ballantine.—2 Fees a-side.

POLICE REPORT.—WELLINGTON STREET.

MR. CHARLES FLASHLEY, a young gentleman of two-and twenty and a gentlemanly exterior, was brought up—from the cellar under our office, in which he had been confined—and placed in the dock before his Honour the SHOWMAN, charged with stealing a gold bracelet, the property of a young lady, under the following extraordinary circumstances:—

Miss Rose Wood, a young lady possessed of many personal charms, and £50,000, stated that the prisoner had for some time greatly annoyed her by following and staring immoderately at her wherever she went. He had lately taken lodgings opposite her papa's house, and was in the habit of closely watching all her movements. While walking with a friend the previous afternoon she had dropped her bracelet, which the defendant, who as usual was a few paces behind, had picked up, and resolutely refused to return.

Mr. Bully, of the firm of Bully, Swagger, and Bounce, who appeared for the defendant, said that his client had merely done what he, Mr. Bully—nay, he would venture to say what his Honour the SHOWMAN—would have done under similar circumstances. What were the facts of the case? A young man who, though not possessed of wealth, had what was far superior—a name that the breath of calumny had never tainted, and a character white and spotless as the snow-clad Alps—had fallen desperately in love with a young lady unfortunately possessed of £50,000; a fact, however, of which he was not at first aware, as she was an utter stranger to him. This young lady appeared to favour his suit, and had, while walking before him on the previous afternoon, dropped a bracelet, on which was the device of Cupid, with a bow and arrow in his hand. The defendant had picked it up; and was it not, he would ask, natural that the latter should suppose it intended for him? The idea of any felonious intention was as monstrous as it was ridiculous. His client had, it is true—and in his, Mr. Bully's, opinion, very justly—refused to restore it, believing that such was not the young lady's wish, but merely that of her parents, who were averse to the match.

In answer to his Honour the SHOWMAN, Miss Wood replied that she had never given Mr. Flashley any encouragement. She did not know the intrinsic value of the bracelet. It was a present from Captain Orlboots, of the Blues.

His Honour said it appeared to him that Mr. Flashley had been deceived as regarded the young lady's sentiments. He did not suppose that he had been actuated by felonious motives in keeping the gauntlet—he meant the bracelet—and that, therefore, he should merely order him to restore it, at the same time advising him to be more careful in future. The parties then withdrew.

The SHOWMAN has been induced to make this case public, in the hope that it may be a warning to young gentlemen against supposing that a young lady cannot blow her nose, gape, wear a flower in her bosom, sneeze, cough, or drop a bracelet, without intending each and every of these actions to be a sign of her admiration and love.

THE QUEEN'S RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.

HER Gracious Majesty is showing a wisdom befitting her rank in coming back so soon from Scotland. She must be very glad to escape the reporters, who have been taking the necessary steps—very long ones too—to pick up every detail about her for the gratification of the SNOBS. We observe that the *Times'* reporter, with his usual good taste, says, in speaking of her projected departure, "it was intended that the *Virago* should proceed to sea!" This is certainly very loyal indeed on the part of the liner, and had it been said of Queen Elizabeth, would have ensured him a good box on the ear from that delicate, lady-like sovereign.

One of the devices—a very stupid device as we think—in honour of the Queen, at Aberdeen, was the "Aberdeen bow," in exhibiting which we think the authorities very much overshot the mark, for what meaning it could have we cannot understand. Indeed, the bow-string would have been a very proper reward for the stupid inventor of the compliment.

It is rumoured that the reporters who have been dogging Her Majesty are to be next employed as spies upon the Chartists.

A SATURNINE ASTRONOMER.

WE learn from the *Times* of the 30th ult. that Mr. W. Lassell, the astronomer, has been starring it in the provinces. He informs the world that he has discovered an eighth satellite of Saturn, which clearly shows what a servile system the Solar System is, where one potentate has no less than eight satellites in attendance on him.

Lassell seems a man of a supercilious disposition, for he says, "I did not recognise Iapetus." What had Iapetus done that he should be cut dead in this manner? Had he been going out of his proper sphere, and presuming on Mr. Lassell's intimacy with him? Mr. Lassell says that the reason this satellite has escaped observation, has been its "extreme faintness." We are sorry that it has been unwell; but now that it has partaken of a "glass" of Mr. Lassell's, we hope that it will appear permanently in sidereal society, and take a place in the galaxy of fashion. We must encourage Mr. Lassell to pursue his inquiries, and bend his orbs upon the heavenly orbs; and may say to him, in the words of the Roman,

"Sic itur ad astra!"

THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

SITTING at breakfast in the parlour when a wasp flies in at the window and stings your pretty daughter Sophia's nose, on the very day that young Cockles, your rich neighbour, is to call and pop the question.

Returning home at night (their being no gas, of course, to disturb your simple hamlet), you stumble across something, which a grunt, as you fall, shows to be a pig.

PUBLIC SECURITIES—The Chartists in prison.

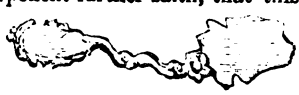
Affidavit Extraordinary.

JULIUS SAUFTSKULL, of Muddlefog, gentleman, maketh oath, and saith, that having seen divers times an advertisement in the morning papers, setting forth on the face thereof that, if he sent unto one C. WATSON eight postage stamps, he should in return therefor, and free of all postage charge, receive a splendid solid Albata Plate Spoon.

And this deponent also says, that he did send the said eight postage stamps.

And this deponent further says, that this is a true and correct copy of the spoon he so expected to receive, with the several designs made thereon before the delivery thereof to this deponent.

And this deponent further saith, that this is a true and correct copy of the spoon he did receive, with the several squashings of the post-office letter stamps made thereon before the receipt thereof by this deponent.



And this deponent prays that your Honour the SHOWMAN will be pleased to direct that Government extend a little of the same care which they have ever shown for aristocratic spoons to spoons of albata plate.

JULIUS SAUFTSKULL.

Sworn before me this 25th day of September, 1848, having been first duly signed by the said deponent,

The Showman

London: Printed by WILLIAM DOVER, of No. 105 Blackfriars Road, in the County of Surrey, at the Office of Vizetelly Brothers and Co. Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and published by the said WILLIAM DOVER at the Office of the Puppet-Show, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, in the parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.

FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

Chapter XIII.—On Rowing Men—Their Manners and Customs.

AFTER crossing to the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, if you turn up to your right through the narrow unpaved lane which leads through Stangate, you will come to Mr. Searle's great boat and boating station—the Tattersall's of the river, and the prime lounge and rendezvous of the rowing men. Pass through the capacious shed, amid stacks and piles of wherries, gigs, and funnies, and you will find yourself on the shingly beach inspecting the labours of Jacks-in-the-water, who are fastening little mats on the thwarts of boats, and bringing oars and sculls from the repository above, for the behoof of groups of rowing men who are chatting and smoking around.

They are generally a stalwart set, these amateur watermen of the Thames—with very broad shoulders, very muscular arms, and very horny red hands. They make it a point of honour to wear the very shaggiest of pea-coats, the very clumsiest and loosest of duck trowsers, and the very broadest brimmed of straw-hats. Of course when afloat the pea-jacket is thrown off; and a species of garment resembling a second cotton skin is displayed; this integument fitting so tight, and showing the muscular development so well, that when an eight or six-oar shoots by a steamer on her way to Richmond, the young ladies on the deck feel themselves bound by the highest moral obligations to simper faintly, and look up at each other through the corners of their eyes.

The conversation of the rowing man is generally technical and characteristic. We subjoin a sample, laying the scene on the shore at Searle's?

1st Rowing Man. Did n't Charley Stokes pull stroke in the Guy's?

2nd Rowing Man. Aye, but he sculls better. Doubleday thought so, and he trained him for that match in the outrigger wager boat.

3rd Rowing Man. He did n't pull that so ill—but he got out of stroke under the Chancellor's. Charley will be good this season.

2nd Rowing Man. Now, then, Jack. When are we to have that ran-dan?

Jack-in-the-water. All right, sir!

1st Rowing Man. We 're losing a Richmond tide.

3rd Rowing Man. And I want to say something to Mrs. Avis at the Bells.

2nd Rowing Man. Who 's seen Philps?

1st Rowing Man. I have—he 's got his new boat and is training beautifully. His arms are like steel.

3rd Rowing Man. Philps is only good for a spurt at going off.

1st Rowing Man. They say the outrigger's given him a lift, though. Is the match settled?

2nd Rowing Man. Yes, the last deposit was made at the Swan on Tuesday. Tom showed and looked quite plucky, for all the *Bell's Life*.

Jack-in-the-water. Now, then, Gen-l-m'n.

And the ran-dan—that is to say, a wherry manned by three rowers, the first and third pulling oars and the centre man pulling sculls—glides rapidly along the bank, on her way to the green shores of Richmond.

The rowing man may be seen to perfection at that pleasant river inn, the Eight Bells of Putney. Only snobs put in at the Red House. Sunday counter-jumpers out at sixpence an hour in a funny hired at Hungerford—or gentlemen who patronize long clay pipes, and row "their young women as they are keeping company with" up to Chelsea. But Putney is the grand resting station on the way to the upper reaches of the river—to the region where towing-paths stretch along the banks, and the tall green rushes rise rustlingly from the clear stream, and bushy aits gem the quiet surface. Very pleasant it is, from the old clumsy straddling wooden bridge to watch the quick coming quick going eights and sixes as they shoot by—their coxswains bobbing in the sterns, and every arm, every muscle of the rowers working like the mechanism of a watch. Here and there the sculler floats along in that elongated cockle-shell known as a wager boat, the occupant sometimes resting on his dripping oars, then with one long powerful stroke sending the canoe-like craft shooting a dozen yards along, or rather on, the very top of the surface, leaving hardly a bubble in its wake. And the majority of the boats glide insensibly towards the shingle beneath the Eight Bells, and the crews stand about on the beach in that picturesque state of semi-nakedness so much favoured by rowing men, or loiter in balconies, or smoke at open windows, and watch the gaudy Richmond steamers, or the lagging Brentford barges, as they tail to re-erect their stumpy mast and brown-raked sails and float steadily on with the rising tide past the Bishop of London's shrubberies.

The thorough rowing man seldom troubles his head about other sports. He knows nothing about a yacht, and probably has seldom passed the North Forland without dolefully murmuring curses on salt water, and all that appertains to it. Still less does he affectionate the sports of the field. He 's all for fresh water, wager wherries, oars, and sculls. He turns in his weekly sporting paper to "Aquatics" first; and devours all the gossip of all the matches *in petto* before he thinks of the Metropolitan Steeple-chase or the Liverpool grand meeting. The rowing man is well up in river chaff and slang, and can encounter a bargee with his own weapons. He is aware of the hidden barb—where it is, or what it is, we have never been able to discover—struck home by the inquiry,

"Who eat the puppy pie under Marlow Bridge?" He is not discomposed by being saluted as "white-headed Bob," and requested to come out of the wherry and look at himself sculling; nor does he mind being asked to send a lock of his hair to the applicant, by means of the Parcel Delivery Company. Generally despising all these taunts, as well as any depreciatory criticism of his style of rowing which he may encounter, he pulls steadily along, undergoing, for the pure love of the thing, about as much labour, in urging his boat from Westminster Bridge to Richmond Bridge and back again, as many a gentleman, sent into retirement for a month or two for putting his hands into his neighbour's pockets, performs in the course of a day's salubrious exercise at Brixton.

The rowing man is generally a member of a boat club, and passes half his time during the season in the sub-

scription rooms appertaining to it. Here matches are made up, the merits of watermen discussed, the build of wherries criticized, and the chances of the next regatta debated. The rowing man is generally jolly and convivial in his tastes, affectionating cigar-cases, and never shrinking from a pull at the pewter—except when he is training for a match, when he makes it a point of honour to dine upon half raw beef-steak, and a scanty allowance of pump. He is fond of exhibiting the muscles of his fore-arm, and always knows his weight to an ounce. The rowing man loves the Thames. He thinks all other rivers humbugs compared to it. He wonders whether the Danube could turn out an eight-oar like the Leander, or whether there be a couple on the Rhine, from the Lake of Constance to Rotterdam, who could touch the Double-dees. And having propounded these two subjects for wonderment, with a confident, scornful air, he laughs complacently, and calling for a bottle of ginger-beer and a pint of ale in a quart pot, mixes the liquids and drinks to Old Father Thames in a flowing beaker of shandy-gaff.

THE FAST WRITER IN THE "TIMES."

LAST week a writer in the *Times* compared the dulness of our law courts to that of a "patent theatre devoted to the performance of the legitimate drama." We understand that this comparison has excited the greatest indignation among the slow and legitimate classes. Webster has declared that he will not advertise in the *Times* after opening the Haymarket with his "legitimate" company; Sadlers' Wells has taken the paper off the free list; and Mrs. Warner, while hesitating as to what ulterior steps she shall take, has, nevertheless, remained in hysterics since the appearance of the article. At the same time, Cowell and the mob who howled and hooted at the Monte Christo company have not been idle. A meeting of the gang was called, and a resolution adopted which binds the members, on entering their penny coffee-shops, not to ask for the *Times;* they have even threatened, in case of the *Times* maintaining its anti-legitimate views, to demand the *Herald*, and one, more daring than the rest, goes so far as to swear that he will read it.

THE QUEEN'S TRAIN.

THERE is woe in the halls of the Puritans, and wail in the conventicles of the bigots. Her Majesty returning from Scotland travelled on Sunday by an *express train!* Her loyal subjects in Scotland are therefore divided between the snobbism which prompts to servile imitation, and the bigotry which impels to Methodist snivel. We are anxious to see how they will act between the two influences.

In the first place, will they do in a religious matter, as they do in matters of dress and fashion—ape the liberalism, as well as imitate the customs of the Sovereign? In that case, their darling bigotry must be sacrificed. On the other hand, if they still repudiate Sunday travelling after Royal example, what becomes of that fervent loyalty which generally harmonises so well with bigotry in the pious mind? The truth is, they are in a difficult position—"Bow down, Snob," says Society, on the one hand; "stick up, Bigot," says Cant, on the other.

We are inclined to believe that Sunday travelling will gain the day, for this reason—that Puritanism is not sincere, and Snobbism is. We think that Her Majesty's Sunday journey will be found to have acted as a charm, and the Royal breath to have melted the chill fanaticism of the Agnewites. In fact, their pretended respect for the Lord's Day will be transferred to the Queen's day, and they will keep the Sabbath holy by running special trains in honour of the Sovereign who, having spent six days in doing all that she had to do in Scotland, hallowed the seventh by hurrying home as fast as she could.

We therefore expect, that the Agnew sect, whose list of "necessary works" on Sunday has hitherto included only preparing a hot dinner and sending the servants to church, will now comprehend travelling by railway also. Let us thank Providence that the snobbish sentiment is likely to do good for once—a consideration which should induce us to overlook the fact, that in her anxiety to set a good example, Her Majesty did not hesitate to run the risk of offending the feelings of a few thousands of her subjects.

THE ILL-READ REPUBLICANS.—Some astonishment has been expressed by Our Discharged Contributor that the "Red" Republicans should be so called, when most of them never perused a book in their lives.

THE IRISH TRIALS.

(A FRAGMENT.)

JOHN O'BALLAGHAN examined. Remembers the —th instant. Saw Mr. Smith O'Brien there.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL—Do you see him now?

WITNESS—No, sir.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL—Look in the dock, s'r.

Mr. WHITESIDE—I object—

LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE—Your objection is overruled, sir.

Mr. WHITESIDE—But, my—

LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE—Go on, witness.

WITNESS—I never saw Mr. O'Brien, sir.

Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN—The witness is lying, my lord.

Mr. WHITESIDE—A very fit man for a Crown witness!

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL—I protest against such observations.

CHIEF-JUSTICE—Call the next witness.

Constable TIMKINS, A 91—Was at the widow M'Cormack's. Shot two men. (*Laughter.*)

Cross-examined—Is a very good shot. (*Renewed laughter.*)

CHIEF-JUSTICE—Have you still a shot in the locker? (*Roars of laughter.*)

Mr. WHITESIDE protested.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL could not un—

Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN wanted—

WITNESS—Please, my—

USHER of COURT—Silence. (*Roars of laughter.*)

CHIEF-JUSTICE—Go on, witness.

&c. &c. &c.

OUR LEADER.

THE CHOLERA.

THERE is no use in speculating any further whether the Cholera will come or not. It is here. It is a fact as indisputable as Whig incompetence. It has throned itself on the dirt of Edinburgh, and its breath is poisoning the air of the north. The time for prophets is gone by, and England must act—or perish.

Meanwhile, what are they about in the City—that part of the country which is the first to join in agitation, and the last to abolish dirt? They are talking about the disorder—babbling about the danger—agreeing in nothing, except that their Medical Officer should be paid worse than a flunkey. They are stingy in the face of death. The fact is, they care nothing for the public safety. Each man looks after himself, and each man thinks *he* will escape, whatever becomes of the rest of the world. The very shadows of death cannot cloud the bright hopes of a fool; the noise of the chariot wheels of the Destroyer does not drown the babble of an idiot.

It seems ridiculous to allude to such a person as Mr. Wire, as likely to do any harm by his exertions against the cause of common sense; but so long as he is listened to at meetings, and reported in the *Times*, he may be dangerous. We therefore point him out as one of the worst examples of the stupid sort of opponents of useful measures, and, contenting ourselves with doing so, leave him to his impotent recalcitration and his un-echoed bray.

The time is now come when extraordinary activity must be resorted to; and the middle classes must not be deterred from their exertions when they see, as they certainly will, the aristocracy hurry from the scene of danger and difficulty with shameless indifference and dishonest haste.

It should be remembered, that the Cholera must be met by individual, even more than public, precautions; and we think that, on the whole, no one will go very far wrong who looks carefully after his health, and disregards Mr. Wire, who looks on all precautions as "extravagant humbug!"

PINS & NEEDLES.

A correspondent thinks that one single interesting passage in the speeches of Mr. Anstey is, like the north-west one, yet to be discovered.

It appears that the Yankees are bringing forward one of their most distinguished Whigs as a candidate for the Presidency against his will! This shows how fond they are of smoking their *Clay*.

Several commissions, conferring the titles of captain, colonel, general, &c., have been found in the pockets of some of the Irish rebels. The authorities should end the work they have begun by sending the owners to a madhouse, "commissions of lunacy" having already been taken out.

Douglas Jerrold is often unable to finish his works. How touching when so great a sympathy exists between an author and his readers!

A certain Mr. Garnet, and other members of the Marylebone Vestry, are very indignant at the Commissioners of Police attempting to impose an increased rate. Strange, that though they can perceive the hideousness of such conduct in others, these worthies should still so overrate themselves.

Christina and her paramour Munoz have lately obtained a royal decree creating them infants of Spain. This only confirms us in the opinion which their obnoxious and silly conduct has long since inspired us with, that they are in their second childhood.

The New York papers speak of the quantity of base coins in circulation in that city. We defy them, however, to show half as many bad (s)cents there as we can in London.

In the announcement of the Adelphi Theatre, the *Sun* of 7th instant talks of the "original designs of Digby Watts, Esq." We should say that this cannot be particularly gratifying to Digby Wyatt, Esq., the gentleman intended; however, he must console himself with the reflection "What's in a name!"

At Rouen the workmen, having refused to work eleven hours a day, have struck, and arrested the progress of the different orders in hand. In order to give a finish to the affair, we suppose the authorities have arrested the workmen.

An immense crowd assembled on the 5th instant at Berlin, and burned with great ceremony a board on which was inscribed "The laws of the Burger Guard of the 4th October, 1848," which are very unpopular. The guard was quickly called out, and several of the ringleaders captured and conveyed to prison. We should say that however discontented these individuals were with their board, they are at present much more dissatisfied with their lodging.

Wherever politicians meet
In circles low or high,
"How selfish are the Whigs" is now
The universal cry.

But this, 't is plain, is grossly false;
For Lord John and his crew
Seem really to *forget themselves*
In everything they do.

A Man of Colour.—Mr. Cuffey, who is half a "nigger" and indignant at the severity of the law, sarcastically asks if he blushes for his bad actions, will not the authorities arrest him for indulging in a game at *rouge et noir?*

A Bad Foundation.—The Chartists, speaking of Powell, say that the only leg the Government had to stand upon at the recent trials was a "black-leg."

A TOUCHING BALLAD.

I saw him in his lonely room,
A-pacing to and fro;
His step was hurried, and he paused
From time to time in woe.

His face was buried in his hands,
The tears fell thick and fast;
"Oh! from these tortured eyes," cried he,
"Has peace for ever past?"

I shared his pain, the poignant words
Seem'd bleeding from his heart;
And so I tried with sympathy
Some solace to impart.

But he exclaimed, "Oh! ne'er like me,
May you feel want or know ill:
I've washed my face with yellow soap,
And cannot find the towel!"

Metamorphosis.—A giraffe, some ostriches, and camels have arrived at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, as presents from Ibraham Pasha. They will be forthwith transformed into "metropolitan *lions*" for public entertainment.

SMITH O'BRIEN'S POETRY.

Mr. Smith O'Brien, to amuse himself, writes poetry. The following is a specimen published in the *Times*:—

"Whether on the gallows high,
Or in the battle's van,
The only place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

We give the last fragment of the composition of this gentleman, who is a poet among rebels and a rebel among poets:—

"Whether on the road called high,
Or in the prison van,
The only time for man to fly
Is when he flies from man."

A notorious sponger who, cannibal-like, lives by dining on his acquaintances, suggests the following:—

"Whether in the attic high,
Or from the kitchen pan,
The only place for me to dine
Is anywhere I can."

A STUPID ANECDOTE.

One of the London papers (of which, from motives of respect, we will not give the name) lately published an anecdote about "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." An anecdote should always be true or interesting (to expect both, would perhaps be unreasonable), but this was neither one nor the other. It was intended to show that the officers of the French National Guard were so proud and so idiotic, that they would not remain in the same railway carriage with one of the privates; but, as the officers and privates belong to the same class of society, the anecdote only shows that the writer of it is guilty of an absurdity and an untruth. Really, after such absurdities as the above, English journalists ought not to be too hard on the French for imagining that our aristocracy sell their wives, and rush out of their castles to plunder the passers-by.

OUR DISTORTING GLASS. No. VIII.

HARRIET MARTINEAU, THE MODERN SPHINX.

We this week present our readers with a portrait of Miss Martineau in her latest impersonation—that of the Egyptian Sphinx. The Sphinx was a strong-minded female—so is Miss Martineau; the Sphinx had a wide reputation—so has Miss Martineau; the Sphinx has been much criticised—so has Miss Martineau.

The Sphinx was principally remarkable for asking gentlemen riddles, and on their being unable to answer them, devouring them for lunch. We are not aware that Miss Martineau is addicted to conundrums or cannibalism; but we may safely say that were she to devour all those who cannot understand her hieroglyphical writings, she would have more work on her hands than she would easily get through.

In one respect Miss Martineau strongly resembles the Sphinx—she objects to over-population. Her prototype remedied the evil by eating the superfluity, as we have seen; in the present degenerate age of the world, females use no weapon but the pen.

Conscience Money.—Last week a contributor to the *Man in the Moon* forwarded a bad sixpence to Mr. Mark Lemon as "conscience money," for a joke which he had inadvertently taken from the columns of *Punch*. The amount has been paid over as income tax for the past year due from the proprietors of the journal to the Government.

Exhibition of a "Gentlemen from London."—About ten days since, a "gentleman from London," who had seen Louis Napoleon in that city, arrived in Paris. We suppose, from what resulted, that this gentleman was publicly exhibited to the journalists of Paris and the correspondents of our own papers; for, on the following day, half the Paris editors and a third of the London reporters had seen the mysterious gentleman, and proclaimed the same in their respective columns. We can understand that, in the present state of the French metropolis, a "gentleman from London" is a rarity, but we should have imagined that he would have been seized upon by the hotel-keepers rather than by the *littérateurs* of that city.

SOCIAL AXIOMS.

M. Thiers is publishing an essay, in the *Constitutionnel*, to prove that a man has a right to his own property. He admits that, previously to the existence of the Communists, there would have been no more need for the proof than for one of the axiom that a straight line lies evenly between its extreme points; although, in the present day, it is much needed. We understand that the bankers, hotel-keepers, and tradesmen generally, of the French metropolis, are about to select some of the principal truths contained in M. Thiers's work, and to hang up the same in a conspicuous part of their premises. The following have been already decided upon, and, what is more, will be acted upon in spite of the protests of M. Prudhon:—

"Any dealer selling an article of the value of five francs, has a right to the sum of five francs in return.

"Any person tendering two francs in payment of an article value one franc, has a right to one franc in return.

"Every person, even if a Communist, may be called upon, in strict accordance with the laws of society, to pay for his dinner. *N.B.*—The above rule is also to apply to the wine which may be consumed during the said dinner.

"Every person, Communist, Socialist, or otherwise, may be legally called upon to pay his tailor.

"If any French subject walk along the streets with a thousand francs in his pocket, the said sum is not legally the property of every person, Communist, Socialist, or otherwise, who may choose to take it from him."

THE BEAU MONDE.

Policeman, G. 70, took his tea last Sunday evening with the ladies of the establishment in the kitchen of Mr. Badger, the eminent barrister; at ten, he took his departure, after taking a few innocent liberties with his fair entertainers: he also took the remnants of a giblet-pie.

Miss Sarah Brown, whose mother occupies a garret in a retired part of St. Giles's, has lately been led to the hymeneal altar by R. Swipes, Esq., of the same well-known house. The lovely bride was to have been given away by her respected uncle, Mr. Nimbleclaws, but, as his presence was indispensably necessary at Brixton, where his services were required by Government—in connexion, we believe, with the *rotatory* system—he was unavoidably prevented from attending.

SNOBBISM IN MOURNING.

We perceive that the Queen Dowager of the Two Sicilies has died lately—a practice which we are sure the aristocracy must consider disgustingly vulgar and common. The court are to go into mourning on the occasion, and for the next few weeks will therefore look more hideous than their attire usually makes them. We do not see why mourning, however, should be confined to the court. The *plebs* care just as much, we are sure, for the demise of the royal lady as the "higher orders." The Showman therefore directs that the following mourning shall be worn by the people:—

The washerwomen to wear seedy crape, and when taking their gin to say, "La, poor old lady, who 'd a thought it!" occasionally.

The dustmen to wear black corduroys, and countenance to match, black stockings, and bluchers. Their drink, like their mourning, to be deep.

John Stiggles, whose eye has been black for some period, is requested to keep it in the same condition.

The courts and alleys will go out of mourning on the 29th.

Our friend the *Observer* keeps up his reputation this week for absurdity. He tells us that a jury in Liverpool, in a case where two persons were discovered dead in their beds, brought in a verdict of "*found drowned*." Was the editor on the jury in this case, or is it a libel merely on them? If the jury did bring in *such* a verdict, one thing we are assured of, they must be subscribers to the *Observer*.

AN EASTERLY WIND BLIGHTING THE IRISH PIKE CROP.

A FEW PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. AUGUSTUS PHILIPS.

Chapter VI.—The Pilot is invited to take part in a Water Party.

Half an hour after the events recorded in our last chapter, Mr. Augustus Philips, clad in a complete suit of Mr. Bagster's clothes, which the latter had insisted he should put on, while his own were drying down stairs, was seated discussing the promised chop and sundry topics of by-gone days.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," said Mr. Bagster, after the cloth was removed; "if it had not been for your involuntary immersion, we should not have engaged the pleasure of your company as we are now doing."

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Philips; "that is to say—I mean—really I—the pleasure is all on my side."

It would be impossible to enumerate half the blunders and mistakes which Mr. Augustus Philips committed on that evenful afternoon. They were certainly sufficient to have rendered him ridiculous a hundred times over in the eyes of his former playmate Harriet; but, strange to say, they appeared to produce on her quite a contrary effect.

"Why, papa," said the young lady, looking at her watch, "I declare it's six o'clock. How quickly the time has flown."

"I am sure—I ought to feel highly flattered at—at—that being the case," said Mr. Augustus.

"Why?" asked Harriet.

"Because," stammered out Mr. Augustus in return—"because—I—I ought to——". He meant to have said, "Because he ought to esteem it as a compliment to himself;" but, somehow or other, the words stopt short in his throat, while he tried to hide his confusion by helping himself to another glass of wine, looking all the time he was drinking at the bottom of the glass, as if he expected to find a stock of confidence there.

At six o'clock, Harriet left them to spend the evening and next day with an old school-fellow at Fulham. On her departure, her father observed, that, instead of stopping there, it would be much preferable if they took a cab, and went down to Mr. Augustus's chambers, as he should very much like to see them, and renew his acquaintance with the Pilot, whom he had known as a little child.

It was vain that Mr. Augustus raised objections. The old gentleman good-humouredly insisted, and half an hour later they were in the Temple. After an amicable discussion who should pay the driver, which ended in Mr. Bagster's doing so, and Mr. Augustus Philips's returning to his pocket an old washing bill which he had taken thence, and remarking something about "having nothing less about him than a cheque for twenty pounds," both parties mounted the three flights of stairs which conducted to Mr. Philips's chambers.

On knocking, the door was opened by an individual with a short and very black-looking pipe in the corner of his mouth. This person was no other than the Pilot himself, whom Augustus immediately introduced to Mr. Bagster.

"Who could believe it possible," said that gentleman, after a little; "it makes one look old. Why, I can recollect the time when you were just able to clamber up to my knee."

"Which was, of course, my NE *plus ultra*," said the Pilot.

"Quite professional, you see," said Mr. Augustus, with a reproving glance at his brother and pointing to the books which were lying about the apartment, while he pulled down the window to let out the tobacco smoke; "and so quiet."

At this part of his discourse, he was interrupted by the following curious production, which proceeded from the adjoining chambea:—

"And cried, 'Sir, you've taken too much by a cup,
And so 'fore the magistrate you must come up.'
Said Joe, as he fetched him a crack on the crown,
'You mean, my dear Peeler, that you must go down.'
Singing down, down, down derry down."

"Some acquaintances of my brother's," said Mr. Augustus, rather annoyed.

"To whom," continued the Pilot, in spite of all the winks and hints Augustus was giving him, "I shall be delighted to introduce you. They are particular friends of mine: by name Probe and Splint—by nature the most conscientious fellows I know. Indeed, so impressed are they with the dignity and respectability of the profession they have embraced, that they have determined on sowing all their wild-oats before obtaining their diploma; and an uncommon amount of labour they have consequently got to perform." With this remark he led the way into the next room.

"Gentlemen," said the Pilot, "allow me to introduce to you the friend of my infancy; Mr. Bagster—Messrs. Probe and Splint. Messrs. Probe and Splint—Mr. Bagster." Messrs. Probe and Lint said they were most honoured, and Mr. Bagster, having bowed in the direction where he supposed the two gentleman were seated, but which the tobacco smoke would not allow him to swear to, and coughed out, "Great—pleasure—I—am—sure—highly delighted—" took advantage of tumbling over a chair, to stop there.

In a little time the whole party got to be on very friendly terms. The old gentleman found Messrs. Splint and Probe to be very agreeable fellows; they did not speak much, it is true, but then they drank all the more, and the Pilot made up for any deficiency that might otherwise have existed in the conversational department. To use his own expressions—"Having submitted Mr. Bagster to a severe examination, he found him to be a brick of the very hardest possible material," and then proceeded, in spite of all his brother could do to the contrary, to state that, in consequence of his frolic at Ramsgate, his brother was drained; but that a friend to whom he had applied, had, greatly to their surprise, not as referring to the will, but to the ability, lent them ten pounds; that there was no harm in being in difficulties—on the contrary, they served to sharpen and excite the intellectual powers; as a proof of which he begged to relate how he had put off his brother's bootmaker that very day.

"I knew," said he, "that the tradesman in question had called on my brother in the morning, and intended doing so again in the afternoon. I also knew that it was more than probable that my brother—for such is his nervousness—would hardly be able to meet the biped himself, much less his demands. Now, there is a certain Lord Scratcheraigie, a Scottish nobleman, who subscribes twenty pounds a-year to that excellent charity, the hospital to which I have the honour of belonging, and benevolently sends all his servants when they are ill; by which process he gains a considerable annual profit, and shows to what extent he venerates the soft and gentle virtue of charity—when it begins at home. This morning I saw one of his footmen, whom I had been attending for some time past. I gave the fellow a couple of shillings, and my instructions; the result of which was that the obnoxious creditor had only just made his appearance within these time-honoured precincts, when a knock was heard at the door, and my friend of the yellow plush came in with an invitation from the Earl of Scratcheraigie, requesting 'the honour of Mr. Augustus Phillips's company to dinner on Wednesday next'—an honour," continued the Pilot, looking very knowingly at Mr. Bagster, "which I was reluctantly obliged to decline, as I knew my brother was engaged for that day with the Dowager Marchioness of Fitz-Filbert. It's very strange," said the Pilot, in conclusion, "how this altered the state of things; scarcely had the majestic calves of the more or less pampered menial disappeared, than the bootmaker suddenly recollected that, if it were not quite convenient for Augustus to settle the account then, he could wait till next Christmas, as he had unexpectedly received money from other quarters, and that he should only be too happy to execute any orders we might choose to honour him with; and, as I like to diffuse content as far as it lies in my humble power, I immediately allowed him to take my measure for two pairs of boots."

The tone now became most familiar, and Mr. Bagster was so delighted with his new acquaintances, that he gave them all an invite to a water party and picnic, for that day three weeks, provided they would promise to pull.

This was agreed to, *nem. con.*; and the Pilot observing, as he drank Mr. Bagster's health, that they would immediately prove they were good hands at a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, each gentleman emptied his particular tumbler, turning it upside down, and letting one drop drain out upon his thumb-nail in proof that he had done so.

Whether it was owing to the heat of the room, or to the excitement of speaking, we know not, but certain it is that Messrs. Probe and Splint and likewise Mr. Bagster were rather unsteady in their gait, and unsettled in their ideas when they left, and that, on two cabs being called, Mr. Splint got into that in which was Mr. Bagster instead of the one tenanted by Mr. Probe, the consequence of which was that Mr. Bagster found himself on awaking next morning in a small truckle bedstead in a three-pair back in Titchfield Street, while Mr. Probe first saw the rays of light in a cell of the station-house, having been conveyed thither on his obstinate refusal to move from the door-step of Mr. Bagster's lodgings in St. James's Street, where the cab had set him down.

"BRITONS' BEST BIRTHRIGHT—TRIAL BY JURY."

About a fortnight since an action was brought against the asserted proprietor of a low gaming house.

The principal witness swore hard and fast that the defendant *was* the proprietor, and no evidence was called to prove the reverse. It, however, appeared that the witness had been many years a notorious gambler, and his testimony was therefore not credited.

About the same time some stupid, and certainly criminal, Chartists were tried for an offence, in which the Government prosecuted. The principal witness, as in the other case which we have cited, was a blackleg; but a blacker blackleg than the other—one who had been paid so much per day for helping to cheat the Epsom greenhorns at thimble-rigging. He was also a spy, and had many other worse points about him than the other blackleg. He was a more thorough scoundrel, and one probably of longer standing; for when blackleg No. 1 was insulted by Mr. Clarkson, he became excited, and called the learned counsel ugly names; whereas blackleg No. 2 openly acknowledged the possession of more meanness and villany than usually falls to the lot of half-a-dozen men.

In spite of the above circumstances, the evidence of No. 1 was not received—which was quite right; whereas the testimony of No. 2 was sufficient to get men transported for life—which, in our opinion, was something worse than wrong.

The National Assembly and its Two Chambers.—The French representatives have lately had a tremendous discussion as to whether the National Assembly should consist of two chambers or only one. We propose that it should consist of two—a sitting-room and a bed-room; the former for the representatives who speak, the latter for those who are compelled to listen.

WHO EDITS THE UNITED SERVICE GAZETTE?

A paragraph lately appeared in the *United Service Gazette* (and was copied into several other journals, the editors of which are generally believed to be sensible men), to the effect that when the National Guards lately paid a visit to the Tower, some "true-born Englishman" was polite enough to call their attention to certain guns which had been taken from the French at the battle of Vittoria. The National Guards assured the man, who had so civilly undertaken to point out the curiosities of the place, that they, on their side, had taken some guns from the English, which were to be seen in Paris. The urbane guide, whose knowledge of English history was derived from those "abridgments" in which the disagreeable part alone is abridged (and which continually state that "a bloody battle ensued, in which the English were victorious"), informed his visitors that the guns which the French had taken from the English had been previously spiked; when, instead of contradicting the assertion, the National Guards are said to have walked off, muttering oaths, which were evidently invented expressly for the occasion by the editor.

Does the editor of the *United Service Gazette* know anything about military matters? and if so, does he not know that the English would not have been fighting for seven years in the peninsula if they had never met with any reverses, and had never lost a single gun? Does he know anything about military history? and if so, does he not know that the English *did* lose a great many guns in the peninsula? We suppose the editor belongs to that nearly absolete class of persons who believe that an Englishman of nine stone and no muscular powers can beat ten Frenchmen each of great strength and size. Some clue to the mental capacity of the gentleman may be formed from the fact of his stating, with the greatest gravity, that the unexpected arrival of these National Guards in London proves how easily England might be invaded! Of course, then, he believes that in the event of a contemplated invasion one of the Folkestone steamers would be placed at the disposition of the enemy, that they would be received with courtesy and invited to breakfast by English authorities, and that they would be conveyed without expense to London by the South-Eastern Railway Company, as was the case with the peaceable invaders of ten days' since. Who is the proprietor of the *United Service Gazette*, and why does he not get a sensible man to edit it?

OUR COURT OF REVIEW.

"*Mysteries of the Court of London*," by G. W. M. Reynolds.

Our readers are, of course, aware, through the medium of the papers, what punishment Mr. Reynolds has brought on himself by the latest of his bankruptcies. They have now to learn that he is amending his position as an uncertificated bankrupt, by turning a literary pander.

In his *Mysteries* the heroes are profligates, and the heroines procuresses; the scene is laid in the haunts of iniquity; the dialogue is indecent; the descriptions are disgusting; the plot vile, and the effect pernicious.

Reynolds thinks himself safe, from the mere fact that a journal can scarcely mention him, for fear of sharing in his ignominy. But we shall brave that—though with caution—for the sake of society.

Therefore we say:—

To the *Society for the Suppression of Vice*. What are your officials about?

To the common informer. Here is a chance for you to make something.

To respectable people. If you find the pestilent production in your houses, put it in the fire, taking care *to use the tongs for the purpose*, for fear of pollution.

A triennial bankrupt injures commerce; a venal agitator imperils the constitution; a literary pander endangers the morals of the land. What then should be done to a combination of the three—to a Cerberus with three such heads, howling at the portals of the constitution; to an object that can be denominated nothing but "three precious scoundrels rolled into one," to imitate the saying of a very different person—George Colman?

We look anxiously in the police reports for an answer to our question.

IS HE MAD?

There is a paragraph now going the round of the papers, in which the following astounding piece of information appears:—

"In all cases a Frenchman can mortgage the whole of his fortune, and spend all he has during his life."

Now this assertion is, "in all cases," either absurd or untrue. If the writer (luckily for him we forget his name) means to say that a Frenchman's property is always so small that he is sure to spend it before his death, and leave nothing to his heirs, he is stating an untruth. If he only wishes to assert that a Frenchman is allowed by law to spend as much money as he possesses, and even to get over head and ears in debt afterwards, if his credit be good enough, he is stating what every one but himself knew long ago. Nor is this privilege peculiar to Frenchmen. If the writer of the present article choose to receive his weekly salary in bank notes, and to amuse himself by making enormous bonfires of them, not even his tailor dare step in to prevent him.

Rotatory Parliament.—We don't think there's any chance of our having a rotatory or turn-about Parliament; for Parliaments, it is well known, "toil not, neither do they *spin*."

CLOSE OF THE PUBLIC GARDENS.

Now that the public gardens are closed, every one is desirous of finding out what has become of the waiters, the Ethiopians and other serenaders, the musicians, and every body and everything connected with the above popular places of amusem nt.

Vauxhall is closed. The shade of Simpson haunts the dark walks; but Herr Redl, at the head of his band, has boldly invaded Leicester Square, where many of his musicians have much distinguished themselves as perfect masters of attack. The Ethiopians have washed their faces, and are resting their bones in some obscure corner of the metropolis. The waiters, so dexterous in pouring out lemonade, are safe at home, "practising with water." The *chef de cuisine*, of unrivalled reputation for "cutting it thin," has been engaged at a ham and beef shop, where he is expected to make a pound and a half go as far as two pounds and a quarter. Even the M. C., with his accustomed urbanity, has cut his stick.

What has become of Juba we are unable to say, but it is rumoured that he is endeavouring to pass himself off as a lineal descendant of the *Juba* of Addison's *Cato*. If so, all we can say to him is, that a lash awaits him.

JUBA AND PILL.

Laurent has moved from Cremorne to the Casino, his journey from one place to the other being facetiously spoken of as "a continental tour, in which he has made numerous selections of new music."

Jullien has left the "Surrey" to take up his winter quarters at Drury Lane; in other words, he has only left a suburban menagerie to patronize one (for such it has been) in the heart of the metropolis.

EDITOR'S BOX.

MOST of the principal theatres are once more open to the public—and the criticism of the SHOWMAN. The Lyceum, Princess's, Adelphi, and Sadler's Wells, besides a host of others, are already, to use an appropriate phrase, in full play, and ere this article shall have rejoiced the hearts of admiring thousands, the Haymarket and Covent Garden will be added to the list.

The offspring of parents in middle life now begin to remind their beloved progenitors of rash promises made to take them to see Harley or Miss Fitzwilliam; and on the day finally fixed for their visit, can eat no dinner, and go through the form of scalding their throats with hot tea as early as 4 P.M., in order that they "may be in time." Cabmen begin to look lively at the improved state of affairs: the vendors of apples, oranges, and biscuits maintain what, from the indigestible nature of their wares, the SHOWMAN feels obliged to entitle an *insanatory cordon*, for a quarter of a mile all round the theatre—bills of the play are unceremoniously thrust into the windows of every carriage which can possibly be supposed to be wending its way to the same place—thither hurry love-sick swains, flying to see their mistresses; husbands endeavouring to escape from *theirs*—by which, of course, their wives are meant; while many a tired and weary speculator does the same, forsaking, for a moment, the rail, to turn for amusement and relaxation to the stage.

Before Madame Vestris commenced her first campaign, many individuals, very learned in such matters, gave it as their opinion that the market was over-stocked—that there was no room for the Lyceum. Should last season have failed to convince them of their error, this one will certainly open their eyes. Never was there a better opening for a theatre than that of the Lyceum. Long before the rising of the curtain, the house was as crammed as an alderman after a dinner at the Mansion House, and the money-takers were as pestered with applications for places as a First Lord of the Treasury, or a Director of the India House; not one of which said applications, five minutes after the doors were thrown open, but was as unsuccessful as would be that of Holloway's Ointment to the cure of short-sightedness—a disease with which the patrons of this precious unguent appear to be the more afflicted the more they use it.

The pieces selected were Mr. Shirley Brooke's clever trifle of *Anything for a Change*, and Mr. Planché's *Court Beauties*, the beauties of which are manifold, and not confined to those fair representations of the Merry Monarch's frail favourites, who, to judge from them as they appeared as pictures at the end of the piece, were certainly framed to enchant all beholders. The *Critic* followed, and afforded a convincing proof that of all the puffs the Lyceum can enjoy, that of Mr. C. Mathews is likely to be of the greatest service to it. Before Sheridan's *chef-d'œuvre*, however, the National Anthem was given; Madame Vestris singing the last verse in such a manner that she was called on to repeat it, and at its conclusion also called on—to the foot-lights, and the SHOWMAN'S great satisfaction—in order to receive the hearty and continued plaudits of the audience. This must have convinced her that she is still the same favourite she ever was, and is the best earnest of her success in the theatrical game of hazard she is engaged in; for while she plays in such a winning way, it is impossible she should lose.

At the Princess's the note—or rather, since Mr. Maddox commenced with opera, the notes—of preparation have been heard for some time past. This magnificent little theatre opens with a fresh lustre—in the shape of a new chandelier; besides which, the whole of the interior, like the *Gardes Mobiles* who distinguished themselves in the affair of June, has been newly decorated.

The company—which is not only the apple but the very *corps* of Mr. Maddox's eye—is strong, including as it does Miss Poole and Mr. Weiss, not forgetting a fair *débutante* from the *Théâtre de la Nation* at Paris, Mademoiselle Rossi, *nor* Mademoiselle Nau of the same establishment.

A young lady of the name of Julia Harland has made her first appearance here in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. If she only always perform—or rather sing—half as well as she promises, she will prove a valuable acquisition. At the fall of the curtain she was obliged to advance to the front of the stage amid a shower of applause; and although the SHOWMAN generally agrees with the maxim *nulla fides fronti*, especially as referring to old ladies of sixty with particularly juvenile hair, in this case he departs from his general custum—and the Princess's at the same time—in order to proceed as quickly as possible to the Adelphi.

Touching this popular place of amusement, so much has already been said by the gentlemen of the press who "do" the descriptive, about "the decorations by Mr. Sang," and "the design of Digby Wyat, Esq. (architect)," and "the new act-drop by Messrs. Pitt and Johnstone," that the SHOWMAN contents himself with observing, that although, since the substitution of the new dome for the old ceiling, the house is necessarily a doomed one, he would not mind taking on himself the conduct of the establishment, and engaging to find bread and chese out of the profits. Experience has shown that as long as servant maids take an interest in injured innocence and Miss Woolgar, and fast gentlemen in Mr. Wright and broad humour, the Adelphi will be full, although every other theatre in London be the reverse. By the way, talking of Mr. Wright, the SHOWMAN was lately grieved to hear that this gentleman had been caught tripping; the SHOWMAN was, however, much relieved on discovering—from all the papers—that this merely referred to a pleasure trip Mr. Wright was at present making, and that his moral character was not in the least affected.

The greatest novelty of the season, however, has been the fact of a full house at the Strand Theatre; but, extraordinary as this is, people will cease to wonder at it, when they learn that it was on the occasion of Henry Russell's giving his popular entertainment, of which the more prominent points were two songs that first appeared in the columns of the PUPPET-SHOW, *The World is on the Move*, and *There's Room enough for All*—which last was certainly not true on the evenings of Mr. Russell's performances.

The SHOWMAN had at first resolved on making a tour to Sadler's Wells and the Marylebone, and had in consequence already packed up his portmanteaus and carpet bags, and taken leave of his numerous friends for some time, when a matter of importance arose which required his presence in town on the next day but one. This of course rendered it impossible for him to carry out his plan; he therefore ordered—that is, he gave tickets to—one of his contributors to visit the two establishments in question. If the gentleman return soon enough, the result of his observations shall be made known to the world in the next number of the PUPPET-SHOW.

CHARTIST CONVICTIONS—That they are in the wrong box.

A CHANGE OF CLOTHES.

A TALE OF SEEDINESS.

SIGNOR SQUALLINALTO and Mr. REUBENS SMITH were two great artists, but unfortunately their genius was unappreciated. Consequently they were poor, and, not having "tick" with a tailor, ill-clad.

The two artists resembled each other in many points. Squallinalto could boast of a voice superior to that of Mario—at all events he did so on every possible occasion—and yet was prevented (by a base plot) from singing at either of the Italian Theatres. Reubens Smith, on the other hand, was the victim of a nefarious conspiracy, which aimed at obstructing the sale of his pictures (of which the merit was undoubted—by himself) for their full value. He had been offered two hundred pounds (at least, he said so) for his grand historical painting of "Lot's Wife turned into a Pillar of Salt;" but that was only half its value, and he accordingly declared that he would see it hung in the Octagon Room first.

These gentlemen also resembled each other in personal appearance, which, by-the-bye, is not complimentary to either of them; they were about the same height, and were just as broad in proportion as they were long. They were not known to each other, or Squallinalto would often have envied the appearance of Reubens Smith when he had purchased a new smoking cap, which, although it might have fitted the latter, he would nevertheless have been unable to wear; and, on the other hand, when the fortune of each had changed, Smith would often have desired to step into Squallinalto's shoes.

I have before said that the two artists were poor, and could not get "tick" with a respectable tailor. This fact being fully impressed on the reader's mind, he will probably pardon the vulgarity, and commiserate the misfortune of these unfortunate men, who, possessing originality of thought and the most novel ideas, were nevertheless forced to take their clothes at second hand. They patronised the same gentleman (he was of the Hebrew persuasion); and not only did they purchase their garments of him, but also sometimes induced him to become himself a buyer, for when in great want they would sacrifice appearance to hunger, and would despoil their backs to support their stomachs.

But the wise dispensations of Providence would not allow the two artists to be poor at the same time; it would have been too much misery for our globe. Accordingly, when one was sinking in the scale of humanity and selling his raiment to procure a mess of pottage, the other was ascending and was probably purchasing wherewith to decorate his outer man. By this process it so happened that Squallinalto would frequently obtain a coat, a hat, or a pair of pantaloons which had been just relinquished by Smith, in a moment of extreme poverty; while Smith would, when in comparative affluence, possess himself of garments "late the property of Signor Squallinalto."

In the month of January last I saw Smith in a shooting-coat, a pair of leather breeches, and a wide-awake hat (so called, as a distinguished writer in the PUPPET-SHOW has observed, because it never has any "nap"). I was fortunate enough to meet Squallinalto about the same period; he wore a *paletot*, plaid trousers, and a Gibus hat. Last week I again met the two artists, and on the same day; this time Squallinalto wore the shooting-coat, leather breeches, and wide-awake, while Smith sported the *paletot*, the plaid, and the Gibus, which by this time had got considerably out of the perpendicular, the side presenting a gradient of about one in four.

By degrees these gentlemen had changed costumes, and without knowing it. In the true spirit of a benefactor I determined to enlighten them. I accordingly arranged an appointment, and upon their arrival introduced Smith, dressed *à la Squallinalto*, to Squallinalto, dressed *à la Smith*. Of course they were mutually astonished, but their feelings having subsided, I addressed them as follows:—

"My dear friends and respected artists,

"I have arranged this meeting not with a view to cause you any discomfiture, but in order to show you how, by a simple process, you may manage your joint wardrobe at far less cost than it has put you to during the past nine months (*Applause*). Have you, Mr. Smith, ever obtained what you considered the fair value for your clothes (*cries of 'No, no'*); and have you not, Signor Squallinalto, always paid more—far more—for the garments previously sold by Mr. Smith than he had obtained for them, and even than their actual value (*Hear, hear*). The fact is, the Jew has been living on the vitals of you two great artists (*sensation*). When either of you bought, when either of you sold, the Hebrew pocketed an enormous profit; that profit let him no more obtain (*cheers, and cries of 'We won't, we won't'*). You, Mr. Smith, when necessity compels you to sell, go straightway to Signor Squallinalto, and make your bargain; and you, Signor Squallinalto, when affluence invites you to buy, purchase of Mr. Reubens Smith (*loud cheers.*)"

Since making the above speech I have discovered that the Israelite has heard of my interference between him and his customers. He threatens revenge, and I therefore remain at home, and have hung a leg of pork outside the portal, in hopes that it will act as a charm to keep him away.

MINISTERIAL RUMOUR.—A rumour was prevalent yesterday in the Clubs that Lord John Russell had resigned. On inquiry, we ascertained that the report had unfortunately only had its origin in the fact that he had again signed the receipt for his salary.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.

THE SHOWMAN has just received the following letter, which he begs to submit to the attention of the proper authorities. To use a common phrase of penny-a-liners, when at a loss what to say, the SHOWMAN will merely observe, that comment is unnecessary:—

"*Cork, Oct. 7*, 1848.

"SIR,—I write to you in a state of great excitement—by which I do not allude to the unfortunate country I am at present residing in, but to my own personal condition.

"I have been insulted, ill-treated, outraged, robbed: but listen to my tale, and tell me whether I have not cause to complain.

"I came over here some little time ago, with the intention of proposing to a most amiable and beautiful young lady, possessed of one of the finest estates in the county. Things had gone on swimmingly, and I meant to pop the question this very evening when I became the victim of the following savage and——but words are too weak to express my feelings: let me be calm.

"I had driven out in the company of my intended and a mutual friend of the name of O'Donovan, when we were suddenly stopped by a party of police, who were prowling about after certain insurgents that are said to be concealed in these parts. Well, sir, after asking me my name, address, profession, and every other particular they could think of, they told me first to stand up, then to sit down, then to stand up again, and then to turn round (in the presence of a lady too!), finishing by an order for me to alight from the carriage.

"They now proceeded to ransack my pockets, inquiring, with dogged pertinacity, who the O'Donovan was to whom I referred in such a disparaging manner in a half-finished letter which they had found. The fact was, in writing to another friend, I had used one or two rather strong terms—but quite in a friendly way—of O'Donovan. However that may be, I shall most likely have to fight him.

But this, sir, was not all: this I might have submitted to, but how can I depict to you my feelings when, after all this, they added the crowning indignity of actually pulling my whiskers to see if they were false—which they are not—and tugging at my hair, which is; the consequence being that the inspector soon had in his hands property of mine—in the shape of one of Brown's best wigs—to the amount of £5, while I stood, in the full sight of my intended, a bare-headed object of ridicule and contempt, exposed to all the gibes and jeers of a ruffianly population, and not less ruffianly police.

"Now, sir, as it is perfectly impossible I can ever look the lady in the face again, I have lost thirty thousand pounds at least, the value of her estates, besides having to stand the chance of being shot by O'Donovan. Is this to be borne? Are property and life to be made thus light of? are they thus to be sacrificed to Whig measures and Whig officials? And if I were to commence an action against Lord Clarendon for the loss I have sustained, should I have any chance of gaining damages? I pause for a reply.

I remain, sir,
Your obedient servant,
A MUCH INJURED MAN.

THE TWO CASINOS.

EVERY one remembers the awful musical row which took place on the commencement of a second Italian Opera, and how the general public afterwards took part in it; and how one party said that Lumley would prosper on account of the superiority of the situation of his theatre, and the other that Beale would succeed owing to the greater merit of his singers. London is now, we grieve to say, threatened with an evil of a similar nature, and which is likely to be attended with worse effects, inasmuch as the persons taking part in it are more unprincipled. We allude to the establishment of a Casino in Leicester Square—which may appear nothing in itself, but which threatens to be productive of disturbance, and even of uncivil war.

The opponents of the Walhalla say that it is "on the brink of a precipice," by which they mean that a person coming out of it has a chance of tumbling down a flight of stone steps into Leicester Square. The enemies of Laurent's maintain, on the other hand, that dancing is unnatural at a place formerly devoted to the pursuit of science, and finish with a false quotation to the effect that "Melancholy has marked it for her own."

It has been suggested that there is something vulgar in the name "Adelaide *Gallery*," as the latter word is evidently intended to give a hint as to the number of "gals" that frequent it: while Walhalla is erroneously objected to as the name of a place exclusively devoted to the exhibition of paintings, and as suggesting that the *habituées* are "painted up to the eyes."

Then again, a question has been raised as to the efficacy of the police at such places of entertainment. The Laurentians maintain that the presence of the civil force, although not absolutely required by any improper conduct on the part of the frequenters, is nevertheless salutary, as tending to show the desire of the proprietors to keep order; at the same time, they assert that the management of the Walhalla proves itself heedless of the public morals, by not insuring the presence of a certain number of constables, instead of relying entirely on the *bâton* of the conductor. The other party insist that the absence of policemen proves the presence of well-behaved persons: in fact, as is the case with statistics and Parliamentary returns, the facts are made to tell in two opposite ways.

In the meantime, each party is maintaining a formidable opposition against the other. Laurent, who has the best cornet—and the best cornet-player, too—in London, is about to issue a placard bearing the words

"ARBAN AND THE ECLIPSE POLKA:"

to which the rival conductor will feebly respond with

"HERR REDL AND THE VAUXHALL WALTZ."

The Walhalla will tempt the public with

"VOTE FOR THE WALHALLA AND THREE WALTZES:"

and the counter demonstration to this will probably be

"RUSH TO THE CASINO FOR LAURENT AND FIVE POLKAS."

The Laurentians, moreover, rely upon the fact of being provided with a larger number of Masters of the Ceremonies than their opponents; while the latter pretend that their M. C.'s are of more utility, on account of the long wands which they carry.

THE SMALL DEBTS ACT—Chalking them up behind a door.

AS PLAIN AS A PIKESTAFF.—An unfortunate friend writes to inform us of his having embarked in an undertaking to which Lord Brougham has promised to lend his countenance. We are sorry to hear it, as matters must necessarily put on a very bad face.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—We read in the *Globe*—and we shudder as we do so—that "The pork for naval use this year will be made up entirely in Ireland. No American will be taken into consumption." By the latter fact's being so explicitly announced, it appears, then, that there was some doubt on the subject. How horrid! what a terrible fate had nearly befallen the poor Yankees who may happen to be over here! Fancy leaving some friend from New York or Boston in good health and the Haymarket, and meeting him the next time in a pork-pie!

THE BLOODTHIRSTY REPUBLIC.

TORY writers are very fond of talking about the bloodthirstiness of republics, and of saying, for the sake of an illustration, that they devour their own children, &c. We have lately had some fine instances of the savage ferocity of the French Republic, as contrasted with the dignified mildness (for it is generally believed that there is dignity in mercy) of our own Government.

1. The first act of the French Republic was to abolish the punishment of death.

Mr. Ewart's annual motion in the House of Commons for a similar purpose is always "negatived by a large majority."

2. The French Republic convicted the actual rebels of June by the evidence of honest men.

The English Government led Cuffey and his miserable associates into a plot, and then convicted them only by means of a spy and a blackleg.

3. The French Republic punished those who had been in arms against it with six or eight years in the galleys, and some of the worst offenders, who had committed social crimes of magnitude, to imprisonment for life.

The English Government sentenced the miserable fools who had been deluded, urged on, and betrayed by that Government, to transportation for life.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

Q. What is Catholic Emancipation?

A. A Popish parasite prosecuting a Protestant patriot!

NO DOUBT OF IT.—Mr. Widdicombe wishes to know, if the Duke of Norfolk were thrown from his saddle, would he resign his place as Master of the Horse?

INFAMOUS HOAX.—The Commissioners of Police lately sent down two or three of their most experienced detectives to Canterbury, in consequence of having received intelligence that a great number of pockets had been picked by an organized band in the neighbourhood. The information was perfectly correct as far as it went, but the writer forgot to state that the pockets in question were pockets of hops.

Ibrahim Pacha has succeeded his father as Viceroy of Egypt. The Sultan, seeing that Mehemet Ali was incapacitated by age and debility for reigning any longer, sent a *firman* to depose the *infirm* 'un.

ALL IN THE IDEA.—Our D.C. has written to tell us, that the policeman who handed Mr. William Smith O'Brien to the governor of the gaol, assured the latter that he considered himself on a footing with a member of Parliament, as he begged leave to "bring in a Bill."

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THE SHOWMAN'S TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

No. III.—"BE JUST BEFORE YOU ARE GENEROUS."

MR. FREDERICK PIPPINGTON was a gentleman of rather juvenile appearance and carriage, considering that his weight was eighteen stone and his age forty-two. He was one of those good sort of fellows who borrow money of their friends after telling them a capital story, and, from an over-forgetfulness, always fail to return the loan. He had been once in the habit of getting his friends to discount him bills for twenty pounds, change him checks for ten, and lend him five-pound notes; but as he grew older, and his friends wiser, he borrowed half-crowns and occasionally fourpenny bits. He hated nothing so much as paying. He had none of those absurd notions about debts of honour, and was far less likely to refund when his friend had failed to take his I. O. U.

One day, when he was in want of a cigar, or a pint of stout, or a pottle of strawberries, or a threepenny omnibus, or a penny bun, or a number of the PUPPET-SHOW—all of which, except the last, any "strong-minded" man might do without—he met a friend in the street who was good for half-a-crown, which he obtained possession of in five minutes, and spent in as many more. He never thought another instant of the debt, though his friend did, which was unfortunate, as next day he met Mr. F. P. coming out of a Joint-Stock banking house, where he had been detained ten minutes to get a commission account cheque cashed for two pounds two. His friend tackled him for the half-crown, and he could n't plead he had no money, because he held the two sovereigns between his fore-finger and thumb, and he noticed his friend's eye was fixed firmly on them; so the only excuse he could make was that he had no change; but as his friend pressed him somewhat hard, he invited him to take a glass of stout with him, ostensibly for the purpose of getting change, but actually with the intention of shaking him off.

Mr. Frederick Pippington grew generous on the stout; first a few dozen oysters were called for, and then several glasses of brandy-and-water, and then some cigars. A sovereign was produced, and the bill was paid. As Mr. F. P. was gathering up the change, his friend reminded him about the half-crown; but as ill-luck ordered it, the change consisted of half-a-sovereign and eighteenpence. They turned out into the street, and Mr. Pippington proposed getting change on board a steam-boat, as his friend was going to Islington, which he might manage by means of half-a-dozen steam-boats and omnibuses by way of Chelsea. The boat they got on board was a Richmond one; and the weather and iced ginger-beer was so hot, and the breeze and the cigars so pleasant, that they went all the way, and spent the eleven and sixpence on board. As Mr. Pippington was settling with the steward, his friend reminded him of the half-crown, which he positively wanted—either to pay his washing bill with, or else to get possession of the single shirt which he had left last Monday with his uncle—and he was promised it when Pippington could get some change.

At Richmond they turned into a tavern; and as both had rather an appetite, some lamb chops and peas were ordered and eaten, and a bottle of sherry drunk. Cigars came after the sherry, and more brandy-and-water with the cigars. At this point, Pippington's friend, seeing that the bill was running up, hiccuped out to him, "For the sake of humanity and my washerwoman, don't forget the half-crown;" but Pippington, with a savage satisfaction, calculated the cost of the dinner in his own mind, and finding there was something like half-a-crown to spare, called for two bottles of soda-water, each with a glass of sherry in it. These were gulped down by himself and friend; and then came the bill, amounting to eighteen shillings, which, with a couple of cigars for themselves and a couple of shillings for the waiter, balanced the account of the second sovereign. The friend would have chimed in for his half-crown, but he saw there was no chance of it.

The evening was serene and beautiful, the friends drunk and disorderly, as arm-in-arm they took their way to the railway station, when Pippington's last two shillings served to carry them back to town.

Pippington, when he awoke next morning, deep in his landlady's debt, and doubting whether she would let him have another breakfast on credit, thought over his yesterday's proceedings, and the miserable shift these had brought him to. He had spent two guineas on principle—and sundry eatables and drinkables—to avoid paying a paltry half-crown which he had borrowed two days before. On calculating, he found this was equivalent to interest at the rate of nearly 800 per cent. per diem, or 292,000 per cent. per annum; and he became convinced of the policy, if not of the morality, of the maxim "*Be just before you are generous.*"

A vast number of old ladies have been thrown into a state of great alarm for the safety of London, by the appearance of two or three hundred National Guards in full uniform, who they feared might entertain designs on the metropolis. Let these susceptible females, however, be reassured; it is only the PUPPET-SHOW which experience has shown is able to *take the town!*

PUNCH VINCTUS.

ONE of our contributors has sent in a very clever parody of the "Prometheus Vinctus," which, owing to a deficiency of Greek accents in the printing-office, we are unable to present to our readers. It would lose a great deal of its beauty by translation; and we therefore content ourselves with giving a summary of it.

Punch, as *Prometheus*, steals the jokes from the PUPPET-SHOW, in order to present them to its readers. The SHOWMAN (*Jupiter*), in revenge, sends a comic writer to torture the thief, who is bound down by two sub-editors (*Kratos* and *Bia*) of the injured journal.

QUARTER-DAY!

THE amiable Whigs, who combine the morals of Caliban with the intellect of Dogberry, have sentenced Mr. Smith O'Brien to the death of a traitor. Not an item of the disgusting formula of the barbarous sentence was spared to the public: the decision of the tyrant was couched in the language of the butcher.

A curious speculation suggests itself on this subject. It appears that the "quarters" of the prisoner are to be disposed of according to Her Majesty's pleasure. Will that gracious and amiable Lady regulate the disposal of them? Will the "hams" be hung in the kitchens of Buckingham Palace, and the loins suspended in the larders of Windsor? Or, will they be sold, and the amount added to the revenue of the country? It is amusing to contrast this barbarous relic of antiquity with modern tastes and feelings; as amusing as it is to compare Lord John Russell, as a literary man, with Macaulay, or, as a statesman, with Chatham.

But there is something more amusing yet to contemplate in the affair. We have had rebels prosecuting rebels—a thief set to catch a thief—sweeps pelting each other with soot, both being equally foul. The Whigs, as appears from the letter of the gallant and brilliant Napier, were rebels in 1832. They were plotting against the Sovereign whom they deceived by pretending to be his friends—this gang of banditti in Downing Street—and striving to spread blood and fire through the length and breadth of England. Lord John Russell (who appears to have the ugliness of Cuffey without his courage) was to have done the Tom Thumb on a barricade, and employed against the institutions of the country lead of a more serious character than that which he employed in his tragedy.

Of course, with these damning facts against them—facts which might even raise a blush on the withered cheeks of Lansdowne—the Whigs will not dare to hang O'Brien. Their shield is a leaden shield, but they dare not stain it with blood.

CHIMELESS CHIMES.

VARIOUS disagreeable "sounds," in the shape of "reports" inserted in the newspapers, have lately attracted the public ear, respecting the Royal Exchange chimes, which, instead of discoursing "most eloquent music," are said to possess the elements of discord instead of harmony. Not having heard the bells in question, the SHOWMAN cannot decide whether the complaints against their tongues—which are represented to be as confused as those of the builders of the Tower of Babel—are just or otherwise; but the charge against them is, that they are most unmusically "hung."

The "founders" of the chimes—that is, the gentlemen who cast the metal—declare, that the complaints against the bells are "unfounded," and that the *injudicious arrangement* of the tunes played on them is the cause of the "sound and fury signifying nothing." It appears that, originally, four tunes were adapted to their metallic capacities, but some busybodies have been "ringing the changes" on them, and, consequently, their "high-*mettled*" qualifications are not thoroughly displayed. Indeed, with respect to the tunes, there has been an "exchange" trick altogether!

The SHOWMAN suggests, as the best remedy for this state of things, that the chimes be forthwith set to the tune "*There's a good time coming, boys,*" as a change for the better is very desirable.

Charles Dickens' "Chimes" ended merrily enough. Why should not those of the Royal Exchange meet with a similar fate? To be sure, the former illustrated a *dream*, while matters connected with the Royal Exchange are too frequently founded upon the worst of realities.

A VOICE FROM THE THAMES.

Off Hungerford.

MR. SHOWMAN,—I am a fish of an advanced age, and therefore my habitation in the Thames must appear miraculous. Most of my circle of acquaintance are defunct, and I feel that I am rapidly following, for we have something very like the cholera here, which lays us on our backs. We are all completely muddled, and cannot see our way clear; and, though I have swam up to the Isis, in hopes of fishing out the cause at Oxford, I am not enlightened by my proximity with the colleges. I believe you had a poet, called Denham, who sang of the Thames,

> "Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing—full;"

and however elegant it sounds, I suppose the poet's license must excuse his ignorance. So far from being clear, the number of accidents is awful, by unavoidable collisions amongst us, and it is far from lively, on account of the dreadful mortality prevailing. With regard to being strong, you will find that out the best by trusting to your ale and porter, and have no doubt as to the rage, when you some day discover that you have been absolutely poisoned. Moreover, as our waters only overflow occasionally, we are as full of filth as we can hold. The couplet is a downright injustice to the finny tribe, and turns the scales against us. If we do find a salubrious spot for half an hour, we see a dirty-looking mass more fearful than a whale in chase of us, and the next moment lose sight of one another most abruptly. I have a favourite acquaintance whom I have not seen for three long weeks. What is it, MR. SHOWMAN, that you are doing to us, for I have observed the vessels over me, and they pass harmlessly enough? Some of my companions lay the fault on the tunnel, but, for my part, I 'm above it. If it really can be true that you are emptying your sewers into our dominions with a view of killing us, you'll get the worst of it, for we shall wag our tails in Gloucestershire, and leave you the inheritors of pestilence and death. There's mysterious work fermenting in the river, and depend upon it there's something at the bottom of it. Be wise in time! for though we long have tolerated kettles, boots and shoes, &c., and other insults to our piscatorial dignity, we shall send you a revenging fever, which will glad the heart of

Yours, subaqueously,

A FISH.

A COMPARISON.—With reference to the conduct of the Irish trials, we may say of the Queen, as represented by her Ministers, that she resembles Miss Hardcastle—"She stoops to conquer."

PROGRESS FOR OUR ADVERTISERS.

To be a good advertiser is to be an ingenious man, but the ingenuity of even a professed puffer will sometimes flag: the resources of a Holloway's fancy may at last be exhausted, and the plenty of a Morisson's imagination be ultimately used up. Either the advertisement duty or something still more terrible, the dearth of talent on the part of the principal contributors to the columns of the *Times'* Supplement, has kept the art at a stand-still for some time past—that art so fast approaching the point at which it would actually have become a science. Rowland must really move on with the times, and unless the inventor of the "gentleman's real head of hair" keep pace with the age, he will find his announcement of no value and his testimonials of no effect.

CONTRACTS FOR SCOUNDRELS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the COMMISSIONERS FOR DOING THE DIRTY WORK OF HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT, being well satisfied with the services of Powell, are ready to receive TENDERS FOR RASCALS of a similar kind. All communications to be addressed to Downing Street, and marked in the corner TENDER FOR RASCALS. *N.B.* The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest villain offered.

OUR LEADER.

RIVALS TO CUFFEY!

ENGLAND has been thrown into a state of astonishment by the discovery that the Whigs were actually a few years ago complete rebels and deliberate plotters of treason. Lord John Russell will go down to posterity (and it would have been only fair if he had gone down to Newgate) with the gallant Cuffey, with the colour of whose phiz that of his lordship's heart harmonises very well.

We confess that we think there is no difference of guilt between treason at the Orange Tree and treason at the Reform Club. Is rebellion more honourable when babbled over Burgundy, than when belched over beer? We think that to take up arms against a sovereign in patent-leather boots is just as criminal as to do it in the homely, and more martial, bluchers. To conspire to kill majesty with a silver-hilted rapier is just as criminal, in our eyes, as to attempt it with a plebeian pike. But such is the wretched condition of society here, that respectability rules dominant even in crime.

We wonder how the Whigs used to manage their plots. One can fancy Lord John sneaking down St. James's Street to the place of meeting, tapping at the door, giving the password, "Walker!" and marching in to the assembled gang of "noble" conspirators—Morpeth, girt with a huge sword; the dandified and insane Melbourne, with a delicate poignard; the sullen and slow Lansdowne, bearing a butcher's axe! Then, how inspiring it must have been to them to gloat in imagination over the scenes of blood they were projecting; the confusion of the good-natured king, whose confidence they were dishonouring, and the probable destruction of the aristocracy, their relations! If plotters of this class escape with impunity, shall poor old Cuffey work in chains, or the melancholy Looney revolve on the eternal mill?

Could not the Whigs be punished (since there must be "social distinctions" always) in a manner becoming their lofty rank; chained, for example, with silver chains, and carried to Newgate in a splendid van with their crests emblazoned on its panels? We should like to see the ministers, all in elegant attire, working on a mahogany tread-mill—it would be quite an aristocratic punishment, and very amusing! Would not the "great snob society" allow that?

The subject has its facetious features; but, though we laugh at scoundrels occasionally, one may despise them all the same. Eh, reader?

PINS & NEEDLES.

We recently met with a paragraph commencing:—"The Labouring Poor in Ireland." This is the first intimation we ever had of the existence of any *labouring* portion of the Irish population.

Many persons express their surprise at Smith O'Brien's sudden exhibition of his poetical capacity, forgetting that the "presumptive" King of Munster has all along dealt in "visions."

Some good-natured "friend" recently published what he terms "Personal Recollections of Lord George Bentinck." The author is surmised to be Sir Charles Wood, as the *personal* recollections of the "well-abused" Chancellor of the Exchequer must be particularly vivid.

It is a matter of frequent discussion, what are the springs of Mr. Disraeli's conduct? Judging from the warm water he is so often getting into, we should say that they are hot springs.

There is a report—to which, however, we do not attach much credit—that Lord J. Russell intends visiting Ireland once more before next session, in order to complete his plans for the alleviation of the prevailing distress. Of course, he would soon be obliged to depart a second time. In this sense, and in no other, we believe, will he ever re-leave that suffering country.

In allusion to the flight of the Emperor from Vienna, the *Globe* says, "the whole of the equipages and effects followed in the course of the afternoon." With all due deference to our contemporary, however correct he may be as regards the equipages, we very much doubt whether the whole of the effects will have followed for some time.

Some thick-headed Buckinghamshire farmer, foolish enough to believe in the patriotism of Mr. Disraeli, observed, a short time since, that that gentleman's principles were "true blue." It strikes us that he would have been more correct had he designated them as "*party*-coloured."

We often hear it remarked, how tradesmen will cringe to obtain the custom of any influential individual. We doubt, however, whether they could be more servile than certain noble dukes, earls, and marquises, who have lately been fawning on Lord J. Russell, in the hopes of obtaining merely a single order from him: it is true, however, that this is the Order of the Garter.

Some Croatian spies have found means to disseminate among the Hungarians immense numbers of a manifesto, in which Jellachich calls upon the Hungarians to desert what he terms the rebel standard, and espouse the true cause. We advise these individuals to be careful, seeing that the Provisional Government has forbidden, under pain of death, this publication of the Ban's.

At the opening of the Haymarket Theatre, on which occasion the performances commenced with *Romeo and Juliet*, Mr. Creswick being the hero, Miss Laura Addison, who enacted Juliet, was observed to pronounce the words,

"Oh! Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo!"

with an expression of deep grief. Considering who played the part in question, this does not surprise us.

By his letter to Lord Lansdowne, Lord Brougham has been endeavouring to draw largely upon national sympathy. We fear, however, he will find there are "no effects," as the said effusion is anything but a Letter of Credit.

A SYLLOGISM FOR THE SCEPTICAL.

IS MR. JOHN O'CONNELL A PATRIOT?

Major—To die for your country is to be patriotic!
Minor—But Mr. John O'Connell (although the country did not wish him) said that he would die—and did not!
Conclusion—Ergo: Mr. John O'Connell is a braggart, and deserves the pillory!

CUPID AND THE COQUETTE.

"*Fashion* doth make cowards of us all."
SHAKSPEARE (*Early Edition*).

I.

Young Cupid one day took a freak,
To spend a short season on earth;
And decked out in modern costume,
He sought for fun, frolic, and mirth.
He met with a coquette, whose eyes
Were bright as the blue skies above—
He told her she 'd better by far
Be constant, and marry for love.

II.

"For love I 'll not marry," said she;
"This Love is a comical child,
And, like other children, I mean,
Is very inconstant and wild.
I swear by his arrows and bow
I 've loved half a hundred or more,
And if I must marry for love,
At least I must marry a score."

III.

Young Cupid was silenced at this,
And greatly surprised to discover
That any gay damsel of earth
Should own she had more than one lover.
He vowed that this fair one should wed,
And as woman can't live upon honey,
Appealing to prudence, he said,
"My dear, will you marry for money?"

IV.

"Oh, no, sir," said she, with a smile,
So sweet that the god felt its power;
"I've gold, sir, bright gold of mine own,
And thousands of pounds for my dower.
So wealth cannot tempt me to change
My own fairy summer of life;
I 'm happy, nor will I, forsooth,
Become a disconsolate wife."

V.

As Cupid was not very willing
To yield up his crown to young miss,
Again he addressed the coy maiden,
And prefaced his speech with a kiss:
"Since gold has no charms for you, lady,
And free is your heart from all passion,
Allow me to add, with due honour,
That marriage is now quite the fashion."

VI.

"Good sir, if your statement be true,
And Hymen 's the lord of the day,
How foolish to you I must seem
To idle my nonage away;
And though pretty vows could not tempt me
To taste of the conjugal bliss,
I would not be out of the fashion
On a matter so trifling as this!"

MISERY OF THE NAME OF "SMITH."

RUNG UP ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, AND ASKED BY A'L—"IF THIS 'YOUNG GENT' LIVES HERE? THE SAID 'YOUNG GENT' BEING ABLE TO GIVE NO BETTER ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF THAN THAT HIS NAME IS 'SMITH,' AND THAT HE 'WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING!'"

THE ANTI-PUPPET-SHOW MOVEMENT.

AN enlightened public will learn with indignation that a dangerous and treasonable conspiracy has been formed among the lower (literary) orders against the majesty of the SHOWMAN. It originated among those we have chastised, and is therefore naturally headed by G. W. M. Reynolds. Reynolds supplies the falsehood and Billingsgate in the attacks, and the *Reasoner* the plausible sophistry and gag. Such ferocity has been displayed by the conspirators, that a man possessing less nerve than the SHOWMAN might have trembled on taking up his glass of champagne lest it should be poisoned. Only the other day he actually discovered an infernal machine of a deadly nature concealed in one of his patent-leather boots! Ill-looking dogs, too, whose appearance marked their characters, have been seen lurking about his villa. It will be satisfactory to know that arrangements have been made for their removal to and confinement in a spacious pound in the neighbourhood.

Our readers will remember that we had occasion very lately to give a hint of the flagrant immorality displayed in Reynolds's book, the *Mysteries of the Court*. Reynolds accordingly did himself the honour to attack us, as "a thing beneath contempt," in his next week's *Miscellany*. This is amusing, considering the attention which our journal receives from the respectable portion of the press; and particularly considering that this same person, Reynolds, not long ago lauded us to the skies in the same periodical—probably under the fallacious hope that he would thus avert the avenging cudgel, and induce us to permit him to creep on quietly in profitable vice and obscurity. We hope that the man's *Miscellany* is paying, for the sake of the unhappy beings his creditors, who are to receive something out of it by the compulsion of the law, and therefore we do not mind its vulgar abuse of us if such is likely to make it sell. But, as to the *Mysteries of the Court*, we reiterate with loathing and disgust our charges against it, as a vile and satanic creation; deliberately assuring the public that it has the licentiousness of Catullus without a spark of his graceful gaiety—the offensiveness of Martial without a gleam of his redeeming point. It is only among the worst specimens of ancient literature, in fact, that we can find anything resembling it. The pillory formerly kept us tolerably free from such stuff in this country, and public writers must perform the same office now. It is ridiculous to talk about "improving the condition of the masses," while such books as Reynolds's form the staple of their reading. Before you can plant flowers, you must remove the rubbish from the site.

As to the *Reasoner*—a twopenny atheistical disputant, who keeps rattling Tom Paine's bones about every week to attract the mob, and regularly weaves a cobweb of catchpenny metaphysics to capture unhappy flies—he very plausibly accuses us of gross injustice. We thank him for his courteous assault, and assure him that our objections are simply these—we do not think the public likely to be edified by being taught to believe in Mr. Holyoake rather than in the Deity, or by paying twopence weekly to be assured that they have no souls!

The ANTI-PUPPET-SHOW movement receives support, we understand, from a number of foolish persons, who prefer the vapid pleasantry of our rivals, the "illiterate buffoons," to the SHOWMAN'S vigorous style and strong determination. We hail these various attacks as proofs of our increasing influence. "We like," as rare old Maginn once observed in *Fraser*, "to hear the beast roar, for then we know he's wounded!"

FACT AND FICTION.—While, in England, it is a fiction of the law that the king can do no wrong, it seems a reality in Prussia that he never can do right.

LINCOLN GREEN.—Sibthorpe wishes to know whether, if Dr. Locock's wafers are a cure for consumption, Parliament ought not to give them to the poor, to stop the consumption of food in seasons of scarcity?

A BLACK LOOK OUT.—Lord John, at dessert, when drinking the health of Powell the "spy," may perhaps divine what future historians will say of him, having a spiritual "spy-glass" before him.

POLITICAL OMELETTE SOUFFLEE.—The Toulouse banquet, which recently caused the Cavaignac Government some little displeasure, was, after all, a "trifle light as air," notwithstanding the non-attendance of General "Ballon!"

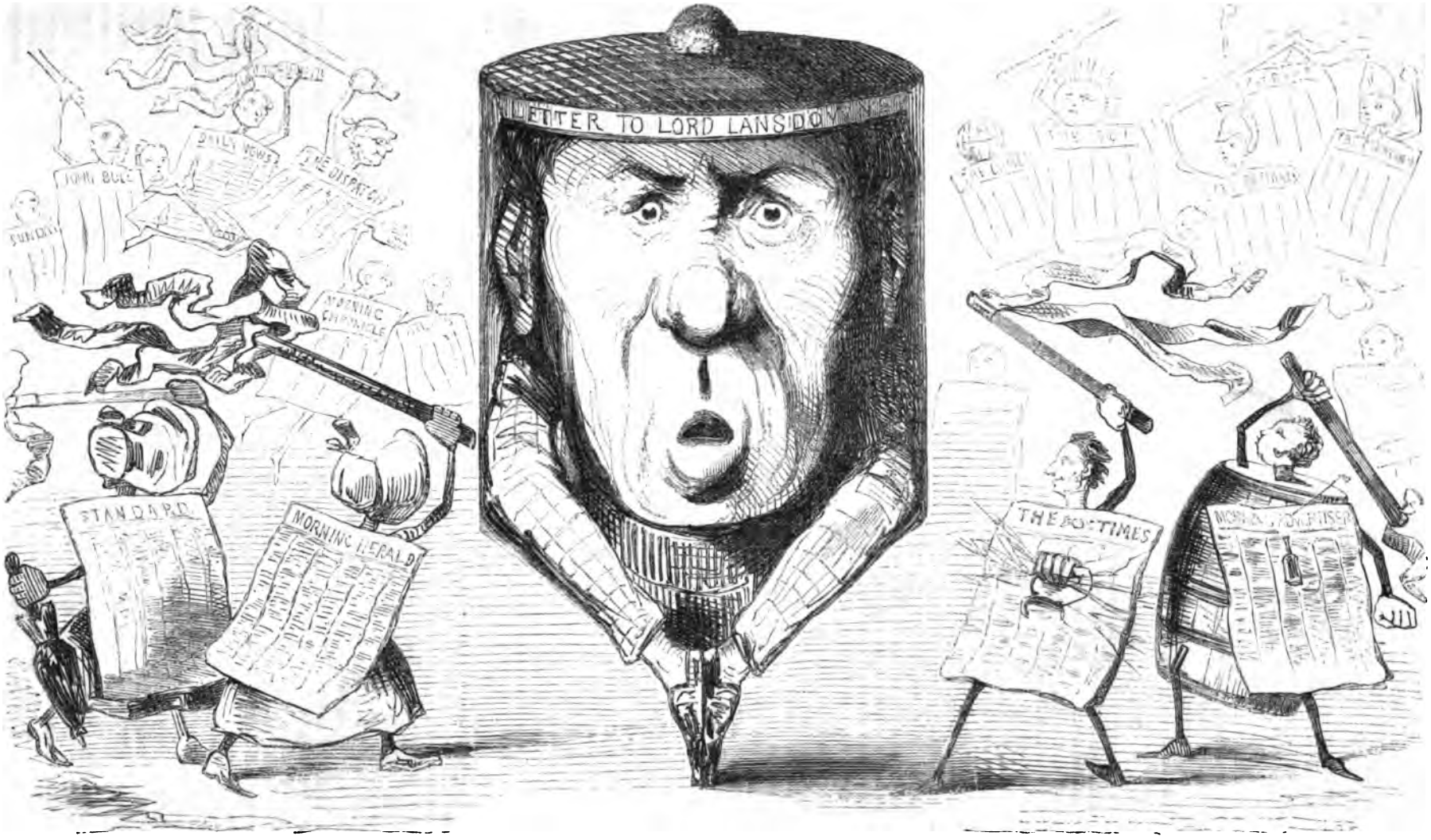
IRISH MATHEMATICS.—Given: A population devoted to murder, fire, and rapine. Question: Where is the O'Connell *moral* force principle?

THE BROUGHAM WHIPPING-TOP.

LORD BROUGHAM figures this week before the public—for about the ten thousandth time—in a ridiculous position. He is now to be observed—a complete *volubile buxum*—spinning with his customary swiftness, while the press are lashing him with their usual ferocity; for Henry is one of the bad boys that require constant castigation from the "best possible instructor." Indeed, it must be stated of him, that if he loses reputation occasionally, he certainly "catches it" in most cases.

Henry's offence on this occasion was writing a naughty letter to a stupid playfellow without leave from his masters, and one, too, which abounded with errors quite unworthy of the trouble that has been bestowed upon his education. He is lashed particularly for having behaved very ill in his treatment of young Alphonse de Lamartine, a clever little French boy, whom he hates because he would not encourage him in playing truant and running away from the school in which he is at present placed.

To drop our illustration of the boy (which we trust no evil-minded person will call a puerile one), we look on Brougham as a very active top, combining the noise of the humming-top with the activity of the whipping-top, under which we at present represent him. The whipping will make him move all the faster, and we trust that the whippers will not relax in their exertions.



A TOY FOR THE PRESS.

A FEW PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. AUGUSTUS PHILIPS.

Chapter VII.—The Water Party.

The eventful morning at length dawned. The weather was most propitious, and seemed to promise a pleasant excursion. At a very early hour the Pilot with his two friends, Messrs. Splint and Probe, were already at Searle's, in all the splendour of round glazed hats, blue-striped Jerseys, white trowsers, and black leather belts, and looking as lively and fresh as three young gentleman could be expected to look, who had not slept at all the previous night; for, as the Pilot said, if they wished to get up early, the only way for them to be sure of effecting their purpose was not to go to bed.

At nine o'clock Mr. Bagster's servant arrived in a cab, with an immense quantity of hampers, baskets, and brown-paper parcels of all descriptions and sizes. By the time these had been stowed away in the boat—which, by the way, was a most magnificent affair, with a very splendid awning, just low enough for you to knock your hat off under it every time you moved, and a long table fixed aft between the seats, which it was admirably adapted to render most uncomfortable, and a high stern with a majestic Union Jack trailing down from it into the water—by the time, we say, that the packages were stowed away, Mr. Bagster, Mr. Augustus, Harriet, and the rest of the party arrived. Among these was a very fat old lady with a young gentleman, her grandson, of the age of eight years and the name of Alfred, and whose principal occupation seemed to be a constant endeavour on his part to render himself as disagreeable as possible; then there were other ladies, both young and old, of the usual description to be found at water parties, and in fact everywhere else; and, to render the matter complete, there was a fashionable parson, of about thirty, who was the idol of all the straw bonnets for miles around the church where he preached, and who had already arrived at his second silver teapot, and, as was currently reported, ran considerable chance of getting a third. There were also to have been two or three pulling men, but these had been prevented from attending, and consequently it was very evident that the labour of the whole day would devolve upon Mr. Augustus, the Pilot, and their two friends, since the popular preacher declared his health would not allow of his taking violent exercise, even if his calling permitted it.

At last, every one and everything being settled, off went the boat, propelled by our four acquaintances and steered by an old waterman with a red jacket and ditto face; the said functionary having been procured at the express desire of several of the ladies, who had stipulated that there should be a professed waterman on board to prevent accidents.

"How very delightful, is not it?" observed the fat old lady to Augustus, who was pulling stroke.

"Oh, extremely so," replied he, with a forced smile, meaning the very reverse of what he said. The fact is, he had reckoned on sitting near, and conversing with, Harriet, some part of the day at least; instead of which, he saw the fashionable preacher in the place he had hoped to occupy, while he himself was toiling away like a galley slave, and, what was worse than all, obliged to appear pleased.

They had proceeded as far as Putney, when Mr. Augustus began to perceive a marked difference in the style of pulling of Mr. Probe, who sat behind him. Instead of keeping time as he had previously done, this gentleman kept digging into the small of Mr. Augustus's back, in anything but an agreeable manner, every time the latter leant forward. At first a respite had generally taken place on Mr. Augustus's requesting him, in as mild a manner as possible, "to look out;" but no attention having been paid to his last two or three remonstrances, but, on the contrary, the knocking becoming worse and worse, Mr. Augustus Philips looked round, and perceived Mr. Probe nodding over his oar.

All attempts to rouse Mr. Probe having proved ineffectual, he was laid at full length under the seats, the Pilot declaring that his fatigue was the result of over-study. A bargain was then struck with a barge carter, who was returning with his team, to tow them the remainder of the way, and in another minute the boat was gliding merrily along, to the great horror of the scarlet-coated and ditto-visaged waterman in the stern aforesaid, who looked upon the whole proceeding as very undignified and highly unprofessional.

"Here we are," cried Mr. Bagster, as the boat was at length moored under the shade of the noble trees which sweep down to the edge of the river, opposite Twickenham; and, so saying, he jumped on shore—an example which was followed by the other gentlemen, including Mr. Probe himself, who was once more awake. The ladies were next handed out, and then the provisions, the boat being left to the care of the scarlet-clad waterman.

The scene became now very animated. First of all, there was a grand discussion as to the spot they should select as their dining-table, and then there was opening of bottles, and unpacking of hampers, and unrolling of parcels, and passing of plates—in doing which latter Mr. Augustus found means to press Harriet's fingers a considerable number of times, seeing that he had possessed himself of the crockery basket, and each plate had consequently to pass through his hands before it could reach those of any one else; and then there was mixing of salads and walking into pies (in a literal sense), and sitting upon tablecloths and salt-spoons, together with all the other usual characteristics of a picnic *al fresco*.

"Who 's for roast beef?" asked the Pilot. "Gentlemen and ladies," continued he, "allow me to remark, that what's done *can* be underdone, of the accuracy of which remark this truly national, but unfortunately half-raw, joint before me is a proof. It strikes me I had better cut it," and so saying, he proceeded to carve a chicken in so scientific a manner, that the fat old lady declared he quite made her "shudder again." On which he inquired, with an air of great concern, on what occasion she had honoured him by shuddering first, and whether she was not very fond of Alfred—who certainly was a very fine child, with a monstrous largely-developed forehead, which he only hoped might not betoken water on the brain. After having made the old lady very uncomfortable, he then proceeded to propose the health of their worthy friend and much-respected host, Mr. Bagster.

When this and half-a-dozen other toasts had been drunk, the party separated in different groups, wandering about the lofty avenues by which they were on all sides surrounded.

The fat lady, however, remained where she was, being in great tribulation, first lest the development of Master Alfred's forehead should be the effect of disease, and secondly because her pet was indulging in a most unearthly howl, which, perhaps, was not to be wondered at, seeing that the young gentleman was for the moment a martyr to an unpleasant tightness of the abdomen, a result, considering the immense quantity of food he had devoured, rather to be expected than otherwise.

"Don't cry, Alfred, darling!" said the old lady. "Dear, dear, what can I do to amuse him?—Look at the pretty chestnut trees!"

"They are very fine ones, indeed," said the Pilot. "Would you like to have some chestnuts to play with, Alfred?"

"Yes, I would," replied the young gentleman, drying his tears. "I want some chestnuts—I will have some chestnuts."

"Very well, then," replied the Pilot, "wait till there are some, there 's a good boy. At present there are none. But when we come again—"

"Yes, then," said the young gentleman.

"There won't be any either," returned the Pilot; "but I 'll see that there are a dozen or two grown for your especial use."

During this time Mr. Augustus had been endeavouring to obtain a few minutes' *tête-à-tête* with Harriet; but do what he could, he was unable to get rid of the fashionable parson, whose attentions to the young lady were so pointed, that Mr. Augustus, with unparalleled ferocity, wished it had been possible to jam him into one of his own teapots, and keep him there, hermetically sealed, until further notice. As, however, the laws of matter offered insuperable obstacles to the carrying out of this idea, he resolved to curtail the pleasure of his clerical friend as much as possible, and therefore proposed that they should all follow Master Alfred's example, and return to the boat, where that young gentleman was then engaged in a dispute with his grandmother

as to whether or no he was to wear her gold spectacles, at the imminent risk of letting them fall into the water. Mr. Augustus's proposition having been adopted by acclamation, the party had soon re-embarked, but, spite of all our hero's efforts to the contrary, the fashionable parson was again next to Harriet.

"Ah," thought Augustus, as with blistered hands he once more resumed his oars, looking all the time at his white-neckerchiefed rival, while visions of Morgiana with the burning oil, and the forty thieves concealed in the jars, floated before his mind, "if he *were* in the teapot, and a little hot water would settle him"—and with this he commenced pulling in moody silence, fully convinced he was the most miserable being in existence. Little did he imagine that, before that day ended, he should esteem it the happiest of his life.

THE WHITTINGTON CLUB AGAIN.

Doubtless much advantage will accrue to the French nation from the visit which some of the National Guards lately paid to the Whittington Club. We had hoped, for the honour of England, that they would not have been allowed to enter that building; but the Fates have been adverse, and we shall now soon be tortured by some French dramatic author introducing the Duke of Wellington and "Sir Peel" as going to their club in the Strand, to take an eightpenny plate of sodden meat and a glass of table-beer for dinner.

The unfortunate National Guards, in their thirst for information as to England and the English, have, we are sorry to say, swallowed a great deal that will do them no good. Some of their mistakes have been such as one might naturally fall into. For instance, they believe that all our workhouses are prisons, and all our palaces workhouses. Such errors may be grieved for, but there is certainly no one to blame for them.

When, however, we find the directors of the Whittington Club inviting the French explorers to inspect an institution which, while uniting all the disadvantages of a mechanics' institute and a slap-bang, is absurdly styled a "Club," we feel it incumbent upon us to expose the puppets who constitute the committee, and endeavour to bring them to a sense of duty—the only sense which they can be expected to possess. When Douglas Jerrold, like Balaam, felt forced to speak the truth in spite of himself, he compared the club to a bundle of "sticks," and this is one of the most sensible remarks he ever made.

After the impertinence and absurdity of inviting foreigners to inspect the seedy eating-house in the Strand as a specimen of the London clubs, we shall not be astonished to hear of some distinguished visitor being entertained at any obscure coffee-shop that may be called the "Clarendon," under pretence of being shown the resources of the celebrated hotel in Bond Street.

The Whittington Club has also been immortalizing itself, in a smaller way, by two amateur dramatic performances. One of these took place at the Strand Theatre, where the different members were eminently successful in causing the public to laugh—at them, but they were even still more fortunate in their appearance at the Theatre Royal County Court, Westminster. The entertainments commenced with the play of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, followed by the laughable farce of the *Managers in Distress*, and concluding with the highly interesting, astounding, and soul-stirring drama, entitled the *Engraven Spoons*, or the *Victimised Engraver*, in which a new song, *I'm a Spoon*, was introduced by the principal character, an engraver, the fun of whose part consisted in his having engraved a number of spoons for the Club, and being unable to obtain any remuneration for so doing.

The Treason Market.—The treason market is at a low ebb at present. A few Chartists were sold the other day, and since that the commodity has been rare. Cuffey was done to a considerable extent, but the stock generally went off heavily (in the van, we mean).

ALARMING CONDITION OF TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

Our attention has been strongly called to the condition of this vulgar but useful thoroughfare, by a contributor in the neighbourhood. It appears that one-half of it is in St. Pancras, and the other in St. Marylebone parish, and as the parish authorities are unwilling to take half and half peaceably, the result is that constant disputes arise, and that when the Pancrasians lay down pavement on their side, the Marylebonians repudiate it on the other, and *vice versâ*, so that the road has become the very harlequin of thoroughfares, and as double-faced as Sir Robert Peel. When Pancras takes up the gas, Marylebone leaves it alone; and when Marylebone sends round a watering cart, Pancras leaves the dust on its side; so that, unless an Act of Uniformity is passed soon, Tottenham Court Road will be split into two alleys instead of remaining one street.

But this is not the worst of it. No! Hostile feelings have been excited between the population on opposite sides, and an internecine war may shortly be expected. At present the cab-stand in the centre forms the neutral territory; but already, we believe, the borderers on each side of it have made predatory excursions, attended by severe fighting and great loss of baked potatoes. This state of things must be put an end to; and our contributor above alluded to has some thoughts of constituting himself a military dictator, unless the two parishes accept his mediation, in which case he will decide with impartiality, as England and France are doing in the affairs of Austria and Italy. He will open a (Tottenham) Court of Appeal, at an early period, for the purpose.

An Absurd Excuse.—A thief who lately broke open a grocer's warehouse, excuses himself on the plea that he merely went there to take tea.

The "Pearl of Days"—Dividend day.

PAY DAY.

We have to complain of a serious nuisance by which all the theatres, casinos, and other places of public amusement are infested. We mean the presence of an excessive number of Government clerks. Since the beginning of the month, when they received their pay, these gentlemen have been "about town" in the most industrious manner; and it is feared that until the cash which they have received is spent (a period probably of several weeks), they will still continue to "infest our streets and disgrace our public places."

In many cases their costumes have been very terrific and have put us to the greatest pain. Young men who at the end of September were going about in the most seedy condition, appeared in the beginning of October in the most brilliant state. But not only has the grub of last month become the butterfly of the present: another metamorphosis has taken place, and the raven, having put on the peacock's feathers, has also acquired more than that vanity which is the ordinary characteristic of Juno's bird.

The great physiognomist, Lavater, could decide as to the calling of any person met at random in the street: we do not pretend to so much power; but owing to the simplicity of the young men who indulge in the public amusements of the metropolis, we maintain that in almost every case we can tell who they are and what they are.

For instance, a man who suddenly emerges from seediness at the end of September, and who becomes an *habitué* (for ten days) of a theatre or some other place of public amusement, is a Government clerk. If a man be observed with clean gloves and with two or three friends following him about on Saturday morning or evening, he is on the Press and has just received his money; if, however, the gloves be dirty and the friends not so assiduous in their attentions, and, moreover, the person himself be "elevated," he is probably a City clerk.

The comic writer can always be told by his profoundly melancholy appearance, the satirical one by his amiability, and the sentimental poet by his fatness and coarse expression; but as money is no object to these persons, their appearance and conduct is in no manner affected by "Pay day."

THE RED HOUSE, BATTERSEA.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS has written a novel called *Le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge.* Had the French story-teller transferred the scene of his tale—without, however, altering the title—from the banks of the Seine to the banks of the Thames, he would probably have produced a chapter like this:—

"The pier at Hungerford was crowded with people as Augustus Poddy made his way on board the Daffy-down-Dilly, which in another moment paddled towards the mysterious Red House. The deck was crowded with gazing passengers, but to Poddy the banks of the rushing Thames were familiar things. His eye rested vacantly on the grand new Custom-house—being built from the design of M. Barry, the painter—on the one side, and on the Tower of London, inhabited by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the other. Leaning on a splendid fowling-piece, just purchased from Swan and Edgar's, the young Londoner remained plunged in reverie, until he stood upon a sedgy bank, and beheld the Red House before him.

"All round stretched swampy meadows, wherein lovely females rode on donkeys, and groups of aristocratic children quaffed halfpenny bottles of ginger pop, and flew gallantly through the air in the whirling cars of merry-go-rounds. The famed 'Red House' itself was a humble structure, above the door of which were painted the names of its proprietors, Messrs. Barclay and Perkins. Within the threshold, to the left, was a metal-covered counter, from which sprang a range of brass cocks, and at one corner appeared, projecting from a wooden case, four or five handles, connected with hydrostatic engines beneath. Before the *Maison Rouge* were ranged sundry tables and benches beneath the shade of mystic trees, of which no one knew the name.

"On one of these tables Poddy seated himself carelessly.

"The following dialogue then took place between himself and another person:—

"'Waiter.'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Pint of stout.'

"'Yes, sir.'

"In another moment the Londoner had drained the goblet, then, with a sardonic smile, flinging down a fourpenny bit, he caught up his gun, and strode away. At the back of the house was a sable enclosure. The fence was high and black. No eye could penetrate to the secrets within. But Poddy struck boldly at the door; it opened, and he was admitted.

* * * * * *

"In a princely mansion in a small street at the back of Red Lion Square, sat a grey-eyed woman—young, gay, and gorgeous, in a robe of the most expensive cotton print. She sat pensively by the window, and gazed forth upon the slanting sunlight gilding myriads of chimney-pots. Suddenly she heaved a deep sigh, her eyes dilated, and her hands clasped.

"'I should like it of all things,' she murmured.

"The door opened, and a woman entered. She was old. Her face was dirty—so were her hands.

"'What would you so like,' she said, almost harshly.

"'Hush, mother,' whispered the daughter, for such the young lady was; 'hush, in your ear: a flock whirred by me in the summer air—'

"'A flock?'

"'Yes—of doves!'

"'Ah, you mean pigeons; and you should like them above all things?'

"'Yes—in a pie!'

* * * * * *

"The rays which gleamed upon Red Lion Square lit up the Red House and the Black Enclosure. What was within that Black Enclosure? From time to time the reports of fire-arms were heard arising from its mystic precincts. Then shabby men, in velveteen sporting-jackets, and that species of *chaussure* called 'high-lows' in England, cocked the guns with which they were armed, and looked eagerly about.

"Occasionally a bird rose fluttering above the Black Enclosure. Shot after shot were aimed at it. Generally it fell struggling on the green sward—occasionally it soared unhurt into the air, and flew triumphantly away. But all this time none but the favoured knew what was going on within the Black Enclosure. But Poddy was still there. The waiter had not seen him emerge. That waiter was a busy man, but he had eyes for all; and when a young gent, dressed in a fashionable *paletot* and a Joinville tie—an article of attire called after a man who was a great friend of ours once, but who, since he was kicked out of France, we thoroughly despise and slightly detest—when this young gent asked whether M. Poddy 'had been,' the waiter replied, 'Oh, he's a-been, and he's a-blazing away at them blessed hanimals behind.'

"The afternoon was well advanced when M. Poddy emerged by that noiseless door. There were no stains of murder on his hand, and no horror in his eye. On the contrary, the following dialogue passed between him and the gent in the Joinville tie:—

"'What are you going to stand?'

"'Go of gin, eh?'

"'Cold without?'

"'Warm with—'

"'Good sport?'

"'Look;' and Poddy exhibited a bundle of dead pigeons.

* * * * * *

"That afternoon the lady of Red Lion Square sat joyfully by the window. In a dark recess of the apartment was a man. He looked like Poddy.

"Again the door opened. Again the matron entered.

"'Mother,' said the young woman, with her clear ringing voice, 'Mother, they are caught—they are ours!'

"'What are ours?' inquired the mother.

"Her daughter looked joyfully to the dark recess, and then said with an impressive gesture,

"'The pigeons.'

"'And who is the generous donor?'

"The lady beckoned, and Poddy came forward.

"'*Ma mère, permettez que je vous présente le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge!*'"

SCOTS AND SWINE.

There are some absurd prejudices about Scotland floating in the minds of Londoners; and the country is attacked often by people ignorant even of its geographical position, to say nothing about its literature and history. We would recommend these persons to look at the way in which the cholera has been received in Glasgow, and which contrasts very strongly with its reception in London, where they have welcomed it with open—and very dirty—arms.

It appears that 400 persons have been brought before the Glasgow magistrates charged with "permitting nuisances," and have been "ordered to remove them." We should be making ourselves liable to punishment from these worthy officials, were we to permit such nuisances as Laurie and Wire to hold their position any longer. Laurie seems to be as fond of civic dirt, as the children of the *plebs* are of building mud pies in the streets; so that while Scotland seems likely to get off Scot free, London is obviously in a dangerous condition.

We apprehend that as the first step towards cleaning out a hog-sty is to remove the hogs, so the best way to purify the City is to remove the officials who chiefly preserve it in its original impurity. The sewers, cess-pools, Lauries, Wires, and Aldermen, must be swept away together, and the Aldermen, in particular, be suffered to run through the sewers of neglect to the river Lethe.

There is no doubt that London is in a dangerous position under the present *régime;* and it is melancholy to reflect that death should present himself to John Bull under the same circumstances as he did to the old man in the fable—viz., finding nothing with him but a bundle of sticks.

SHAMEFUL ATTACK ON MR. BUNN.

[The *Punch* writers are evidently afraid of attacking Mr. Bunn, and as he has enjoyed a long period of tranquillity since the publication of a certain paper, we hasten to present our readers with an article which Mr. Mark Lemon was desirous, although unable, to print in *Punch*—that is to say, in the words of the Comic Historian, that "he would if he could, but he couldn't."]

APOLLO REDIVIVUS.

Alfred the Little having heard multitudes of playgoers asking, like the Athenians, for "something new," has come to the benevolent determination of opening Covent Garden as a means of gratifying them. This, we were informed, was his intention, when, to our great surprise, we discovered that the little manager and great poet ("great heroes may be little men") was about to open with *Maritana*. Certainly this was no novelty, and then, what was worse, the *libretto* was by Fitzball and not by the Apollo (of Vinegar Yard). Observe the modesty of the lyrist in commencing the season with the poetry of a rival. We are forced to confess, with the copy-book, that, in the present case, "modesty is pleasing."

Perhaps, however, as the novelty is not in the opera itself, we shall find some in the manner in which it is performed. Possibly Mr. Harrison will be prevailed upon not to sing through his nose, and Mr. Borrani may be induced to vary the usual monotony of his vocalization.

In any case, however, we are glad to find that Bunn is "himself again." We really did not know what had become of our favourite bard. At times we fancied we could trace his hand in the Mosaic advertisements; at others we were convinced that he had sworn allegiance to Taylor the poetical fishmonger. In the present dearth of lyrical talent, particularly when the *Princess* of Tennyson does not appear "likely to add to the reputation of the author," it is consoling to know that Mr. Bunn is up and stirring.

In the meantime, let us observe that Mr. Bunn's style—his peculiar and unique style—of prose remains unaltered. For instance, in one portion of his programme, Mr. Bunn states, that "numerous *treaties* are pending, and, amongst *others*, an answer is daily expected from Herr Pischek." Here the fertile imagination of the poet has led him to believe that "treaty" and "answer" mean the same thing. It is also announced that "the chorus will be augmented to an unusual extent," which makes us suppose that it will contain about four times the usual number of persons; for we remember that, when Drury Lane last opened under a poetical management, the chorus had just been doubled, while, during several previous seasons, "considerable additions had been made." The orchestra, during the performance of Italian opera, consisted of from eighty to a hundred musicians. We find now that it is "on a greatly increased scale." Imagination is evidently at work again. We are, moreover, informed that "it (the orchestra) has been entirely re-arranged." We are sorry to hear this, as we don't think it will be rendered a great deal better than it was under Costa's management.

In conclusion, we must inform Mr. Bunn that the public will not be contented until he, the poet (removed from Vinegar Yard), shall have produced another lyrical work. When a man is fully capable of contributing to the public entertainment, he should lose no opportunity of doing so.

L'EMBARRAS DU CHOIX.

The programme of the arrangement at Covent Garden Theatre states that the orchestra has been selected from the best bands in London. The orchestra is certainly of a good description; but when selecting from the best bands in London, we think the conductor might have chosen the best players instead of the worst, which in some cases he has certainly done.

Organic Affection of the Brain—A partiality for street-grinders.

All Hot!—A "flaming" advertiser announces "four fires for one penny." He is no *Chartist;* for, had Cuffey succeeded, the whole metropolis would have been burnt down for *nothing!*

A Bitter Death—An "Essex" poisoning.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

Mr. Showman,—You are, I am sorry to say, one of those who advocate what, in the lingo of the day, are styled liberal opinions, but, in spite of this, I believe you are a gentleman; and, therefore, I trust that you will in justice to those you so often attack, give a place in your journal to my letter.

It is my proud boast that I am an Englishman of the old school, a true John Bull, none of your modern, be-travelled apes, with a word or two of French and a smattering of German, but one of those who can take their three or four bottles after dinner and be none the worse for it next day. Your fine gentleman of the present epoch contents himself with a paltry glass or two, which he gulps down as if he were at a railway-station, in order that he may "join the ladies," and go and talk about Italian music, or some such humbug. What do I know of these things?—nothing; or our glorious ancestors?—and yet they won the immortal battle-fields of Cresecy and Poietiers.

Now, Mr. Showman, I have long viewed with horror the progress of your so-called democratical institutions—the recent insurrection at Vienna, and flight of His Majesty the Emperor, show what they lead to—and it was, therefore, with great pleasure that I lately perceived we had still retained one custom of by-gone years.

In the sentence lately pronounced by the Chief Justice of Ireland, it is ordered, "that the prisoner be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and be there hanged by the neck until he be dead, and that afterwards his head be severed from his body, and his body be severed into four quarters."

Now, if ministers really mean well to their country and wish to stop the further spread of revolutionary principles, let them make a stand on this sentence.

Let us immediately restore for the use of the rebels the Star-chamber—let us again build for them the rack—let us again pile up the fires of Smithfield—let us once more slit up noses and cut off ears, as in the time of good Queen Bess, of blessed memory. I warrant a few vigorous measures like these, would soon take away the taste for revolt.

And now that we are on the subject, I think we might advantageously revive the custom of the Queen's touching people for the cure of scrofula and other complaints: it would increase the people's veneration for Her Majesty, and, at so much a-head, would prove a pretty addition to the revenue—and, I am sure, would be quite as efficacious as Holloway's ointment.

In order to be consistent, Mr. Showman, we must do one of two things:

Restore the time-honoured practices I have just mentioned, or erase from the statute book the present law as it stands against traitors; and what true Englishman would ever think of that?

I remain, your obedient servant,

A Lover of Old Customs.

LETTER FROM NAPOLEON BONAPARTE TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Elysian Fields.

PRETENDER!—Thou art grown giddy with success; but, however thou mayst deceive the world into the belief that the title by which I address thee is undeserved, me thou canst not blind.

Beware how thou attemptest to encircle thy brow with the diadem I wore. It would crush thee beneath its weight.

The imperial mantle which once was thrown over me would smother thee beneath its folds, and, hanging down from thy dwarfish stature, trail ignominiously in the dust, after having first been dyed anew in the heart's-blood of France's bravest sons.

Pause, foolish man, in thy rash course, and reflect.

They call *me* the shade of Napoleon: what art thou?

A name!

To what dost thou owe the fulsome flattery which unthinking or designing men pay thee, as some nations fall down and worship apes or geese?

To a stray ray of the glory with which I am encircled falling upon thee.

As for thy deeds, what are they?

Look at yonder bird, living on the garbage of the shambles of Boulogne, and blush to answer.

If indeed thou lovest France—if thou truly wishest her prosperity—go, leave her. A voluntary exile, thou wilt carry with thee the proud conviction of having really served her, and force men to acknowledge that thou wast of a truth sincere.

What would France lose by thy absence? A counsellor whose place she could instantly supply.

What would she gain? Security, tranquillity, happiness. The weight of ruin which threatens every moment to fall and overwhelm her would be removed, the firebrand which, now an object of fear, might set her in a flame to be extinguished only by the bitter tears of millions, would be no more.

But if thou wilt not abandon thy designs from love to France, do so out of regard for thine own safety.

Even I fell, because I attempted to enthrall my country. The world knows my punishment—the rocks of St. Helena can attest how I felt it.

Had I, however, succeeded, remember that the raven, on trying to imitate the eagle, which it had seen carry off a lamb in its talons, remained snared in the wool of its intended victim, and became an easy prey to the beholders, after having first been the object of their derision.

NAPOLEON.

ABSURD QUESTION.—A correspondent, who gives himself the unnecessary trouble of telling us he is a tyro in naval matters, says, that he lately read that "H.M.S. Terrible was towed into Portsmouth by the Admiralty steam-tug Echo," and wishes to be informed whether the latter is that alluded to by the poet in the line—

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war."

THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT.—In his letter to the Admiralty concerning the above monster, Captain M'Quhæ says, "it had no fins, but something like the mane of a horse." The latter, of course, must be a briny mane.

A LAME PLEA.—A contributor, who must henceforth be called the Philoctetes of the PUPPET-SHOW, has so injured his foot that he is unable to walk. We can inform him that we don't care, and that he must get out of his *hobble* the best way he can.

THE PUPPET-SHOW ORACLE.

WE are about to start an oracle. Prophets and invisible poets are getting used up; besides which, the former confine themselves merely to sporting matters, and the latter to predictions as to whether the object of one's affections will have black or blue eyes, and as to the probability of the loved one's head being adorned with carrots or turnips.

Our oracle will be of a more general nature, and we shall answer all questions, from the important one of "Who will be Prime Minister in the year 1872?" to the insignificant query of "Who stole the donkey?"—the mutton, or whatever animal or article the genius and vulgarity of the consulting party may suggest.

The answers will be given in the regular Delphic style, of which it may be said, that we consider none other strictly genuine. A few soothsayers will be also kept on the premises, and may be hired by the job or by the day. Private communications on the subject were sent round last week to the members of the House of Commons, and to all the chief ornaments of the Church, the Bar, the Press, and the Stage. The result was, that many interrogations were received, and are now answered as appears underneath:—

Question 1. (From the Editor of the *Athenæum*)—Can you tell me who is the author of the *Vestiges of Creation?*

Answer—Yes, we can [*but we won't do anything of the kind*].*

2. (From Mr. Bunn)—Shall I succeed in the management of Covent Garden Theatre?

A. Yes; you have already succeeded [*for you have succeeded Mr. Delafield, the late manager*].

3. (From William Howitt)—If I were to publish a new progress work, would it have an enormous sale?

A. Yes, it would sell very largely [*among the cheesemongers*].

4. (From Mr. Maddox)—Will Mr. Charles Braham be popular as an operatic singer?

A. Yes; we think the public will admire the finish of his singing amazingly [*they will be delighted when they hear the end of it*].

5. (From Mr. Disraeli)—Have I any chance of becoming Prime Minister?

A. Yes, most decidedly you have a chance [i. e., *a very bad one*].

6. (From John Smith)—I have just been severely kicked. How do you advise me to resent the insult?

A. You must insist on having satisfaction [*but it can be no satisfaction to you if you get shot through the head*].

* The passages between brackets, be it observed, are for private use, and for future explanation, should the oracle appear to have been at fault. We have published this in order to undeceive the public as to what our contributor has been stating, all of which is untrue.—THE SHOWMAN.

THE M'NALLY TESTIMONIAL.

WE perceive from an advertisement that a Mr. M'Nally, the superintendent of Rosherville Gardens, has been presented with a gold watch, "as a testimony of their sense* of his ability as a horticulturist, and for his great attention to the comforts of all who visit, &c., &c." We are informed that the lively spot was once an unsightly chalk-pit, which we suppose has now been turned to some advantage by an enterprising milkman. The surrounding land was also exceedingly barren before the advent of Baron Nathan, and the whole scene is now seen to far greater advantage in consequence of the exertions of Mr. M'Nally. The testimonial was presented by Mr. Perkins, who, strange to say, delivered an address "composed expressly for the occasion." This, after all, is not a mark of extraordinary attention, for unless the superintendent of the gardens is receiving testimonials every year, it would be scarcely possible to compliment him in an oration of many years' standing.

* *Query*, Want of Sense.

THE *POINT* TO BE CONSIDERED.

THE papers state that the Bradford police are about to be served out with cutlasses. If this is true, we consider it extremely hard, after their having escaped being *served out* with pikes.

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A SUNDAY ON THE THAMES.

Look out—shake yourself in your oozy bed, Old Father Thames—the day is come when you must work double tides—bear double burdens. Every steamer which plies from Teddington to the Nore is preparing for hard work; every boat-builder on the banks is decking out and scrubbing his fleet of wherries and funnies; every water-side tavern-keeper, from the whitebait providers of Blackwall to the eel-pie furnishers of Twickenham, is polishing up his dishes and setting his dining-room in order. The morning sun is shining on sleeping London yet, but high noon will see your breast, Old Papa Thames, the highway for floating thousands!

How many small, harmless gents of limited fortune are at this moment sitting upon their bedsides, purse in hand, counting the expense, and wondering for how much they can take Sarah, or Mary Anne, or Charlotte Elizabeth, decently down to Gravesend or up to Richmond. Unpleasant deliberations are those of a private committee of ways and means between you and yourself!

"Let me see—thirty shillings a-week—and the washerwoman not paid since last Monday fortnight, nor the landlady since yesterday week. How could I have promised to take Mary Anne on the river! I dare say she 'll be wanting to go to Richmond—perhaps to the Star and Garter: oh, Lord—they charge you half-a-crown there for every time the waiter looks at you, and three and sixpence for every time he don't. No, no—that's out of the question. It must be Greenwich: if she 'd stick to shrimps and stout, the thing might be done; but she 'll be for whitebait and iced punch. It 's quite clear I 'm a ruined man. I can't appear stingy—I told Mary Anne I was a landed proprietor, with estates in Yorkshire worth five thousand a-year, and then to boggle at a shilling glass of brandy-and-water—Lord, it would never do."

And in the meantime Mary Anne is preparing to assume her part in the expedition.

"I 'll wear out this satin body before I have any good of it—and these ribbons are so disgracefully dirty, I declare. I do think Mr. Montmorency, with all his Yorkshire estates, might give me a new dress or a couple of muslins for the summer. But he is such a near creature. I'm sure I don't see why I should keep company with him—I don't. However, I 'll make him come out to-day—see if I don't. The Star and Garter, and champagne, and salmon, and game, and all that sort of thing. I 'll teach my gentleman. I only wish it was a week-day, and I 'd make him buy me half-a-dozen French kid gloves. I 'm sure if I was a minute I was an hour at this old pair last night, with India-rubber and the loaf that came in at tea-time. But never mind—I think Charley likes me; and when we get his Yorkshire property—why then we 'll see what we shall see!"

And thousands more like Charley and Mary Anne are preparing for the water. There are the Boffums, from Little Street, Bitherstone Street West, Borough, who are going up to Twickenham in their neighbour the coal-merchant's boat. Mrs. Boffum has set up half the night cutting sandwiches for lunch; and Mr. Boffum himself has been to the wine-vaults at the corner for the bottled stout; and the small Boffums can't be induced to sleep, but keep starting out of their cribs before midnight, in consequence of ghastly dreams that they have been left behind, and that an ogre in the appearance of a teacher of the Sunday School has come to fetch them. The Tomlinsons, of Somers Town, again, are bound for Herne Bay, by the early boat, and, in consequence, consider themselves as rather a nautical family, thinking nothing of going down to the sea in ships; while vast tribes, inhabiting dismal back suburban streets or grimy City lanes, or emancipated from counters in the great thoroughfares, console themselves with visions of Putney or Greenwich, or the still more humble haven of the Red House, Battersea.

Take, gentle reader, if you wish to see the Thames, on Sunday, in its perfection—take your station upon Hungerford Bridge, and watch the crowds embarking and landing beneath. First observe the crush on board the over-loaded swaying boats. They may talk as they like of slavers in the mid-passage, of herrings in a barrel, of a carpet-bag with the luggage of a whole party of tourists stuffed into it, or of the last omnibus on a wet Sunday's night from Highbury Barn: but slavers, herring-curers, tourists, and conductors, could alike take lessons in packing from the genius of the commanders of the river boats. How many Charleys, Mary Annes, Boffums, and Tomlinsons, are jammed together there—one black sweltering mass round the funnel—as boat after boat staggers off under its load to disperse the living cargo over the green banks above London, or in search of whitebait, shrimps, porter, and tea, through the taverns of Greenwich, Blackwall, or Gravesend.

And the small craft are as busy as the steamers. None of the club gigs are out. It would be *infra dig.* on Sundays. But there goes a clumsy below-bridge wherry, weighed down astern by six fat women, and pulled by two men in their shirt sleeves, and with clay pipes in their mouths. Then come two or three funnies freighted by bawling parties of little boys who have clubbed their pennies, and who are continually getting in the way of steamers, or being jammed up against the piers of bridges. The river yachts are generally active, particularly between Erith and Blackwall, the owners steering in all the glory of caps with gold bands round them, and generally accompanied by ladies adorned with parasols of tremendously variegated colours. And so the afternoon and evening wear away. Steamboat stokers are done up and perspiring; the landlords of river-side public-houses find their larders empty and their pockets full; whole acres of cabbage have been puffed away in the

shape of Manilla cheroots; the stewards of steamers see but one pint bottle of stout lurking in the remotest corners of their pantries; the proprietors of small boats stand anxiously peering through the gloom, expecting the return of their craft; while from every pier and landing-place flock slowly homewards tired and jaded groups, the women with limp bonnets and draggled dresses—the men, those at least who have been rowing, with blistered hands and empty pockets.

MEDICAL GEMS.

In the *Times* of the 12th instant, the following gems shone forth in Æsculapian lustre.

One who has the fatal doom of being an assistant, in order more effectually to gain a situation, announces that "he is of five years' standing." So far from this being a recommendation, we should look upon it as an obstacle, for his legs must have become as shaky as those of a cab-horse.

Another publishes his desire of engaging a dispensing assistant. The dispensing he says "is confined to his own practice, which comprises an Union." This is bad bait to fish with. A sailor might as well say, the voyages of my vessel are confined to the Thames, which includes also the Pacifics.

A third is in want of an apprentice, "who would be treated as one of the family;" but as it frequently happens that one in the family is treated very ill, the deluded youth might probably meet with more kicks than halfpence, and be glad to decamp even with the forfeit of his premium.

We hope the medical abilities of the advertisers are a little better than their literary ones.

THE WHITTINGTON SLAP-BANG.

The members of this flourishing institution (which but for its not paying its tradesmen and its smelling disagreeably, would be a very attractive place) are about, we see, to have some Readings from Shakspere by a popular lecturer. This is a step in the right direction; and we are glad to see such an interest in letters manifested by the members, as to induce them to have somebody to read to them, which is, of course, the first step towards learning to read themselves. We hope that people will be in attendance to explain the big words as the reading goes on; and that Readings from Pinnock, and Nights with the London Primer, will follow at an early period. By-the-bye, while speaking of the Whittington, let us mention a very reprehensible practice that some of the members have got into, of speaking about "the Club" in a swaggering manner, in the various places of public resort in town. This is done to delude hearers into the belief that "the Club" so swaggered about, may be "the Carlton," the "Windham," or some other gentlemanly association.

A PERSIAN TALE.

We have observed an advertisement set forth by an individual named William Jermingham, M.D., with the horrifying heading of

"CHOLERA! CHOLERA! CHOLERA!"

Having thus used the strongest means to propagate the disease, by creating an unnecessary fear, he swells immediately into the philanthropist, and vociferates

"SAFETY! SAFETY! SAFETY!"

which indemnity is to be procured by some filthy Persian preparation designated "Napthaline," and dignified by the name of a "Specific." The universal benefactor then announces that it is vended in packets of 2*s.* 6*d.* each. It is surprising how any sentient being can trifle with human life for the small emolument of half-a-crown. Every one is cognizant of the rapidity with which the cholera hurries through its stages, and experience has proved that the ordinary means, if timely given, are not only the most sensible but efficacious. If, however, the doctor's "Napthaline" is not superior to his cunning, the antidote is pitiful enough; for he afterwards tells us that all who have taken it have escaped the disease. How then has he ascertained that it is a "Specific?" for, if the people have not yet been attacked, its value (if it has any) has yet to be discovered. Surely the dogmatic graduate would not continually surfeit us with giant doses of his "Napthaline" for months, in anticipation of the worst!

The fact is, Dr. William Jermingham, you are coining money from that prolific mint, the fears of the masses, and while the Showman's lash flourishes over you, beware how you provoke him, or he will administer a medicine even more severe than your "Napthaline," intended for the martyrdom of a misguided people.

[Advertisement.]

TO RAILROAD DIRECTORS AND OTHERS.—A Gentleman who is about to leave his present situation is desirous of a re-engagement as Secretary to some Railway Company. His principles are of the strictest school of Agnewism, and he can be conscientiously recommended as a thorough bigot. References for intolerance given and required. Address, R. E. R., *poste restante*, Perth.

OUR LEADER.

ARISTOCRATIC SCAPE-GOATS.

Many persons affect, after committing a fault, to find consolation—one by the way which we could never understand—in the reflection, that "after all there was no one to blame but themselves." This is a common mode of relief amongst those who have trusted people who have not the means of paying; or have accepted bills for men who have bolted to Boulogne. However, we must confess that in most respectable classes there exists a species of independence which will not allow a man to confess himself the sole criminal in an action to which half-a-dozen other scoundrels have united in contributing their villany. If Jones be detected in a conspiracy to defraud society by means of a railway or any other scheme, in common with a number of other men, there would probably be a great difficulty in inducing Jones to confess that he was the only guilty person; that he had received no encouragement from his confederates; and that their co-operation had in no way served to incite him towards the object contemplated.

But the case is very different in aristocratic circles, and a very fair and exceedingly disgraceful instance of this is to be found in Mr. Young's *exculpatory* letter lately published in the London journals.

Mr. Young, in conjunction with the leading Whigs, is proved to have had in contemplation that course of conduct which, at a subsequent period, it was Cuffey's object to pursue. There certainly was this difference, that Young and the Whigs proceeded secretly and of their own free-wills, whereas Cuffey and the Chartists acted, for the most part, openly, and partly at the urgings of the Government spies who ultimately betrayed them.

There may be a "statute of limitations" to political crimes, as there is to civil debts; but however this may be in the abstract, Cuffey is sentenced to transportation for life, while Young is merely called upon to publish a letter in which he confesses to have united in himself all the dishonest, treacherous, and rebellious intentions which a generous public had assumed to have been equally distributed amongst the Whigs generally.

To Mr. Young such a confession may appear no disgrace; a political hack has no very delicate feelings—and Mr. Young is a Whig political hack. The publication of his letter, however, serves to re-impress the public with that beautiful truth which has been so long evident, that whenever an aristocratic miscreant, or a body of aristocratic miscreants, commit crimes, there is always some secretary or attorney to be found who comes forward, in the most obliging and disgusting manner, to assure the public that he is the only rascal, that no other villain is the genuine one, and that the opposition Duke, Marquis, or Earl, whom the papers wish to set up as a criminal, is merely a vile impostor. Whenever a Scotch Duke ejects his tenantry by wholesale, some agent is always ready to take the whole blame upon his shoulders, and swear hard and fast that his master is innocent. In fact there is no crime, not involving immediate punishment, which an aristocrat may not commit without much blame, as long as their stewards are so excessively obliging.

PINS & NEEDLES.

Some very unprincipled wit (whose conduct we need not say excites our disgust) remarked some time ago that it was highly consistent that Albert Smith, the "literary" man, should be a dentist, as "he had always lived by what he got out of other people's mouths!"

Peter Borthwick ("blue Peter," as he might well have been called from his melancholy look some time ago) has been sent to Jamaica. Peter's pecuniary difficulties were notorious, but who will now hesitate to say, that he is "very well off?"

Jerrold's paper tells us that Ernest Jones occupies himself in prison by studying Greek. We are glad to learn that he is becoming a linguist. Hitherto we have heard nothing from him but very bad language.

The Cape papers announce fresh outbreaks by the "Boers" at Natal. Sir Harry Smith is about to suppress them. What if Albert Smith emigrated to head the Boers? His tactics as "Bore-in-Chief" would bother even the hero of Aliwal.

Accounts from Paris represent the vintage as abundant. We should think it ought to be, for the quantity of *grape poured* into the city from the artillery during the July disturbances must have been considerable.

We have just seen an advertisement, calling attention to "Portwine's Harbour of Refuge." We suppose this is nothing more than an essay on lamp-posts and gutters.

The proprietors of the Holborn Casino have been advertising a *bal negligé*. Let us hope that, at all events, the ball will not be *negligé* by the public.

A briefless barrister assures us, that the design of the Irish rebels, once entertained, of carrying the judges to their fastnesses, was for the agricultural purpose of introducing a few *black sheep* into the mountains.

The *Times* has been making a great fuss about the *Economist* obtaining returns from the Board of Trade before the other journals. We hope that in this case the "large returns" are not accompanied by "small profits."

The French managers have recently resorted to the dodge of putting wooden "dummies" in the boxes, to give an appearance of fulness to the house. We understand that the enterprising Bunn intends to engage Mr. Mark Lemon for a similar purpose.

The Members of the Whittington Slap-bang have just brought out a stupid journal. "What is writ, is writ;" but in the present instance it certainly won't be read.

No Thoroughfare.—A gentleman much attached to Lord Brougham thinks that he is not so ill-favoured but he might pass in a crowd. We, however, think differently, as he has lately proved his inability to do so in the "press."

Give Merit its Due.—It appears since the Premier's accession to office he has had three Garters to dispose of. Should His Lordship have another to spare, we suggest that, for the services he has received from Powell, he should bestow the blue ribbon on the blackleg.

JONES AND JOHNSON.

Air,—"*The Pope he leads a happy life.*"

Old Jones he leads a happy life,
He never quarrels with his wife;
A nice snug property he owns—
I would n't mind if I were Jones.

And yet he is not happy quite;
The gout it makes him swear outright,
The rheumatism racks his bones—
I 'd really rather not be Jones.

Young Johnson better pleases me;
He 's in the best society,
Shakes lords and ladies by the hand—
In Johnson's boots I 'd like to stand.

And, yet, I almost am afraid,
For those same boots he 's never paid;
He 's always out lest Jones should call—
I 'd not be Johnson, after all.

Then here 's to me my native self,
My little stock of honest pelf,
And, last, not least, that pride of mine—
My slender store of British wine.

And, when I sip that British wine,
I 'll fancy I with Johnson dine;
And, when I get my dividends,
I 'll think I 'm one of Jones's friends.

A Precocious Juvenile.—A gentleman signing himself H. P. of Bermondsey (after announcing that he has discovered more spots on the sun) informs the editor of the *Times* that "he hopes to forward in a day or two some short account of the weather, which has been very changeable this month." It is a most remarkable coincidence that our errand-boy only a week or two ago absolutely made the very same discovery.

THE IDIOT EMPEROR.

We are certainly of opinion that the Austrian Diet must be about the most good-natured and credulous body in Europe. After the idiotic despotism of the Emperor of Austria, the bloodshed in which it has resulted, and the infamous flight by which it has been followed, they are still found addressing him in terms of respect, and imploring him to return and babble once more in Vienna.

Our readers are probably not aware, that the Emperor is *literally* an idiot—not merely in the sense in which the term is applied to the Chartists or the Whigs, but in a medical point of view. This makes it the more extraordinary that the Diet should be so courteous to him, and offer him any asylum but an idiot asylum in the country which he has disgraced.

Let our readers fancy the following scene taking place at a Cabinet Council, on his return:—

Scene.—*Council Chamber.*

Emperor, *with Keeper, Nurses, &c.; Ministers in attendance.*

1st Minister (*coaxing*). Will its little Majesty please look at its pretty little Constitution?

Idiot. Tuck, tuck, tuck!

Nurse (*wiping away the froth from the Idiot's lips*). Hush, hush, eat pretty cake! Does he like its Constitution, then, pretty?

Idiot (*kicking*). No, no!

Keeper (*sternly*). Quiet, then! [*Idiot howls.*

[*A noise is heard in the distance, firing of cannons, &c.*]

Minister (*alarmed*). May it please you—

[*Enter Mob.*]

The Idiot runs off, howling, the Keeper after him. The Minister is hanged. The Diet writes to implore the Idiot to return.

FINIS.

THE YANKEE CRITICS.

INDIGNANT that the Old
  Should beat the New World hollow
In art, a Yankee bold
  Once purchased an Apollo.

Of the renowned "antique"
  A copy 't was in plaster—
(The work of which we speak
  Is by an unknown master).

The cast was safely packed,
  Then sent on board a packet,
And reached New York uncracked,
  As nothing chanced to crack it.

'T was landed on the quay
  In perfect preservation,
And quickly as might be
  Adorned its destined station—

Within a public hall,
  Where free-born speculators
In slaves were apt to call
  (Real screaming alligators!)

Three critics of this race,
  Receiving timely warning,
Called at the very place,
  To smoke and spit, one morning.

"I calc'late *wood*," quoth one,
  And rapped it with his knuckle;
Cried number two, "Say *done*,
  And wager," with a chuckle.

"I guess it 's clay," he spoke,
  And coolly with his *bowie*
Gave the poor god a poke,
  To prove his substance doughy.

The third removed a quid,
  Brought down his stick the neck on,
And calm, the crash amid,
  Observed, "No—*chalk I reckon!*"

FALSE RUMOURS FROM THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

SOME intelligence has reached us from the manufacturing districts, which would be rather alarming were it not utterly destitute of truth.

Several "mills" were stopped last week by the police, against whom considerable discontent prevails. In one case four hands, and two pairs of (boxing) gloves, were thrown out of employment. Several of the persons interfered with struck—at the authorities, who were in some cases obliged to come to an engagement with them; and the latter accordingly found themselves in situations—and rather unpleasant ones—sooner than they had anticipated.

We have not heard that the rates of wages have been increased. It is understood that the allowances are the same as before, except that very little allowance is made for the miserable condition of some of the artisans. The "monkey's allowance" we believe to be the popular kind of payment in many districts where masters have made a considerable increase in the proportion of kicks over coppers.

A turn-out (from a public-house) took place last week at Ashton-under-Lyne, in consequence of awkwardness on the part of a factory-man, and incapacity to pay his reckoning. The landlord prosecuted, and took the requisite oaths before a magistrate, which was quite unnecessary, as he had taken many more oaths than were requisite before the prisoner was captured.

We were also informed that there was an extensive turn-out in another part of the country; but, upon inquiry, found it to be only that of Count D'Orsay, which had been sent down by rail for the use of its master.

THE BRUMMAGEM NAPOLEON.

I.

"WHAT shall we say poor LOUIS is?"—
  A blot upon his uncle's race—
  A pimple on a noble face,
Disfiguring the phiz?—
    A feather from an eagle's wing,
      That never by itself can fly,
    That every breeze about will fling,
      'Midst laughter of the passers-by?

II.

"What shall we say poor LOUIS is?"—
  A proud tree's branch that won't bear fruit—
  A toadstool trying to take root
Upon a hero's grave?—
    A fragment from a heavenly sphere,
      Cast from its noble mass of light
    To fall by coarse attraction here,
      And lie, a nameless aërolite?

III.

"What shall we say poor LOUIS is?"
  In vain the question you may ask—
  To answer is a hopeless task,
    And human wit surpasses.—
  Indeed!—Well, as his uncle, then,
  Was the Napoleon of men,
    So he 's the Bonaparte of asses!

NAPOLEON PAST AND PRESENT.

THE MAN OF BRONZE. THE MAN OF PLASTER.

THE CHOLERA.

SOME apology may be thought necessary for introducing so serious a subject as the cholera into so humorous a publication as the PUPPET-SHOW; but as its awful character has not prevented its commentators from committing folly, there is no reason why it should deter us from chastising them.

The manner in which the authorities have endeavoured to ward off the evils of cholera has been—

1. By assuring the public that fear of the cholera is in itself likely to bring on the disease.
2. By publishing documents calculated to excite fear.

We must, however, do the newspaper proprietors the justice to say that they attempted to frighten the public, not into an attack of the cholera, but, which is almost as bad, into buying their journals. Like the "progress writers," who press towards their "object" without reference to the fatal means (such as bad taste and style) which they may make use of, so the journalists urge the sale of their papers, perfectly heedless of the consequences which may be brought about by such announcements as "The Cholera's come!" "The Pestilence is in London!" (see the *Polyhumbug* of this day).

The greatest nonsense connected with the cholera is the "diet tables" which have been published, and which may be divided into the following classes:—

1. Those which recommend the poor to take fish, meat, and light puddings, with plenty of carriage exercise: forming the "impossible" class.

2. Those which recommend the consumption of certain articles of food (mentioned in the most precise manner) which are in daily use: forming the "useless" class.

3. Those which recommend the abstinence from anything which may be a preventive against indigestion: forming the "preposterous" class.

We have seen two diet tables, of which one commenced with "above all avoid oysters," and the other terminated with "you may eat as many oysters as you like:" therefore, in order that the public may not be confused by such directions, we, the SHOWMAN, beg to present them with

THE SHOWMAN'S OWN DIET TABLE.

On rising at nine—A cup of coffee.

At eleven—Chops, kidneys, sausages, broiled ham, herrings, and pale ale. (Eggs and bacon to be studiously avoided.)

Immediately before dinner—One dozen of oysters, and a glass of pale ale. (Avoid eating steaks at this period, as you will probably lose your appetite.)

At six, dinner—Vermicelli soup, *filets de sole*, eels *à la tartare*, fricandeau, grouse, *omelette aux abricots;* almonds and raisins, grapes, walnuts, olives; chablis, champagne, hermitage, port.

Another sort of dinner—Turtle-soup, salmon, cutlets, haunch of venison, cabinet puddings; port and sherry.

After dinner—Liqueurs, coffee, cigars.

Supper—Oysters and Guinness's stout.

Time of going to bed—As soon as you feel sleepy.

HINTS ON ADVERTISING.

WE proved most satisfactorily in our last number that the great lights of advertising science appeared to be quite put out; that placards had stuck in the same place where they were fifty years since; and that advertising vans were at a complete stand-still. Let it now be our province—or, as the French would say, our department—to seek a remedy for the stagnation in which all advertising affairs appear to be languishing.

In the last century, pickpockets were almost always attired in the costumes of the lower classes: at present, they affect a superior appearance. We have no friends in the profession, and therefore cannot speak so decidedly as we could wish; but it is reported that the members flourish much more in paletots and patent leather boots than in fustian jackets and velveteen trowsers.

Why not also raise the character of the bill-sticker (that is, the man who walks about covered with announcements), of the drivers of advertising vans, and of the advertising vans themselves?

Mrs. Gore and almost all our pantomime writers have done their best for certain of the West-end tradesmen, by introducing them on the stage, that Harlequin may jump through their shop-windows, the clown steal their goods, and the pantaloon fall down their areas. Why not write farces, melodramas, and operas, in which the whole interest should turn upon registered articles of various tradesmen? A farce called "Nicholl's Paletot" would be sure to have a run; while a melodrama entitled "Holloway's Ointment," and a tragedy under the name of "Betts' British Brandy," would have equal chances of success.

This system of dramatic advertising would, moreover, be of far greater advantage to authors than might at first appear. While some managers consider ten or twelve pounds to be sufficient remuneration for a farce-writer, other tradesmen would, doubtless, lavish on him those sums of money which are, under the present baneful system, expended in procuring admission to the columns of the *Times*. A person who pays ten pounds per day for advertising in a newspaper, would, doubtless, give five pounds per night to have himself puffed in a farce at the Lyceum.

But not only dramatists, novelists also be put under contribution. "Villa Messina; or, The Earl of Aldborough Preserved," would be a capital title for a romance in *Ainsworth's Magazine;* and an autobiography of the "Bad Leg of Fifteen Years' Standing," with various narratives of the different modes of treatment adopted towards the leg, might be made valuable as a tale of thrilling interest, and invaluable as a work of medical experience.

In conclusion, we beg leave to offer our services to tradesmen desirous of having tales, novels, or romances; farces, melodramas, or tragedies made up, in which the interest shall turn on the merits of their respective goods. Next week, by way of specimen, we hope to present our readers with

"THE PALETOT SHROUD; OR, THE WRAPPER WRAPPED IN MYSTERY."

A SWELL OF THE FIRST WATER.—Last week the Thames rose so very high that it occasioned serious mischief. We suppose it could contain itself no longer at the insults of the City sewers.

NOTHING WONDERFUL.—It is stated that the Emperor of Austria looked very ill as he passed through Stein. This no doubt was his "*indisposition*" to be kicked from the throne.

THE COMIC AGRICULTURIST.

We perceive that Mr. Albert Smith has lately come out as an agriculturist, at Chertsey. He addressed the mob upon the soil and its products, and actually threatened to become a useful member of society. However, it is quite certain that, for the time, he laid down the cap and bells, and took up the spade and the plough. Let us hope that he will renounce authorship, and turn his pen into a pruning-hook.

Unfortunately there were no reporters present when Smith's virgin oration was delivered; but we imagine it must have been something of the following description:—

"I know very little—(*Hear, hear*)—I know very little about the 'turf,' excepting as far as I have been able to learn something of it at Epsom. I shall not attempt to 'harrow' your feelings by relating what are its usual products. It would 'rake up' too many painful associations. Suffice it then to say, that, in spite of what slight connexion I may have had with it, I at present '*hoe*' nothing. (*Oh, oh.*) I shall not say anything about the diseases of sheep, which I believe in general to be all 'rot.' As far as soil is concerned, I may say that I hope there is none on the characters of any here present—(*Sensation*); and I freely confess that I am quite ignorant—(*Hear, hear*)—of any 'mould' except the 'mould of form,' which, in conjunction with the 'glass of fashion,' is alluded to in the pages of a slow writer named Shakspere. I have no idea —(*Hear, hear*)—I have no idea of what the 'rotation of crops' can possibly mean. I understand that a person—either a Roman or a Greek—once lived who was named *Ce-crops;* but this does not lead me to any satisfactory result, and I am, therefore, inclined to believe that the phrase 'rotation of crops' refers merely to periodical hair-cutting. He could not say what sort of a mangle mangel-wurzel was. (*Great interruption, during which the speaker sat down among the sneers of the populace.*)"

EXTRAORDINARY GENEROSITY.—It has been wisely remarked that Mr. C. Cochrane is the most generous man of the day, for instead of being free with his money alone, he will *lend himself* to any absurdity which may be started. This, however, shall not prevent him being paid-off on every such occasion by the PUPPET-SHOW.

TOUCHING.—An agricultural friend of ours is such an admirer of uniqueness and propriety that when he has a hog "rung" he always has the ring made of "pig iron."

"PROGRESS OF A BILL."

WE perceive that Mr. W. B. Jerrold has been let loose in the columns of the *Illustrated London News*, and is making a disagreeable hubbub with something which he calls the *Progress of a Bill*. It bears the "stamp" of absurdity throughout, and has been dishonoured and protested against in all classes. We are sorry to see that Mr. Jerrold is falling off from the mediocrity which has characterized his former productions, and we are much afraid that the only "progress" of the affair in question will be from the printing-office to the waste-paper shop.

EDITOR'S BOX.

"THE LITTLE THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET" has once more thrown open its doors; Mr. Webster has commenced his winter campaign; and, true to his motto of "legitimacy," selected *Romeo and Juliet* as his opening piece.

That Mr. Webster did this without a struggle, the SHOWMAN will never believe. Mr. Webster is aware that the character of *Romeo* requires to be supported by a tragic actor of at least a moderate degree of ability, and he has by far too keen a perception of the ridiculous ever to place Mr. Creswick in that class. Unluckily, however, Mr. Webster has raised a loud outcry about legitimacy, and consequently he is now obliged to sacrifice to the idol he has set up. We trust, however, that this state of things will not last long. It is a sad necessity to own one's-self in the wrong, but the SHOWMAN is afraid that in this case there is no help for it. The struggle between interest and *amour propre* in Mr. Webster's breast may perhaps continue some little time longer, but, unless Mr. Webster has resolved to give Shakspere's plays—with Mr. Creswick, of course, as the hero—merely from philanthropical motives, and to diffuse a taste for works of high art among the different classes of society, he will soon be glad enough to put his pride in his pocket; at any rate, he won't put anything else there if he does not.

Miss Laura Addison, who appeared for the first time at this theatre in the character of Juliet, has already become almost as great a favourite at the West-end of the town as she formerly was at Sadlers' Wells. Miss Laura Addison is possessed of much real talent, and if she will only persevere in her endeavours to improve, and recollect that, whatever variety may be, monotony, especially in the voice, is anything but charming, she will in time become an accomplished and captivating actress.

It has lately been the fashion in Parliament and other places, when any gentleman may have happened to have been accused of incapacity for the post he was filling, or of receiving public money to which he had no possible claim, to prove that this could not be the case, as some Hon. Member present had often had the pleasure of dining with the gentleman in question, and had always found him an excellent companion; while another Hon. Member had frequently ridden across the country with him, and never known him to flinch a hedge. It is on this principle that Mr. Webster, doubtless, selected Mr. Creswick to play *Romeo*. Mr. Creswick, it is true, is ungraceful in his action, he is outrageous in his rant, and wrong in his conception; but he is, probably, a most amiable father, or a loving brother—can dress salad in a peculiarly excellent manner, or brew superb milk punch—and, *therefore*, has every requisite for playing *Romeo*.

In the after-pieces Mr. Keeley and Mrs. Keeley have, of course, been setting the house in a roar as usual; and the SHOWMAN can assure Mr. Webster that the farce of *Spring Gardens* is not a tittle less amusing because it does not happen to be strictly legitimate, but only an adaptation of the French piece *Le Cabinet de Lustucru*.

At COVENT GARDEN and the PRINCESS'S respectively, we have had, among others, the *débuts* of Miss Wallace and Mr. Braham, junior. Both the lady and gentleman were received with marked favour, and made a most favourable impression on the public. The SHOWMAN, however, intends to reserve his own verdict until some later period, when he may have a little more room for his arms and legs, and be able to pronounce the said verdict without incurring the charge of having been packed—very closely—the night he did so.

LOUIS BLANC AT THE CASINO.*

"LOUIS BLANC was seen last week at the Casino."

Such is the information which was brought to our office by a man who was evidently an emissary of Guizot's, and anxious to prejudice the public mind against the great Socialist. We, however, who know more of Louis than would be imagined, are in a position to state that he attended the dancing establishment in question not for purposes of mere amusement, but in order to gain additional materials for his great plan of "labour-organization," as the affected writers of pseudo-German nonsense would say.

How the Louis Blanc principles are to be applied to the Casinoites we are unable to say, but we suppose the result of his observations will be embodied in something of the following nature:—

1. No gentleman to drink two sherry-cobblers as long as there is any one present who has not had one.

2. All sherry consumed in the course of the evening to be divided equally amongst those present. In case intoxication should be deemed essential by the majority, it will be necessary that every person shall get drunk at the same period; but, as a slight difficulty occurs from the fact that the same amount of sherry will not produce the same effect on all individuals, this point must be reserved for future consideration.

3. No "lady" shall be allowed to dance a greater number of times than any other "lady." The lame and ugly will thus enjoy the same advantages as the graceful and handsome, and universal happiness will be the result.

4. Comic and other writers shall not be allowed to pass in without paying more than once in the season. The free admissions, instead of being confined to "gentlemen of the press," shall be distributed equally amongst the *habitués*, and the above result will be the consequence of the admirable arrangement.

5. Enormous sherry-cobblers shall be provided in gigantic cisterns by means of universal subscriptions. These shall be at the service of any who may enter the Casino, and large trusses of straw shall be procured, in order that there may be unbounded facility in imbibing the said sherry-cobblers; and this, in spite of a certain person,† who once gave it as his deliberate opinion that a sherry-cobbler was not worth two straws.

* N. B. *A fact.* † The SHOWMAN.

AWFUL CONDITION OF THE HIGHER ORDERS.—An unknown correspondent, whose fashionably ungrammatical style and illegible handwriting proclaim him to be the scion of some noble house, writes to inquire whether it is quite fair that while the SHOWMAN is continually crying out that the poor have nothing to do, he should studiously conceal the fact that some of the leading members of the aristocracy are in a precisely similar predicament, and almost dying of *ennui* in consequence.

YOUNG'S OLD DODGE.

MR. THOMAS YOUNG has been trying to prove that he was not a traitor, by asserting that he was a fool. This may be all very well, and will be readily believed by Young's friends, but it is but a lame excuse after all. When a domestic animal commits a fault we whip him, though aware that he is without reason. Little boys are not allowed to play with edged tools; and Young, having played with treason firebrands, must be punished accordingly.

The Whig dodge now is, to assert that Melbourne was not aware of his Secretary's communication. This much is certain, however, that Young was in his confidence; and how could he know that the rebel commission was to have been given to Napier, unless he had heard it on authority? And is it likely he would have even speculated on such a subject to so distinguished an officer, had he not been aware that there were grounds for such speculations? At all events, Melbourne must be answerable for the acts of his Secretary, as a man who chooses to keep a monkey, must pay for the damage he does.

General Napier has been blamed for publishing the letter; but if an impertinent inferior chooses to write a dangerous letter, he has no right to demand the secrecy which only an honourable communication can claim. If Cuffey sends a gentleman a treasonable letter with the trowsers he has been repairing, the gentleman, of course, is justified in handing it over to the Bow Street authorities. To conceal a criminal letter, is to become accessory to the crime.

A FEW PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. AUGUSTUS PHILIPS.

Chapter VIII.—The Return.

On reaching Richmond, which they did about 5 P.M., Mr. Augustus Philips and his party found that celebrated place in a state of great excitement. The reason of this was that the Grand Amateur Regatta, in which the celebrated Royal Richmond Muff Club played the principal part, had been appointed to come off that afternoon. Several races of minor importance had already been contested; but the grand heat for four-oared cutters was still undecided, and this Mr. Bagster determined he would stop and see. The boat was accordingly brought up close along shore, and the party once more disembarked.

The scene was a most animated one. The shore and bridge were thronged with spectators, while the river was literally covered with boats of all descriptions. Among these, not the less prominent, were the wager-boats of sundry young gentlemen, whose principal characteristic seemed to be that they were not exactly decided as to what they meant to do. For instance, you might first remark one of them pulling towards the bridge, as if his life itself depended on his speed: when he had arrived under one of the arches, he would suddenly back water, stop his frail craft, and remain for some minutes resting on his sculls and looking at the knees of his trowsers, immersed in profound thought, and, of course, never for an instant harbouring the idea that any one had been looking at him or admiring his pulling: then all of a sudden he would turn his boat's nose round, and start off at a most tremendous pace in the opposite direction, as if he had forgotten something or other somewhere, and must go and fetch it as quickly as possible. In order, no doubt, to fill up the vacuum created by his absence, the Committee, which for aught we know to the contrary consisted of a gentleman with a pencil and pocket-book taking notes of something very diligently, was pulled about in a sort of small barge containing a band of music. It is true that there was at times some want of harmony in their performance, but that was more than compensated for by the great dignity of the Committee aforesaid, and the vast importance with which he took the notes, also aforesaid.

While Mr. Bagster was thinking how long it might possibly be before the grand heat was decided, he was accosted by an individual disagreeably conspicuous by an eye-glass and a drawl. This person, whose name was Algernon Tape, having at the death of his father, an old attorney, come into a large property, immediately threw the office overboard, and, determining to devote himself to fashionable pursuits, had, in consequence, become very aristocratic and select. "Ah! my dear Mr. Bagster," said he, "this is indeed an unexpected pleasure—I am glad I have met you; I can show you some of our crack men. Look there," he continued, pointing to a young gentleman with eyes like a wax doll and a head of hair to match, "that 's Rullock."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Bagster.

"Yes," continued Mr. Algernon Tape. "Of course you 've heard of Rullock—Smythe Rullock."

"I can't say I have," replied Mr. Bagster, with a deep sense of his ignorance.

"Good gracious! not heard of Rullock—why, he 's our head man—pulls stroke in the Muff boat. I 'll introduce you after the race. But you must not stop here—you must come up in the Castle Gardens—there are nothing but Snobs here—really, since we 've had the railroad, we 've been swarmed by them—they 're like locusts. All the decent people in Richmond, those of any family I mean, are disgusted; we should emigrate to-morrow, if we only knew some spot whither these *canaille* would not be sure to follow."

"Why don't you choose Salisbury Plain?" asked the Pilot. "No one would disturb you there, I should say, unless it were a stray zoologist in search of specimens of the baboon tribe."

Mr. Algernon Tape looked round and had a great mind to knock the Pilot down; but as the latter looked quite as sternly at Mr. Algernon as Mr. Algernon at him, he had a still greater to leave him alone, which he accordingly did, and contented himself with leading the way to the Castle Gardens.

After the grand heat had come off—in which, by the way, the Muff crew lost, although Mr. Rullock proved most satisfactorily that they ought to have won, and that they undoubtedly would have done so, had their opponents not happened to take the lead and keep it—Mr. Bagster would have immediately set off, but the Pilot and Mr. Probe were not to be found; and it was not until the lapse of another hour that they were seen to emerge from a tobacconist's shop at the corner of the Royal Terrace.

It was now so late that several of the party proposed returning by land; this was, however, overruled, and they once more set out towards London.

They had pulled along very slowly as far as Kew, in order to have the full benefit of the tide, which they expected would turn about that place, so that when they arrived there, it was about half-past eleven.

On passing beneath the centre arch of the bridge, the boat went so near that the oars of Messrs. Philips and Probe came with great violence against the pier at one end, and at the other against their breasts, throwing both of them backwards.

"Halloa! coxswain," cried Mr. Augustus, getting up again.

"Halloa!" responded the scarlet-clad professional.

"Keep a sharper look-out another another time, will you?—that was rather a near shave."

"You 're a pretty chap, you are, ain't you?" said the coxswain, combining the benefit of question and answer in the same phrase, and speaking in a very thick and indistinct manner. "You 're a-goin' to larn me my business, I suppose. You go and mind your six-and-eightpences, and leave this 'ere to me."

It was now most evident that the coxswain was intoxicated. The fact is, he had managed to secrete, and afterwards gradually to empty, three bottles of port, which he had found in one of the hampers.

The ladies now became seriously alarmed, and the fashionable parson, to judge from appearances, not less so. Mr. Bagster summoned the delinquent coxswain to resign the helm to him; but as that individual refused and contented himself with abusing Mr. Bagster, instead of acceding to his wishes, a scuffle ensued, at the imminent risk of capsizing the boat; and while they were in the midst of it a grating sound followed by a violent shock, which sent all the combatants rolling in one confused mass one over the other, proclaimed in an unmistakeable manner that they were aground.

"Shove her off, sir," said Mr. Bagster, panting from his unaccustomed gladiatorial exertion. "Shove her off, you vagabond!"

"Wagabond yourself," retorted the coxswain. "I ain't a-going to shove her off;" and as a proof of the sincerity of what he said, he turned quietly over on the spot where he had just been pitched and composed himself to sleep.

"Come, gentlemen," said Mr. Bagster, who, like all great men, grew energetic with the occasion, "we must shove her off ourselves, then, for we can't let the ladies stop here at the risk of their being laid up with the rheumatism." And with these words he jumped out, up to his knees in water, on the shoal which was the cause of their misfortune. The other gentlemen, even including the fashionable parson, who could find no means of escaping, instantly followed.

It is not our intention to describe all the efforts made to dislodge the boat and set her once more afloat. Suffice it to say, that after half-an-hour's unintermitted exertions, the affair was abandoned as hopeless. The gentlemen, consequently, re-embarked, and commenced hallooing in a manner which might have awoke the dead, until their cries attracted the notice of some lighterman or other, who put off to their rescue.

Mr. Augustus alone had not joined in the general cry. During the confusion he had glided unremarked round to the stern of the boat, where Harriet now sat quite alone, unmolested by the fashionable preacher, who was far too much occupied with his own uncomfortable plight to think any more of her. Seizing hold of her hand, which was placed listlessly on the side of the boat, Mr. Augustus commenced pouring forth a fervent tale of love, shivering up to the armpits in water all the time he did so.

Ere he half came to an end, he was aware he had caught a most awful cold—but what cared he for that? To his question, "Do you love me in return?" had he not also caught the sweet answer, "Yes!"

THE LORD OF DUNDRUM;

OR,

THE COURTIER IN TOWN AND THE LANDLORD AT HOME.

(AN IRISH PASTORAL.)

"And ye shall walk in silk attire."

THE following unpoetical pastoral is much more than "founded on fact," and, if the reader should imagine that it is all true, there are numbers of the inhabitants of the town of Dundrum who have many reasons, and some of them sufficiently bitter, for entertaining the same impression.

Lord O'Leggins, a lord of the bedchamber, or in waiting, or something of that high perfume, straying like a fine essence about Her Majesty's Court, is also the landlord of some eight hundred or a thousand broad acres in the county of Tipperary. For years there was no part of Ireland more disturbed than this noble peer's estate, and the county on its borders. Houses were broken open—fire-arms plundered—tenants murdered. It was, in fact, a good fair specimen of an Irish absentee's mismanaged estate. All this continued for some years, without any knowledge on the part of the public at large of the causes in which it originated. At length the secrets of Dundrum—the name of the noble O'Leggins' estate and mansion—burst into the light, and then it was discovered that, during all the period that outrage and violence had been practised by the people, the system of extermination was unceasingly at work.

After due investigation, it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that Lord O'Leggins had evicted from his estates not less than *two hundred and fifty-eight families*, which, at the Irish average of six to each family, would present the wretched picture of some fifteen hundred human beings driven forth to absolute and unsheltered destitution!

We do not intend to intimate that Lord O'Leggins or his agents committed any breach of the law in acting in this manner. Every step, no doubt, brutal as it might be, was only taken "as the law directs." The outrages and murders which followed were (in Ireland) the natural consequences.

A word or two in attestation of the condition of the peasantry, before we proceed with the cruel, yet richly absurd, story which has just come to our knowledge, and which is now made public for the first time.

The destitution which pressed so heavily in 1846 and 1847 upon Tipperary (the food-blight having fallen with peculiar severity upon the richest lands) had visited the estate and neighbourhood of Dundrum with almost unequalled devastation. The people were really starving there and in the vicinity.

Will not the reader ask if the noble lord had done nothing to alleviate the misery of his tenantry and neighbourhood? You shall hear that something his lordship did do, and what it was he did *first*.

On the 16th of April, having been relieved from his "silk attire" and bowing attendance upon Her Majesty, Lord O'Leggins visited his estates in Tipperary. His tenantry were nearly as delighted to see him as if he had been a cargo of Indian meal, for they made sure that the arrival of the landlord at such a juncture was but the precursor of the arrival of food. His lordship remained just three days in Tipperary, leaving Dundrum on April the 19th for London. Immediately on his departure notices were served by his bailiffs upon the tenants to *come in forthwith and pay the rents* falling due the previous November. The tenants said, Surely his lordship would not be so exacting as to demand rent at the present moment; they would pay it if time were allowed, but they had nothing left now except a few black potatoes, and not many even of those. The bailiff's reply was (and this is stated on the authority of the *Freeman's Journal*), *"What the d—l do we care about you, or your black potatoes; it was not us that made them black. You will get two days to pay the rent, and if you don't, you know the consequences!"*

It is but justice to Lord O'Leggins to say that he might have been under the impression, from the declarations of Ministers in Parliament, that the state would have undertaken to protect the people from impending famine; and, like many other Irish landlords, he might have reasoned—that while tenants had anything remaining which a landlord *could* take, that was the best time for him to press his claims.

"And was not this a dainty lord
To bow before the Queen?"

But now comes the second act of this unique little pastoral—which alternates the squalor of an Irish village, with the splendour of a London palace.

Lord O'Leggins went back to court just in time to hear Sir James Graham's and Sir Robert Peel's declarations that the Irish landlords would be expected to contribute in the first instance to relieve the distress and famine amongst the people—that it was a duty they owed society, and that they *must* discharge it!

Lord O'Leggins was thunderstruck! If a scent-bottle had exploded at his nose he could not have felt more unmanned. You might have knocked him down with half a feather. The distress and starvation of Irish peasants had actually come to court, and their Skeletons were rattling outside Buckingham Palace, and trying to peep, grimly on bony tip-toes, in at the lower edge of the windows where the Queen was sitting! What was to be done? Not one sixpence had Lord O'Leggins contributed up to this time to any of the relief funds which were being raised in the country, for his tenantry amongst others—and every circumstance tended to establish the belief, which was universal in the country, that he would not contribute, and had no future intention of doing so. But they did his lordship wrong. Luckily his lordship was a courtier. The anomaly of a courteous landlord in Ireland hence becomes not unintelligible. He saw there was no time to be lost.

Suddenly and unexpectedly his lordship appeared again in Dundrum! No longer wore he a "baleful star" upon his breast, but one radiating smile, like his countenance on a drawing-room day. Within a very brief period he actually subscribed to no less than three relief funds! It was a good thing—to come to the Queen's ears!

The poor starving people were all dancing with delight. They no longer expected to die of hunger. "Oh, what a blessed thing it is," cried they, "to have a lord in waiting for our landlord! We shall now get a morsel to eat. Sure enough the Queen—and God bless Her Gracious Majesty—has told the lord in waiting to tell Lord O'Leggins (that's the landlord) to whisper to the Lord of Dundrum (that's the Lord O'Leggins) that some duties besides the collection of rents are attached even to Irish property! And so, long life to the Queen, and to the Lord O'Leggins, who waits around Her Gracious Majesty's pleasure!"

It would be well for themselves if a number of other noble lords took this very broad and illustrious hint in good time.

A SPECIFIC REQUEST.

MR. HOLLOWAY presents his compliments to H. P. of Bermondsey, and having noticed in the *Times* that he has discovered some spots on the body of the sun, would he be kind enough to recommend his Invaluable Ointment, which has cured a bad leg of thirty years' standing?

BLACK CONDUCT IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

WE have been somewhat surprised to perceive, in the daily journals, that the French Assembly boasts some mulatto members. We have not forgot the maxim, *nimium ne crede colori*, and would recommend the French Government not to trust too much to these men of colour. It seems to us impossible that members can listen, without laughing, to one of them grinning in the tribune, while his compatriots accompany him (as they doubtless do) with cries of Ya! ya! and the noise of the castanets. We can easily fancy a sombre orator desirous of knowing if Cavaignac means to explain his sentiments that evening on the question, calling out, "Cavaignac, will you come out to-night?" or a swarthy member of a commission of inquiry beginning, "We went down to Lyons, &c."

M. Bory Paty, one of these dark gentlemen, recently repudiated, with great indignation, charges of corruption that had been brought against the people of Martinique. The following is a free translation of the eloquent peroration of the honourable and woolly member:—

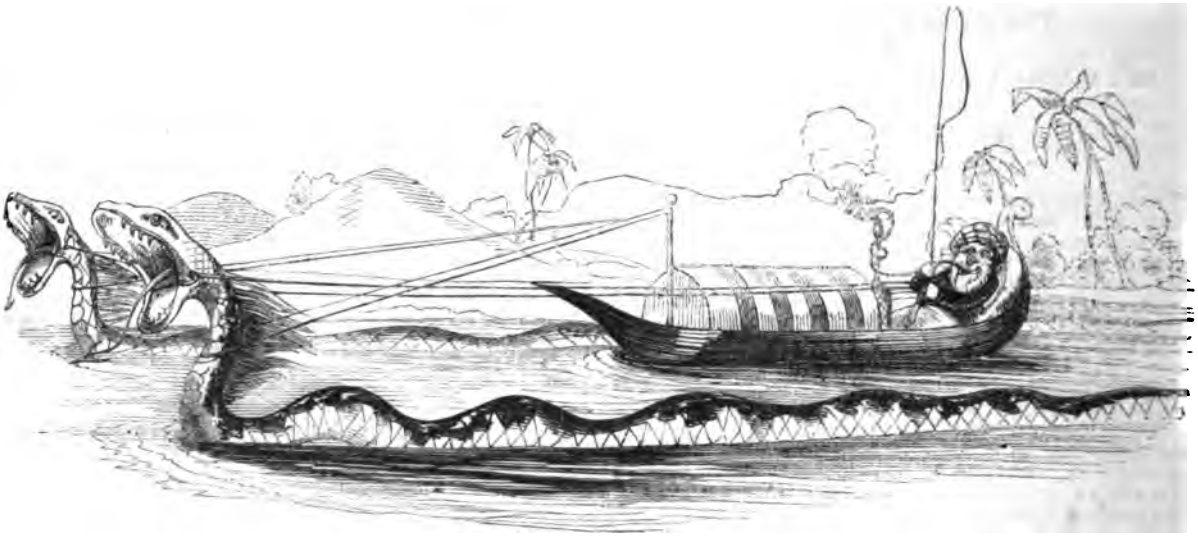
"By gorra, massa, dem charges no right! Martinique no corrup. Martinique hab accepted de rebolution like one broder, and press him to him bussom (*laughter*). You all know, I tink, de words ob de poet—

'If I had you by my side.'

Well, s'pose I had de member dat made these charges by my side, I would mash him head! (*sensation.*) No, massa, nigger no corrup—for though de skin be darker dan de cygnet's plume, de heart is white as de rice crops dat wave in de islands ob de West!"

Here the honourable member was carried out exhausted, but presently recovered, and, when last seen, was tranquilly occupied with his political studies and his banjo.

ABSURD THEORY.—That war is compatible with religion, because the church possesses so many *canons!*



THE SEA-SERPENT.

THE Sea-serpent has been seen! The Sea-serpent must be caught! The Sea-serpent must be made useful!

The Sea-serpent will really turn out a useful animal; and its discovery is certainly the greatest that has taken place since that of gunpowder.

Having caught your Sea-serpent, we should recommend that he be perfectly trained for drawing line-of-battle ships, while those of a tender age might be usefully employed in tugging barges down canals.

In canals the Sea-serpent would above all be invaluable. By using the animal as suggested, we should obtain the security and safety of barge navigation, with more than the swiftness of steam. The Sea-serpent would not destroy the banks—an evil which has hitherto made steam navigation impossible on canals; and the only inconvenience that could possibly arise would be that of a stray passenger being occasionally snapped up by the infuriated brute.

HIGHLY PROBABLE.—We see that Mr. James Hannay has written a book called a *Claret Cup*. We hope he has not made a "mull" of it.

AUDACIOUS JOKE.—All the illustrated papers are about publishing portraits of the sea-serpent "from an eye-witness." One audacious editor says that although the others may have the picture from *an eye*-witness, he himself has it from *a nigher*.

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.

A GENERAL WARNING.

MR. SHOWMAN,—I am a man of moderate views, and a draper's assistant, therefore I have been induced to measure carefully over the "Early Closing Movement." I find it a "sweetly pretty" article for the philanthropists, and in the papers makes up well. It is a pattern which, considering all things, I am inclined to follow; but I think caution is required, for give some people an inch and they take an ell. As a counter-movement to vice, I would cut Casinos, mark night-houses as job lots, and look for profit from the small cost of useful publications, and especially the PUPPET-SHOW. But to cut it short: An acquaintance of mine, who belonged to an early closing establishment, has changed the yard-wand for the churchyard, in the narrow space of three months. Being of business-like habits, he skipped to the conclusion (as he often did to the counter) that he could find the lining for his mind and body simultaneously. Consequently, he parcelled his time into half-an-hour at a literary institution, two at a malt establishment, and the rest to the Casino. He soon shaped himself into a wrong bias, and the governor cut him on the cross. He pinned the remnant of his life to his acquaintances; but at last they unfolded their minds, and let him slip. He may be shown, therefore, as a sample for others to avoid—for his account was early closed by the "Early Closing Movement;" and as he went off at a ruinous sacrifice, of course he will for ever remain below prime cost. I enclose my ticket according to your rule, and hoping that a stitch in time, &c. &c. &c. &c.

I am yours obediently,
EBENEZER ELLWIDE.

POLITICO-ECONOMICAL HINTS.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

IN these days of Ministerial half measures, the whole community might be put on half rations. Half a loaf is better than none. Thus, the poorer classes might be compelled to eat under the provisions of a special Act of Parliament, setting forth that one side of the mouth only be devoted to the mastication of food, by which process half a mouthful of the said food, per individual, might be saved.

Constant employment, which absorbs under the present liberal system so much capital in wages, ought to be reduced to *occasional* occupation. For instance, one body of the poor might be employed one week, and another body the following week; and so on alternately. The grumbles of the hungry stomach could be partially silenced by the anticipation of the "good time coming."

A coast-guard, to be paid by the stray wrecks washed ashore, might be established, whose duty it should be to prevent the landing of any Irish on the English coast; consequently, the chances of employment of British people would be increased. Besides, as the Celtic population has been so long accustomed to be at the "starvation point," they would scarcely feel a pang at perishing outright. Thus, the expense of providing for the wants of about eight millions of souls, would be saved at one stroke.

With respect to Scotland, the brawny inhabitants, being proverbially known as "hard Scotchmen," might be reduced to one meal per day of their native "meal." A hardy life constitues a fine race of people, and the Highlanders being regarded as splendid specimens of humanity, it follows that the "harder" they are treated the hardier they would become. In war time—which is a happy moment for finding an exit for surplus population—the Scotch might be constituted, from their powers of endurance, the advanced guard, by which the "honour" of being cut to pieces would ensure them the economical credit of being "immortalised" by the nation.

Finally, in times of extreme depression, the Parliament might "stop the supplies" altogether of both government and people; and if that would not work out the necessary amount of economy, sanitory cordons could be dispensed with, when a "free-trade" admission of the cholera into British ports might kill "Protection" and everybody else into the bargain.

A DIS-CREDITABLE TRICK.—A juvenile contributor to this periodical declines to take in his creditors' letters any longer, because, he says, "evil communications corrupt good manners!"

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. T. is requested to forward his name and address.

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THE POET, POLITICIAN, AND POLICEMAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

INTRODUCTION.

SOME years since—dates, like figs and raisins, are very dry things—I was unfortunate enough to lose my watch.

In consequence of this calamity, I repaired to the nearest police-office in order to give information which might lead to the recovery of the missing article, and was introduced to the Inspector. Were it not that I am unwilling to imitate the comic writers who infest the present age, I should say that he was a man evidently above his 'station;" but as it is, I shall content myself with observing, that he was a person who enjoyed more than the ordinary amount of whiskers belonging to a policeman, without any of his bad grammar, and who possessed the characteristic civility without the vulgar expression and enormous boots, which are usually looked upon as the attributes of that official.

After listening attentively to my statement, the Inspector observed, that "a watch could not go without hands," and that he "should like to find some key to it."

These expressions startled me. My confidant observed my consternation, and exclaimed, "I perceive, sir, that you are astonished at my making puns. I gained my living by it!"

This remark was uttered in a tone of regret which prevented me from making any inquiry as to what his previous occupation had been: but, being anxious to obtain some information about the jocular, but at the same time serious, Inspector, I left the office, with a determination to call on him the next day.

The following morning, I was awakened by my servant, who announced that Mr. Pitt Byron Tomkins was waiting in the sitting-room. At first I felt frightened, for the name suggested that a "progress" writer had called upon me. Nevertheless, I mustered up sufficient courage to dress myself and descend to the drawing-room, where I found my acquaintance of the previous evening, the Inspector.

He had recovered the watch, and presented it to me; when, with my accustomed liberality, I pulled out my purse and offered him five pounds.

To my surprise, he declined the gift with a disdainful, but, at the same time, gentlemanly, air.

I was amazed. And do I say amazed?—I was even grieved; for I thought the sum was not sufficiently large for his acceptance. In the midst of my embarassment, I was interrupted by my new acquaintance, who observed—

"Sir, you mistake me: I am not as other policemen. I have had the misfortune of being well educated."

This speech increased my astonishment, and I at once expressed it to him in language which I fear was slightly satirical.

"Spare your sarcasms," replied Mr. Pitt Byron Tomkins: "remember that Burns was an exciseman, and Charles Lamb a City clerk. Do not, then, be too hard upon one who, though at present a policeman, has formerly been both a poet and a politician—to say nothing of minor occupations, such as railway director and comic writer."

At these words, I bowed my head, and assumed a look of pity; when the Inspector again addressed me.

"Sir," said he, "I do not regret my present position, nor do I seek your compassion. Wine, like water, will find its level; and for my part, I do not grieve that, from the high position which I once deemed myself fitted for, I have sank to the more humble one which I at present fill."

I changed my tactics, and spake of the equal distribution of happiness; but was again checked in my attempt to escape, from the self-conviction of having "missed my man."

"I have no wish to be misunderstood," commenced Tomkins. "I cannot be checked by your remarks, which appear to be those of a well-meaning sophist; and candidly inform you that I have adopted my present calling through various disappointments in others, for which both philosophy and experience prevent me mourning."

Tomkins was like a great many candid persons. It was impossible to get anything out of him beyond mere generalities. Curiosity urged me to invite so interesting a person to a banquet of two. Pride suggested that, after all, that person was but an Inspector who had risen from the ranks.

Reason and sense prevailed. The Inspector was invited, the invitation was accepted, the day arrived, and the mysterious man was seated opposite to me.

CHAPTER I.

"The cloth having been removed, and the usual toasts proposed," as the newspaper gentlemen would say, I set about my task of inquiry in as cautious a manner as possible. Knowing the habits of the Force, and believing also that there was just as much truth in brandy-and-water as (according to the proverb) in wine, I at once ordered grog. After giving a few reminiscences of my happy childhood, I perceived that my friend gradually became more communicative; and the result was a complete confession of the earlier part of his life:—

"It was at school," he commenced, "that I first exhibited those literary and diplomatic talents which in after life I have vainly endeavoured to turn to advantage. Even at that early period they were constantly getting me into difficulties. What did it avail me to possess satirical talents, and to be the editor of *Vita Scholastica*, if my libels on the head-master were continually getting me a caning. Often has that journal been seized by the academic government, and its principal writer placed in solitary confinement, without any right of appeal whatsoever; and unfortunately, something would always occur during the terrible investigation, which, in spite of the horrors of birch or blackhole, and even the non-payment of subscriptions, would induce me to pursue my literary avocations with more than the boldness of a Mitchell. It signified nothing to me that I had slandered a respectable clergyman, and was to be flogged for it (my journal being at the same time burned at the hands of the exceedingly common porter), so long as I had slandered him in good Sapphics; and when I was told that 'the wit could not excuse the malignity,' I felt that the compliment would at all events compensate for the chastisement.

"Then, again, by a strange perversity, I could not separate myself from the idea that I was born to be a diplomatist. My name may have had something to do with it—the wishes of my respected parent still more. But there was the fact that I, one of the few honest boys in the school, with no real intention of injuring any person, was engaged in perpetual machinations against a tradesman who had refused to give tick, a master who had thrashed a playfellow too severely, or a bully who had blacked some companion's eyes. If the plot was discovered, I confessed freely; the other conspirators denied their share in the guilt, and the whole punishment fell upon my shoulders, not to mention a less romantic part of my body. Suffice it to say, that I was at that time a diplomatist with honesty, and a writer without scruples. Nice characters these were to make one's way with in the world!

"I *was* to have gone to college; I *was* to have gone to the bar; I *was* to have gone into Parliament; and, independently of being prime minister, I *was* to have been fifty other great things. I will not stop to consider what might have been my career if the first step had been taken, but every one knows that in this case *le premier pas coûte;* and as my father died without leaving anything, except a few debts, just as I was quitting school, it became very evident that I must turn my attention to something else. My relations recommended a business, and the road to greatness, which commences with the freedom of the City, and ends

with the dignity of Lord Mayor. I resolved, however, upon the profession of literature—that refuge which is so often sought and not found by the destitute—and subsequently a short cut from the bar to the Woolsack."

The grog being now finished, Tomkins, with great sagacity, left me, under a promise to return on the following day.

ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

When the National Guards visited the Lord Mayor the other day, that functionary offered some refreshment to the officers only, advising the rest to look at our buildings—which, heaven knows, is no treat. The absurdity of his conduct (which was quite as great as the meanness of it) lay chiefly in this, that the social rank of the officers and men is the same, and quite equal to his "Lordship's," as all but idiots and Lord Mayors know. Really nothing seems to be welcome or kindly received in the City except the cholera. It was always famous for encouraging dirt. The present Mayor advances a step, and has dirt in his heart and soul.

THE MARE IN WAITING.

Etchings by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort.—It is said that a Collection of Etchings executed by the Queen and Prince Albert will shortly be exhibited to the public. There can be no doubt as to the happy result of this combination of royal talent. Her Majesty has already enriched the Palace with several splendid specimens of *Tableaux Vivans*, for which the people are highly *indebted*, as they are intended to form a very *valuable National Collection*.

LORD ELLESMERE AND OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

Mr. Showman,—Happening to go through Leicester Square a short time since, I picked up a paper written in French. It was much torn and defaced from having been trampled under foot, but the following is a true translation of all that was still legible:—

". . : *Garde Nationale* . . . to-morrow, Thursday . . . nine o'clock, a body of forty . . . proceed to Windsor Castle, fifty to the Colosseum, three hundred to the Mansion House, . . . Bank, hundred to Horse Guards. . . ."

Now, sir, if this does not prove that these foreigners meditated some well-arranged scheme of attack upon the metropolis, I know not what does. Luckily they found us well prepared, and no doubt abandoned their design; but I trust that this will open the eyes of the authorities as to the propriety of taking means to prevent the recurrence of the awful danger to which we have been exposed.

I have the honour to remain
Your obedient servant,
Ellesmere.

The Clearance System in Ireland.—The landlords in the County Clare, finding they cannot raise their rents, have very unceremoniously razed their houses, leaving their tenants nothing but a right in common. These affairs are managed differently in England, where, if a man cannot meet his rent, he leaves the premises, while in Ireland the premises leave him.

"HERE'S TO THE T ROOPS OF THE GARDE NATIONALE."

Air—"*Here's to the maiden of blushing fifteen.*"

(by the mayor of dover.)

Here 's to the troops of the Garde Nationale!
Already arrivèd in Dover;
Here 's to the rest, who at any time shall
Think proper and fit to come over!
Let them all pass
To London *en masse*,
We 'll take them for nothing, and give them first-class.

Here's to the *Sapeur* of Paul Bedford's size,
Who, e'en if he would, couldn't run, sir;
Here's to the *Bourgeois* with specs on his eyes,
And here 's to him who has none, sir!
Let them all pass, &c.

Here 's to all such, sir, as serve *à cheval*,
And to those who as Foot you may see, sir;
They all shall be welcome, I promise they shall,
Whatever their uniform be, sir.
Let them all pass, &c.

Then let us forget our mutual hate:
I ask every true Briton whether
He 'll spurn the hand offered, or still hesitate
To fraternise warmly together?
Let them all pass, &c.

OUR LEADER.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Lord Brougham's reputation is the most singular ever enjoyed by a public man. It is alternately a worship and a jeer that he meets with. One set of men worships him as a god, another ridicules him as an idol, a third hates him as a danger. Yet everybody admires him at bottom. The Liberal remembers his services as Henry; the Tory his recent Conservatism; the reading public his essays and speeches. With such faculties and such fortune, why should Lord Brougham ever choose to be ridiculous? With Lyndhurst's prudence, he could have gained Chatham's reputation. As it is, he must remain an anomaly. Every one will admit that he was a Colossus; but remember at the same time, that the Colossus was made of brass. Why should this be?

We are inclined to look on Brougham's strength as resembling that of Polyphemus after he had lost his solitary eye. The giant roars fearfully, hurls mighty weapons around him, but, alas! *sight* is absent, and the enemy escapes. Nevertheless, the country echoes with the sound of his fury, and compassion for the blindness is half lost in admiration of the strength.

Brougham has tried everything, and has done nothing ill. But he has no sooner done something well, than he hastens to neutralise the effect by an absurdity. Like Byron's description of the storm in *Don Juan*, his career alternates between the sublime and the ridiculous—terror and beauty one instant, buffoonery and grossness the other.

Brougham has abused the present state of the laws—and administered them badly. He has deprecated the study of the classics—and translated Demosthenes. He has praised the French—and offended them: raised the People to a Deity—and degraded it to "dregs."

We believe that all his absurdities may be attributed to this, that he has all along underrated his contemporaries.

Brougham has now gone to Paris. With what object in view?

Will he stand for President? Or hunt wild boar? Or sell his Cannes property? Or write a French pamphlet praising the Revolution? Or fraternise with Lamartine?

It is impossible to predict anything of him with certainty, except that he will be eccentric.

PINS & NEEDLES.

John O'Connell is worse than the unjust steward in the parable, for though "he cannot dig," yet "to beg he is *not* ashamed."

Lord Brougham seems very deficient in taste. Why keep calling Lansdowne his "old" friend, and thus reminding the public that the noble marquis is in his dotage?

A certain Barret, one of the Chartist Conspirators, lately convicted, told a friend who found him making cartridges, that "they were for a gentleman going abroad." We are afraid that Barret will find this is another proof of the well-known proverb, "There's many a true word spoken in jest."

Keat's chose for his epitaph, "HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER." By altering it to *brandy*-and-water, it would do capitally for Dr. Maginn.

It is the opinion of Sibthorpe, that as Mr. Disraeli is so subtle and venomous in penetrating the motives of his antagonists, he is the veritable *see*-serpent after all.

A recent stupid "progress" magazine must certainly claim the praise of an exalted patriotism. It soon determined to "*mourir pour la patrie*," and did so, to the delight of all.

Dr. Bermingham lately said, "that in the casual ward of the St. Pancras Workhouse there was an opening into the drain, from which the smell of ammonia was so strong that it made his eyes water." This is beyond all doubt a "crying evil."

The only difference between the old literary man in this country and the new, is that the first read what nobody could write, while the second writes what nobody can read.

Poor Cuffey said he was bound to carry the Charter. Experience has proved that he is bound (pretty securely too) in consequence of not having carried it.

The Emperor of Austria has long been considered of unsound mind. Of late he has certainly shown himself a flighty character.

We hear that Alderman Gibbs is about to make the cholera free of the City, in hopes that in return the City will be free of the cholera.

COMMIC EVENTS, *&c.*—Bishop Wilberforce has lately been delivering a charge to his clergy that he cannot allow them to follow field sports, hunting, *&c.* This is acting consistently, as of course his lordship cannot wish to see the Church of England "going to the dogs."

The following is an imitation of the celebrated lines in which Pope has made "The sound to seem an echo to the sense:"—

When Anstey does his big brass trumpet blow,
The whole House curses, and declares him "slow;"
Not so, when Dizzy pipes the graceful strain,
Skims o'er the question swift, and puts poor Peel to pain!

THE PETITION OF THE SHOWMAN AND HIS CONTRIBUTORS TO MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Sheweth,

THAT YOUR PETITIONERS have interests totally in opposition to those of *Punch*.

That the stupidity of *Punch* is the PUPPET-SHOW's good fortune; and that anything which may contribute to the increase of the said stupidity of *Punch*, will be hailed with joy by Your Petitioners, and its authors duly honoured.

That Your Cockney Majesty has it in his power to contribute, and does in the most obliging manner contribute, to the said stupidity of *Punch*, though not to the extent which Your Petitioners would desire.

Your Petitioners, therefore, pray, That Your Cockney Majesty will, in his gracious kindness, write, and cause to be printed in the columns of *Punch*, as large an amount of Your Cockney Majesty's original articles as Your Cockney Majesty may in his merciful goodness think fit.

And Your Petitioners will ever pray, &c.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENT.—An illustration—"le neveu de mon oncle, et l'oncle de mon neveu"—which appeared some months ago in the *Journal pour rire*, from the columns of that journal to the pages of *Punch*. [N.B.—We have several movements of a similar nature to chronicle.]

THE TOWER-HAMLETS DOGBERRY.

A PARAGRAPH in the *Sun* recently informed an astonished public that it was the intention of Mr. George Thompson, M.P., to attend a meeting, and explain his "Parliamentary conduct during the session" to his constituents. This is suggestive of speculation:—1st, as to what Mr. Thompson has done; 2ndly, as to why he did it; 3rdly, as to who will go to hear him explain it; 4thly, as to who cares a farthing on the subject; and 5thly, why the fact should be announced so gravely to the public. On these points we mean to give a hint to George's constituents.

Mr. George Thompson, M.P. (what a dignified appellation!), then, has been principally occupied during the session on the business of the late Rajah of Sattara, whose affairs must necessarily be vitally important to the Tower-Hamlets. For many years he lived very comfortably on this unhappy man's calamities, and at his death continued still the profitable occupation of agitating about them—resembling, in this respect, the cannibals of the South Sea Islands, who get all they can out of the slaves they capture during their life, and after their death eat them. In fact, Mr. George Thompson, M.P., has been picking the bones of the dead Rajah very cleanly and comfortably, and much, of course, to the benefit of his constituents.

As to his Parliamentary career in other respects, it has been chiefly confined to the obstruction of public business, by the delivery of Mechanics' Institute lectures to the House that boasts a Disraeli. His fluent, wishy-washy verbiage—at once as shallow and as muddy as a sewer—has been pouring along, an annoying obstruction, and the only reputation he has gained, has been that of being one of the very worst of the clique of "progress" bores—that half-read set which floated into the senate on the waves of Corn-law agitation—having been previously known as hireling lecturers of obscure origin and neglected education.

It will save Mr. Thompson some trouble if he will avail himself of this brief *résumé* of his proceedings in his forthcoming oration. He is very welcome to make use of our observations, and ought to be much obliged to us for saving him the trouble of making a long speech—as also ought his constituents.

A NICE DISTINCTION.—We read in the papers, that "since his reported premeditated escape, Mr. Duffy has been confined by himself." A friend of the prisoner's, who evidently possesses more zeal than sense, has written to say that this is a vile calumny, as every one knows that, instead of his being by himself, it is by the dastardly Saxon Government Mr. Duffy has been confined.

HOGG-HUNTING.

THIS exciting sport has been much indulged in lately by the gallant Napier; and the unfortunate Hogg (an Indian bore of great ferocity) has been scampering about in a melancholy plight. Some regular bloodhounds of good breed have followed the Hogg up very closely; while some wretched curs, instead of joining in the pursuit, turned and attacked the gallant huntsman.

The SHOWMAN, who has the highest respect for the *perfervidum ingenium* of the brilliant Napier, joined in the chase with his customary ardour. The Hogg had been grunting angrily, and therefore gave a good promise of sport, which was amply realized; for, though he ran fast for a place of safety (and may be said to have had a sty in his eye), he was sharply progged and wounded once or twice. In fact, the bore could not save his bacon, was touched up in the hams, and the SHOWMAN now declines to throw any more pearls before him.

CONUNDRUM.

Q. Why did Hercules desire to die poor?

A. Because, when he was expiring, he wished that he had n't got a shirt to his back.

OUR COURT OF REVIEW.

"*Twilight Thoughts.*"—A singularly appropriate title, since twilight naturally precedes the hour of sleep.

"*Jones.*"—This is a new print of old jokes, which were stupid when first made, and are infamous when clumsily repeated. There is one good thing in it—the notice that it will only appear once a fortnight. Its namesake, "Davy Jones," will soon have it in his locker.

"*The Whittington Journal.*"—Very well worthy of "the Slap-bang;" since it is dull, vulgar, and won't ever "pay," or ever get trusted.

"*Mysteries of the Court.*"—A dull and obscene serial. There are some "Mysteries" of "the Court," however, that we should like to know. How did the author ever get his certificate in the bankruptcies previous to his last?

"*Rose, Blanche, and Violet.*"—Three graceful daughters of genius, who ought to be in every literary seraglio.

"*Amymone*"—Is a "stunning" female for the Grecian Saloon.

"*The Emigrant.*"—A settler.

"*The Pottleton Legacy.*"—This work is lively and amusing; so was Grimaldi, and so are the singers at the Cyder Cellars. It will probably lie on every dressing-table, particularly when the proprietor is shaving.

"*Lord Brougham's Letter to the Marquis of Lansdowne*"—Reminds us of the *verbosa et grandis epistola* which Tiberius sent to destroy Sejanus; for reading it is killing work.

"*Model Men*"—Are models prettily "cut," and will induce every one to "come again" to the "carver," Mr. Horace Mayhew.

THE GREAT LAND SERPENT.

I.

WHO has not heard of the serpents,
In the Western Seas that sail,
Bowling through the waste of waters
With some fifty miles of tail?
Bearing hideous heads, by which—in
Ugliness—Caunt's phiz is whacked;
Bearing teeth, in mighty rows, which
Albert Smith could not extract!

II.

Great indeed are the sea-serpents,
In the western waves that sail,
And when measured out against them,
Cannon balls can't turn the scale;
Yet there is a serpent worser,
Bowling over British land,
Greedy as Tom Young the purser,
Brazen as the "progress" band;

III.

Swift as men when bailiffs chase them
Fierce as Cuffey you might see,
With a pike and twenty rascals,
Boozing at the Orange Tree;
Every kind of man he bolteth:
All with golden sauce go down,
From the dullest lord of thousands,
To the poorest scamp on town.

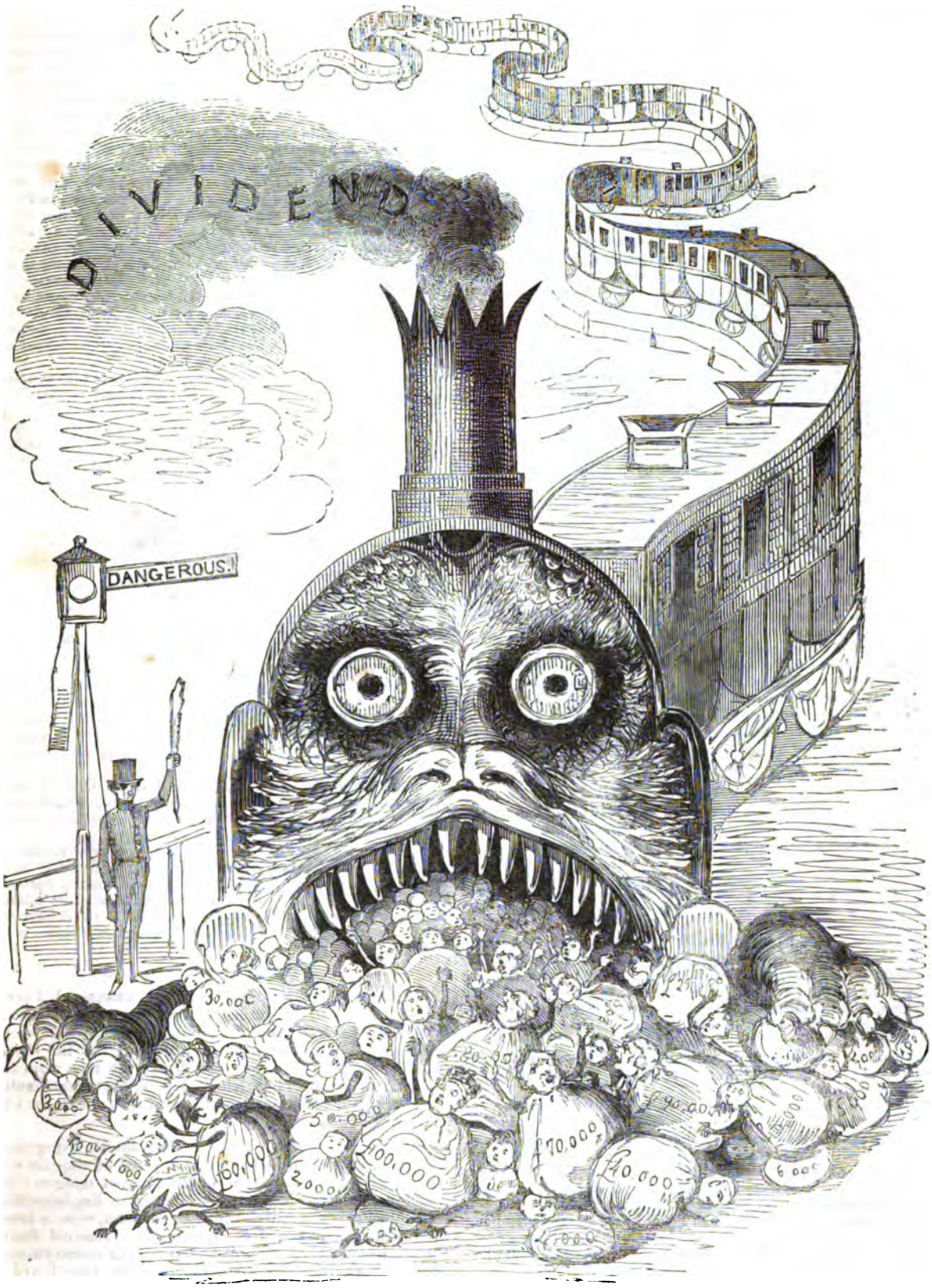
IV.

Chiefly, though, with pleasure hellish,
Loves the beast the poor to bite,
And with most infernal relish
Bolts the widow and her mite;
How he smacks his teeth when orphans
Carelessly present a prey;
They are chiefly bones of poor men
That bestrew this serpent's way

V.

'T is the Railway Serpent, reader,
Of whose terrors you should fear,
And George Hudson is the Wombwell
Who first brought the serpent here;
And the rattle of its motion
Is the sound of human groans,
And the snappings of its grinders
Bear the name of Railway Loans!

THE SPREAD OF CATHOLICISM—JOHN AT CONFESSION.



THE GREAT *LAND* SERPENT!

THE JESUITS AGAIN.—We beg to call the attention of Sir Robert Inglis to the following awful fact, which proves with what untiring pertinacity the disciples of Loyola are still pursuing their diabolical schemes, and, unfortunately, with too much success:—A young leviathan of the Bottle-nose species lately made its appearance in the Frith of Forth. This being soon perceived, the inhabitants pressed into their service every available craft, and after a very short lapse of time, without distinction of age or sex, actually "took the whale."

CROWBARS AND CORONETS.

THE new novel of "Crowbars and Coronets; or, The Restored One" (3 vols 8vo, published by Mr. Gentley), has already created an immense sensation among the higher orders. We have every reason, however, to believe that this fascinating work is not by Mrs. Bore, as was at first reported, but is due to the pen of Lady C. Fl—ms—y, already favourably known to the *beau monde* as the authoress of the sweet poems of "The Old Straw-hat," "The Seedy Chip-bonnet," "The Tainted Sandwich," &c. &c.

In her former efforts, the noble authoress, for such we have no doubt she is, confined herself—as the titles of the pieces just quoted sufficiently show—to the poetry of domestic life, delighting to show us virtue walking through the world in pattens, or to draw some sweet moral from the sight of a broken tea-cup. In the present effort, however, her ladyship has taken a bolder flight. Viewing the anarchy occasioned by the unbridled writings of venal demagogues, she has dedicated her powerful pen to the cause of freedom and hereditary nobility, and beautifully has she borne out the maxim on her title-page—"*Bon sang ne peut mentir.*"

The hero, Alfred Reginald Fitz-Filbert, has been exposed in his infancy to perish on a door-step by a grasping uncle, who sees in him a barrier between himself and his own ambition. We cannot refrain quoting the noble authoress's graphic description of this circumstance: it is in her best style:—

'The night was cold and gloomy; the wind whistled down the 'deserted streets, while the rain, which descended in torrents, 'pattered against the windows, and made them rattle in their 'frames. Suddenly a form was seen advancing in the distance; it 'was that of a man, bearing under his arm a cradle. . . . . Stop-'ping before a baker's house, Sir Lionel Fitz-Filbert, for it was he, 'deposited the cradle, with its little occupant, the infant Alfred 'Reginald, on the *trottoir*. The wretch was not quite bereft of 'every noble feeling: he still had some compunction left, and con-'sequently had chosen this spot on which to abandon his innocent 'victim, as he was well aware that the baker's oven was under the 'pavement, and would afford *ce cher enfant* whom he was about to 'deprive of rank, title, and fortune, that warmth of which his 'juvenile age and tender constitution *avaient tant besoin*.'

In the cradle are deposited three brilliants of immense value, a bottle of soothing syrup, and *Locke on the Human Understanding*, together with a letter, requesting the finder to dispose of the articles and take charge of the infant. The finder, however, a market-woman, prefers taking charge of the brilliants and disposing of the infant, which she does at the door of the workhouse, where he is found next morning by the master, who takes him in and enters him among the "casuals."

At the age of fourteen, Alfred Reginald is apprenticed by the parish authorities to a shoemaker: but his noble spirit is indignant at the trammels imposed upon him by his plebeian taskmaster, so, after breaking his head with one of his own lasts, he decamps, and joins a gang of desperate characters about town, among whom he is soon known by the title of the "Crack Magsman." He remains in this society up to the age of twenty-one, taking part in the most desperate acts. Any one else must have been corrupted—not so our hero. As our authoress, with a profound knowledge of human nature, observes:—

'What would have stamped on others the seal of depravity, left 'Alfred Reginald unscathed; he was surrounded by vice and immo-'rality of the most heinous description, but his deeply aristocratic 'nature only shone out the purer, as the majestic swan becomes all 'the whiter and more dazzling from the dirty and offensive waters 'of the Serpentine in which it plunges its graceful neck, and which 'run off innocuous from its sleek and unctuous plumage.'

One day, at the Marlborough Police Court, where he had just been acquitted on a charge of house-breaking, Alfred Reginald sees, for the first time, the heroine, Lady Emily de Manchon, with whom he becomes desperately smitten.

The manner in which this meeting is brought about reflects great credit on the authoress, both as a novelist and a woman. It may be remembered that a few years ago a lady of title and her daughters were taken up for shop-lifting. Lady Fl—ms—y seizes upon this fact, and by her treatment of the matter triumphantly refutes that vile portion of the public press which actually dared to think the high-born victims guilty. We would willingly give this interesting episode at length, did not want of space preclude us: we must, therefore, content ourselves with presenting our readers with a hasty outline.

Lady Emily de Manchon, who, by the way, is a peeress in her own right, has entered, in company with her sister, the establishment of Messrs. Sarsanent, Mousseline, & Co., of Regent Street. After purchasing a few trifling articles, they are about to depart, when they are charged by the shopman who served them with stealing two valuable lace veils. They indignantly repel the charge, and are submitted to the degradation of a search, when the missing veils, which had happened to cling to their ruffles, are found in their muffs. The base-minded shopman then actually gives them into custody, when they are brought to the police court, where Alfred Reginald beholds them. Here, however, the tables are changed. The worthy magistrate, on their declaring their names, instantly invites them into his private room, where they are accommodated with seats and smelling-bottles, and the head partner of the establishment, who was absent when the scene occurred, soon after arriving, proclaims his conviction of their innocence, and instantly discharges the shopman. This individual, who turns out to be a Chartist leader in disguise, meets, however, his deserts; being shunned by the whole trade, who are convinced of his guilt, and know that they would lose their customers if they received him into their houses, he gradually falls from one depth of misery to another, and is at last sent by the same magistrate to the tread-mill for stealing a penny-loaf to save him from the hunger-death he so richly merited.

The plot now thickens. Alfred Reginald's passion increases in force every hour, and is returned by the Lady Emily de Manchon; but there is an insuperable difficulty—their difference of station. As he is one day passing moodily down Bond Street, immersed in deep and bitter thought, he mechanically extracts, with that grace and elegance for which he is so envied by his acquaintances, the handkerchief of a lady who is stepping out of her carriage. He is about to put it in his pocket, when he sees the crest—which is his own, for the lady is his mother, who has long grieved for him as dead. At the sight of this, the blood of the Fitz-Filberts and the voice of nature simultaneously triumph over every other feeling with an indescribable emotion for which he is unable to account; and although the handkerchief is a most valuable one, he hands it back to her ladyship. Struck with the fact, her ladyship proceeds to question him, when she is amazed by the extent and variety of his knowledge: for, during the hours not dedicated to his profession and his *amour*, he had found means to instruct himself in French, German, Spanish, Italian, Coptic, the use of the globes, Paley's Moral Philosophy, and the art of Berlin wooling, if we may coin a word. A recognition, of course, follows. This is described in the most beautiful and *recherché* manner, and must be read to be appreciated.

Shortly after, our hero is acknowledged the rightful heir to his estates, and marries the object of his love; the pocket-handkerchief being quartered on the arms of his marriage carriage, with the motto, the "Restored One," underneath.

In conclusion, we can recommend this as a most remarkable work—in turn, severe and playful; now rising to the height of the sublimest fervour, now descending to the most innocent *badinage*. It reflects the highest credit on the head and heart of its talented authoress, and will prove a powerful answer to the vile demagogues who endeavour to instil their hateful democratical theories in the bosoms of Englishmen.

DESIRABLE METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.—A Penny-a-liner, talking of the author of the *Gent*, says, "in most instances he has chosen the metropolis as the *field* of his labours." The critic must evidently mean "as the *Smith*-field." We trust, however, soon to see the time when this nuisance in the world of letters will be put down simultaneously with the abomination of the same name in the City of London.

AWFUL RECKLESSNESS.—The Neapolitans, living upon a volcano, have often been cited as a proof of the ease with which men become indifferent to the greatest dangers: but a still more remarkable instance is that of an Englishwoman settled in Paris and married to a Frenchman, who is lamed for life in consequence of a ball in his knee, received during the late insurrection. So callous has our fair countrywoman become to anarchy and peril, that she has been heard to boast of never being so happy as when she has a *halter* round her neck.

TO CLASSICISTS.—A gentleman of our acquaintance strongly objects to the game of single-stick, because he says he finds it to be—"*knocks* et præterea nihil."

THE MISERABLE SINNER.

(A WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER.)

"Et comme je ne vois neul genre de héros,
Qui soit plus à priser que les parfaits dévots,
Aucune chose au monde et plus noble, et plus belle,
Que la sainte ferveur d'un véritable zèle,
Aussi ne vois-je rien de plus odieux,
Que le dehors plâtré d'un zèle spécieux.—MOLIÈRE.

NATURAL HISTORY.

CHARLOTTE JANE, wife of John Lowlison, a rich merchant, is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Homebred, both ardent admirers of the Church and State system, and—which is almost a matter of course—staunch opposers of everything liberal and enlightened.

Charlotte Jane was brought up in the idea that she is to respect—or cringe to—every one who is placed above her, or, in other words, has more money, while she is bound to treat her inferiors—that is, those who are not so rich, no matter what their talents or attainments—with about as much respect as she would a dog. We, of course, allude to dogs of a plebeian nature: greyhounds, spaniels, and awful-looking poodles being considered worthy of all homage.

HABITS.

WHEN at Divine Worship, she says her prayers most fervently and most audibly. She is an advocate for the continuance of pews, and is of opinion that the proper place for servants is in the gallery: "for," she says, "they are in the same church, and what possible difference can it make what part of it they sit in?" No Missionary Meeting can take place for miles around without her being present. She always volunteers her services at any Fancy Fair got up for the purpose of remedying the New Zealanders' and Indians' want of moral knowledge, but seldom thinks of the Spitalfields' weavers want of clothes and food.

While at church, confessing she is a miserable sinner, she has been generally observed to rest her head upon her left hand, for the purpose, as some affirm, of showing the brilliants and massive gold clasp which adorn her fingers and wrist respectively. We cannot fancy it can be with this motive she does so, because she, at such times, appears to be utterly regardless of the world and all that it contains.

[N.B.—She does wear brilliants and a massive gold clasp on her left hand and wrist, and somehow or other she does lean her head on her left hand.]

In her household she is mean and tyrannical, offering her servants the lowest possible wages and the greatest possible indignities. She deals with a cheap butcher, living out of the parish. She has been known to discharge one housemaid for looking out of the front windows, and another for refusing to subscribe a half-crown—given her by a visitor—to the Mission for converting the Chinese people. On Sunday she dines on cold meat, and compels her servants to do the same. She signed the petition for the Suppression of Sunday Baking. She withdrew her custom from three tradesmen for not following her example. In spite of this, however, she goes to church in her carriage when it is wet, and expects the gardener to attend to the hot-houses on Sunday.

A MOURNFUL BALLAD.

(FROM THE ORIGINAL SPANISH.)

SAY what Cavaliers are those, who
At the Albion appear—
Washing down their scolloped oysters
With such awful lots of beer?

Comic writers are they: men who
Many a wretched pun have penned:
Don Enrico Sutherlando,
And Don Slashaway, his friend.

Now, the oysters being finished,
Don Enrico, proud as Mars,
Calls out, "Waiter, quickly bring two
Goes of whisky and cigars."

In a trice the *genius loci*
Brings the articles bespoke;
And the comic writers straightway
Sit concealed from view in smoke.

Then with accent most majestic,
Puffing out between each word
Fragrant clouds from mouth and nostril,
Thus Don Slashaway is heard:—

"Sutherlando, say what progress
Do you in your love-suit make?
When shall we be asked to breakfast?
When receive the wedding-cake?

"Oh! with what pure satisfaction
Shall I greet the happy day,
When your blushing bride you bear off
In a coach-and-four away:

"On which first you have her whisper,
'Now, I 'm thine'—oh, happy sounds!
And on which, for so you promised,
You 're to lend me fifty pounds."

"Ah!" replied Don Sutherlando,
As most woe-begone he looked;
"Fellow-writer, in that quarter
Much I fear my goose is cooked."

"Do I," Slashaway inquires,
Starting wildly, "hear aright?"
To his question, Sutherlando,
Nodding calmly, answers, "Quite."

"Tell me," Slashaway continues,
"All about it then, for still,
Spite of what I 've heard, I doubt you."
Sutherlando says, "I will.

"Oft, Don Slashaway, it must have
Struck thee strongly, I should think,
That fair woman's love resembles
Vastly sympathetic ink.

"In her lover's presence does it
Come out plainly like the day;
But if he be absent, quickly
Will it pale and fade away.

"Therefore, I am very fearful,
Arabella I shall lose;
Since for six long weeks I have not
On her Pa's mat wiped my shoes."

"Why not," Slashaway inquires;
"What for this can be your grounds?"
While he asked, he thought, I fear me,
Slightly of the fifty pounds.

"Why, because," replied Enrico,
Moved almost unto tears,
"There 's an obstacle which 'twixt me
And my hopes its form uprears."

"Oh! what is it?" cried his comrade.
"Has her father, mayhap, heard
Aught against you, and thought proper
To withdraw his plighted word?"

"No," said Sutherlando, draining
In his grief the other's glass—
"That is not the reason—listen
How it really came to pass.

"Six weeks since my Loved One's father,
Wishing for a change of air,
Left his dwelling and removed to—
Ah!—you never would guess where?"

"In that case you 'd better tell me,"
Said Don Slashaway: his friend
Seized him by the hand, and gasped out,
"That, my boy, 's what I intend.

"—To the street where lives my tailor,
And to where I ne'er dare go,
Till I 've paid that 'bill delivered,'
Which so long a time I owe."

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

BY A GARDE NATIONALE.

No. I.

GIRAUDIER'S HOTEL, HAYMARKET.

DEAR ———,—I AM arrived here, Tuesday, at the evening, and found myself enough fatigued. I have been very astounded to see the sun, which shines here quite as at Paris; but it appears that the English are enjoying a time superb, for there is no fog in the streets, and those who in ordinary carry torches to enlighten the passers are without employment.

Having envy to eat an English dinner, I commanded one to-day. It was composed of a sheep's leg boiled, and a great piece of ox: both these plates were cooked, as were the vegetables of which they were accompanied. There was also a pudding of apples, which, I am assured, grew in England even; one has informed me, that not only the apples, but also the pears, and the plums, besides other fruit, are cultivated with success. The beer (the wine of England) is very good and very strong.* It is a liquor agreeable and very generous, frequently giving the headache.

I have been yesterday to see the Lord Mayor. He is very amiable, but it appears that he has not so much of power as the Queen Victoria. When I quitted him, I am gone to see the wives sold at Smithfield; but the sale has not had place, the market being full only of beefs, veals, muttons, and horses. The drovers are some brutal men and make their beefs enraged, which is dangerous for the passers, as the horns of the beasts are very pointed.

There is much of amusement at London. They play the opera, the ballet, and the drama, and the theatres are of all beauty. I have been to the theatres of the Haymarket, the Lyceum, and the Princess's, at all of which I saw French pieces: this, without doubt, was to compliment the National Guards who were present, and who are shown themselves sensible of the attention.

The Parks are very beautiful. Every one is allowed to walk in them, except the working classes, who are, without doubt, brutal and sanguinary, and would commit dangerous excesses if one admitted them into the gardens of the Government. The domestics, who are known to entertain the most violent sentiments against the institutions of Royalty, are also forbidden to enter to the Parks. Some of them, by means the most subtle, succeed to make the entry, but it is only in disguise that one can do this: the domestic, when carrying the livery of his master, would have no chance.

There are public edifices in London which are very fine: one tells me that the interior of Westminster Abbey is of all beauty, but it appears that those who endeavour to enter there are punished by a fine of sixpence. I have not, then, wished to transgress the laws of the country, which has received me in a manner so hospitable.

The English have an odd custom, which consists in selecting as galleries of pictures those buildings which shall not, by their superior attractions, remove the attention of the visitor from the objects of art themselves.

* "Fort bien et bien fort."

The club-houses are, on the other hand, ordinarily of a great magnificence: thus the ideas of the *habitué* are raised from the mere gratification of appetite to the contemplation of art.

The other evening, having envy to see an English jig, I went to a place near the Strand, where I knew that the exhibition could be viewed. Outside the hall is suspended a lamp, which bears the words, "Gallery of *Science:*" this put me to think that dancing must have made gigantic strides in England, for in France it is not considered as a science, but all simply an art. I was disappointed in my intention; the jig has not had place, and it would appear that since many years it has been abandoned. I must, however, confess, that it still exists amongst awkward and uneducated persons in the shape of the polka.

Many of the English aristocracy inhabit mansions in London, which resemble much all other mansions, except that they be more elegant. The practice of residing in fortified castles, and making *sorties* to plunder the passers, seems to exist no more.

One of the finest parts of London is the Quadrant of Regent Street: this must have excited the jealousy of some of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, as I understand that there exists an intention to destroy it.

The Sunday is very sad in London. The only places of amusement which are open to the public are the taverns, the cigar-shops, the billiard-rooms, saloons, and gambling-houses. This, however, proceeds, I understand, from the most moral and virtuous motives. The public, after hearing the advantages and beauty of virtue from the priest in the morning, finish their lesson by witnessing the evils and hideousness of vice in the evening. There is no commerce on Sundays, except in cigars, pipes, tobacco, spirits, pastry, and fruit—if not sold in the streets: in this latter case, the attempt even would be visited by the severest punishment.

EVADING THE DUTY.

RATHER COOL.—Messrs. Solomons & Son, the celebrated opticians, have written to inform us that the pair of new Specks lately discovered on the sun, have not been furnished by them.

THE RIGHT VERSION.—An admirer of Albert Smith sends us an awful attempt at a conundrum, which, with the answer thereto, runs thus:—

Q. Why is Albert Smith like a locomotive?
A. Because he's so fast.

Would not it have been more appropriate, bearing in mind the immense mass of vapid rubbish Mr. Albert Smith sometimes publishes, to have said, "Because he emits such volumes of smoke?"

SHABBY EXCEPTION.—The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's are the only managers of any public exhibition in the metropolis, who have not had the good feeling to put the PUPPET-SHOW on the Free-list.

EDITOR'S BOX.

FTER many years' experience, Mr. Bunn, at COVENT GARDEN, has found out that it is more profitable to pay a good salary to an artist, such as Mr. Sims Reeves, than a small one to a person who sings through his nose, such as Mr. Harrison of the legs. Mr. Reeves, besides being the best living tenor after Mario, as far as singing goes, is also a good actor. When asking a young lady to "fly to some distant land," &c., he never looks as if he were merely offering to "stand" a cab to the Haymarket; nor does he, while requesting the *prima donna* to remember him, assume the appearance, and worse than the attitude of a waiter, who is putting a similar question to a gentleman in a coffee-house. As the music of *Haydee* is delightful, and the singers by whom it was to be executed excellent, we suppose its representation on Monday night was successful; but our (in this case) disagreeably large circulation compels us to go to press before its production, so that, although an old friend of ours, we may be excused, in the present case, for passing it without notice.

At the HAYMARKET, although Legitimacy has reigned triumphant in the first part of the evening, the SHOWMAN is afraid that some of the after-pieces bore suspicious marks of a foreign origin. Indeed, during his last visit to this Theatre it struck him that Dr. Francis's version of the

" . . . . . aut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne,

of Horace, might be thus paraphrased:—

"Or if he* the Legitimate first played
'Fore nine o'clock with tearful Creswick's aid,
Should a French Farce the two last hours unfold,
Would you not ask, 'Does he† his promise hold?'"

The SHOWMAN is sorry so say that the theatre has not been very full; but as he observed several titled visitors in the private boxes, he supposes that Mr. Webster consoles himself with the idea that he has at least got quality if not quantity.

The LYCEUM, on Wednesday, the 25th ultimo, was crammed excess like a turkey before its appearance at table, or an Alderman after his, to witness the *début* of Mr. John Reeve.

The piece selected was one written for the occasion, and entitled, *My Father did so before me*. Although the SHOWMAN certainly does not admire the title—which he thinks neither very delicate nor excessively applicable—he cannot join in the harsh verdict pronounced on the piece itself by the majority of his contemporaries. True, the author, when writing it, does not seem to have had quite as many good situations at his disposal as a First Lord of the Treasury, but there are still as many in it as in the generality of farces; and as to the charge of improbability, as Puff tells his friend Dangle, we don't go to thetheatre to see things which happen every day. But let us see what grounds there are for the accusation.

The *Countess de Clairville* (Mrs. Yates) is inconsolable for the loss of a favourite parrot, and absolutely refuses to bestow her hand on her suitor, *Lord Flippington* (Mr. Selby), the innocent cause of the parrot's escape, until the bird be restored. So far, the SHOWMAN can perceive nothing particularly outrageous: if the critics who have condemned the piece were a little better acquainted with the higher orders, which they assuredly are not—with the exception of those to the upper boxes, which they generally patronise—they would know that it is nothing new for a Countess, or any other person of quality, to behave in a stupid and absurd manner; and if they wanted an example, they might take that of the celebrated Countess de Mansfeld, or the still stronger one of her sexagenarian admirer, the ex-King of Bavaria.

John Trot, a cabman (Mr. John Reeve), in love with *Laura* (Miss Fitzwilliam), the *Countess's* maid, finds the bird, but refuses to restore it, unless he is allowed to snatch a kiss from the aristocratic cheek of its lovely mistress. Now, here the charge of improbability certainly appears more reasonable; but in the present age we see so many instances of people aping the absurdities of their superiors, that we may even look over this, especially as we all know that *de gustibus non est disputandum*, as the individual said when his hat was blown off during his passage over Waterloo Bridge.

Now, it appears that *John Trot*, in anticipation of the pleasure he should have, has indulged in the phrase "who kissed the Countess?" and the parrot, who has heard him, and is as perfect a repeater as any manufactured by Mr. Dent, has caught it. On this slight incident the plot of the piece is founded.

A certain young *Lord Popinjay* has been going about pursuing the aristocratic but immoral pastime of seduction in several families, under various disguises, such as those of a gardener, groom, jäger, &c. Now, here again the SHOWMAN owns the improbability is very evident, as no young Lord would behave himself sufficiently well to escape detection for four-and-twenty hours; and it is not to be supposed that he triumphed over his fair victims in so short a time as that. Leaving this point for others to settle, the SHOWMAN will merely observe that *Lord Flippington* takes *John Trot* for the noble and systematic seducer. In this opinion he is still more confirmed by the parrot's constantly giving vent to its natural flow of spirits in the question "Who kissed the cabman?" The mystery is, however, at last satisfactorily cleared up—the Countess bestows her hand on his Lordship, and *John* obtains that of *Laura*, who gives the inquisitive and feathered native of other climes the very plain, but somewhat coarse answer, "His wife, you fool!" the last time he asks his oft-reiterated question.

Mrs. Yates had a part quite unworthy of her; but, like a fashionable lady with some hideous monster of a lap-dog, she made much of it. Mr. Selby was excellent as *Lord Flippington*, and Miss Fitzwilliam was as pleasing as she always is.

With regard to Mr. John Reeve, the SHOWMAN has much pleasure in being able to affirm that he quite comes up to the expectations he had formed of him. Mr. Reeve is not yet a finished actor: time alone will be able to mellow down certain little faults in his style; but he evidently possesses talent of no common description. His whole personification of the cabman was excellent, particularly where he imitates the movements of a tight-rope dancer, in which he in this part forcibly reminded people of the agility for which his late father was celebrated. Let him only persevere, and the SHOWMAN will soon be able to exclaim of him—seeing that there is now no Augustus to forbid an alteration in Virgil's immortal text—

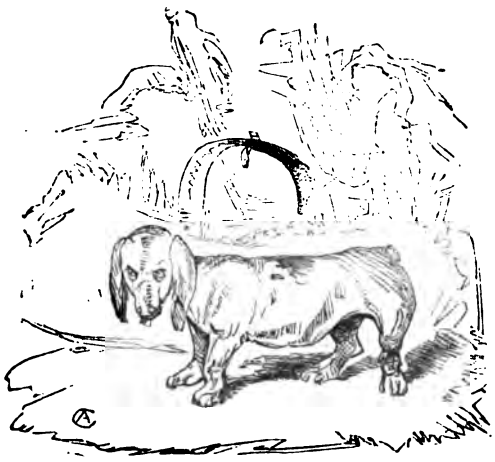
"Sequiturque patrem *cum* passibus æquis."

At the PRINCESS'S, a few nights since, a farce, called *His First Peccadillo* (we hope it will be the author's last), was brought out, and, strange to say, not damned. It is one of the worst farces—and we have seen a good many bad ones—that was ever produced "at this or any other theatre." There was an officer who behaved in an ungentlemanly and stupid manner; who stopped milliners' girls in the street most rudely, and asked his sister to supper at a *café*, which appeared to be frequented by improper characters. Oxberry played a Mr. *Jenkins*, the husband of the said officer's sister (could he have been a sheriff's officer?), and met her in the said *café* for improper characters—where, as they were both bad ones enough, in one point of view at least, they must have been quite at home. *Jenkins* did not have his ears boxed by his wife, which he richly deserved, if only for his vulgar and absurdly exaggerated style of acting. Some gentleman, whose name we forget, played a waiter, in a style which would have procured his instantaneous dismissal from any respectable establishment. He must remem-

* Mr. Webster, of course. † Again Mr. Webster.

ber, that a waiter is never allowed to take liberties with the guests, nor even to kick the under-waiters about. Another actor played a part, the fun of which consisted in the constant assertion that the character in question—the sense of which was, by-the-bye, quite out of the question—ought to be treated as a "churchwarden and a moral man;" a phrase which he repeated twenty times, in the vain hope of making the audience laugh. These "catch-words," as they are called, are serious nuisances: if a joke be not productive of merriment when first pronounced, how is it possible that it can be relished after its fifteenth repetition? The dialogue of the farce is never witty, and occasionally indecent. Some persons applauded at its conclusion—they were doubtless glad it was all over.

Having now done our best to convince the lessee of the absurdity of bringing out such farces as the one just alluded to, let us congratulate him on the success which has attended the exceedingly pretty opera of *Léoline*. Some of the critics who think it very fine to abuse Auber and Flotow, and who argue that because Handel was a good musician, therefore every one who does not write in the same style must be a bad one—these hateful scribblers, who at one time abused Bellini, and endeavoured to crush *Norma* (!)—who subsequently attacked Meyerbeer and *Robert le Diable*, and even more recently affected to despise Donizetti: these miserable twaddlers have been pretending that the music of *Léoline* is worthless. However, it was successful in Paris before these persons ever heard of it, and will be just as successful in London, in spite of their condemnation. The ballet of *Esmeralda* is exceedingly well put on the stage. We object, however, to Flexmore's performance: his grimaces are too hideous, and his acting altogether is a caricature. One would think from his representation, that *Pierre Gringoire* was an idiot and not a poet. We may well say, in this case, "*poeta non fit*"—*i.e.*, he is a poet not fit to be seen. Mademoiselle Thierry makes a delightful *Esmeralda*, and fully deserves the title of Carlotta the Second. If Mr. Flexmore wishes to play his part properly, he had better call at our office when the opera opens, and we will give him eight shillings to go and see Perrot; and if Mademoiselle Thierry desires to be applauded as she deserves, she ought to send us some gloves, as the wear and tear of those articles consequent upon giving her the palm—that is, giving her both palms—renders the expression of our approbation an expensive matter.



LOST HIS PARTICULAR CUE.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—The papers tell us that, among other measures adopted by the civic authorities against cholera, "a *standing* committee of physicians will *sit*," &c. How will they manage?

SHARP WORK.—A gentleman, well-known on 'Change, was observed the other morning to cut all his acquaintances. On being asked his reason, he was unable to give one; nor was the mystery solved until he happened to put his hand in his pocket, and pull out a cake of Mechi's patent razor paste which he happened to have there.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

JULLIEN now his *bâton* waving,
All his strength for one crash saving,
Looks at four conspiring leaders—
Summons then a few seceders—
The trombones now great lengths are going,
Cioffi like a steamer blowing,
Kœnig, too, our ears is splitting—
Ah, see! Jullien's brows are knitting!
What dost wish? By Jove, he smiles!
Looking at Baumann all the whiles.
The crisis comes—arrives the crash—
And nature seems to end in one great smash!

CAMPBELL ON SCOTCH BIGOTRY.

SOME man named Campbell has just come before the public, to whom he was, luckily enough, previously unknown, with a letter about the hateful Scottish Central Railway. After observing in an affected manner that he "*assumes* the paragraph" (relating to the shameful treatment of the Duchess of Sutherland) "to be correct," Campbell says that he "attaches no importance to the circumstance," as the Earl of Carlisle had expired on the previous day. Campbell, however, *does* attach some importance to it, for, as a director of the company, and the proposer of the barbarous and pre-eminently unchristian like resolution—(a fact which he states as if it were no disgrace to him!)—he suggests, with intellect equal to his humanity, that a discretionary power should be left with those in whom confidence can be placed, to forward any one who can satisfy them that his is indeed a case of necessity and mercy.

Now, how are these railway officials, "in whom confidence can be placed," to decide whether a case be one of "necessity and mercy."

Would persons be allowed to visit friends who were suffering merely from incipient cholera; or would it be necessary for the disease to have arrived at its last stage? Would it be deemed religious and godly to allow a sister to proceed to a brother who had both his legs and a rib or two broken; or would it be requisite that his arms should also be fractured? Some patients linger for weeks at the point of death, and we can fancy that a relative about to visit one so affected, would be accosted by a brutal but godly engine-driver—one, in fact, "in whom confidence could be placed"—with the words, "Oh yes, that's all very well, but your friend has been dying this last fortnight: you must wait till to-morrow."

When some other lady has had her feelings sufficiently harassed through the brutal bigotry of the Scottish Central Directors, there will probably be a further relaxation in the rule relative to Sunday trains; and when—which we fervently hope will soon be the case—some godly director shall discover that the delay of one day has cost him a few thousands, the rule will of course be abolished.

All Communications to the Editor or the Publisher should be addressed—PUPPET SHOW OFFICE, 334 *Strand*.

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THE POET, POLITICIAN, AND POLICEMAN.

Chapter II.—The Choice of a Profession.

IN my interview with Tomkins, he continued as follows:—

"I should inform you that it was not so much a positive love for literature and its excitement, whether of failures or successes, as an absolute distaste for what I considered the vulgarity of trade, that induced me to adopt the profession on which I decided after leaving school. Commerce being put out of the question, what was I, a young man with moderate talents and little money, plenty of relations but few friends, to attempt. Want of interest and poverty effectually shut me out from the church, the army, and the bar—at least for the present: like every young man who has had (and, alas! sometimes has not had) a liberal education, and who can satisfactorily prove that a magistrate is unjust if he transports a child for stealing a penny bun, I fancied myself eminently fitted for a high situation on the London press.

"Unfortunately, the editors were not of the same opinion, and I therefore determined to try the magazines.

"I wrote during a long period for several of these—not that my articles were inserted, for I could never obtain even the slightest information as to what would or had become of them. Some of the smaller periodicals, however, deigned to take some notice of me in the 'Answers to Correspondents,' where I was informed that 'P. B. T. is an ass!' 'If P. B. T. will send us his address, we will forward him a straight-jacket;' or, 'We shall find a place for P. B. T.'s contributions in our waste-paper basket.'

"Unfortunately there were no 'progress' publications of that period (happy period!), otherwise, I think, with all due modesty, that I should have experienced no difficulty in demonstrating that the labourer who dines off a penn'orth of potatoes and no salt, is not half so lucky a fellow as his master, whose appetite is tempted by all the reasonable and unreasonable luxuries which may occur between soup and curaçao (both included). Besides, I was just in the humour to turn philanthropist. My tailor had refused to give me credit, which prevented me seeing my acquaintances, and I had scarcely any money left; accordingly, I hated the rich and sympathised with the poor.

"It was evident that I had no immediate chance in periodical literature; and as it was necessary to do something, I determined to go to a publisher who had brought out the most stupid work of the day, and had paid largely for it. I argued, that if this alchemist of publishers had, in a celebrated instance, changed lead into gold, he would willingly give a fair value for my literary silver: we should both be gainers by the transaction. I was again disappointed. The dull writer had nearly ruined the credulous bookseller, who positively declined treating with any author whatsoever. Thus do fools destroy the profits of the literary profession!

"But I was not to be checked in this manner. Starvation in the rear and celebrity within reach (for I still believed myself a Byron in embryo), I borrowed that entertaining volume, the Post Office Directory, and set deliberately to work copying out the names of all the London publishers, from whom I had made up my mind to select, at least, one victim. I at first thought of throwing lots, and marking for my own him whom fate should select; but ultimately I determined that the best course to pursue would be that of calling deliberately on every one of them, from Burlington Street to Paternoster Row, and stating my object in a prearranged speech, of which the first words were to be:—'I have a manuscript to submit to you, which, I think, will meet with your approbation.'

"But here again difficulties presented themselves. It would be useless to take a fairy tale to a law publisher's, and 'Sketches after Dark' would be anything but acceptable to Messrs. Rivington, of St. Paul's Churchyard. My original plan was full of errors, and I accordingly revised it, dividing the unconscious booksellers into classes, such as Religious, Legal, Statistical, Fast, Slightly Immoral, &c.

"Among other works which I prepared for the 'benefit' (as authors too often say) of my various classes, were 'Lives of Eminent Junior Counsel;' 'A Biography of all the Male Inhabitants of London, with Brief Accounts of their Wives and Children, if any;' 'Devotions for every Hour of every Day in the Year;' 'Life at the Casino;' 'Adelaide and Wilhelmina, or the Flowers;' a syncretic tragedy; and a pamphlet on Chartism. Of each of these books I wrote several pages for inspection, but in no case was the answer which I received propitious. One man would like to see some more of my manuscript before he gave a decided opinion; another had seen quite enough of it already. My 'Devotions' were objected to, at one time, for being too orthodox, and at another for being full of high church prejudices. The 'Lives of Eminent Juniors,' and several of the others were universally condemned; and only one publisher appeared willing to entertain either of my projects for a moment. This was a person who had been much struck by my idea of a metropolitan biography, and who made me the magnificent offer of bringing it out and advertizing it, provided I would pay for the printing. I afterwards discovered that my friend was in partnership with a printer, and almost wished that I had acceded to his terms, for I had scarcely a shilling in the world, and the expenses would have been enormous.

"I was now almost in despair; and had not a small legacy came to me about this time, I should, I fear, have committed suicide. At a later period in life, when in similar circumstances, I went into the Police force: such is the change produced in our feelings by experience and misfortune!

"Like all persons of a sanguine temperament, I was seldom unhappy when able to supply my immediate wants. Since the reception of the welcome sum, which after all was little enough, I had attired myself in a manner more suitable to my position in life, had changed my apartments for more

fashionable ones, and was leisurely eating my breakfast and reading the newspaper, when my attention was caught by the notice of a farce recently produced at ——— theatre, and in which the following passage occurred:—'The author has evidently mistaken vulgarity for wit, and slang for satire. The main idea of the piece is stolen from the French, but clumsily stolen: the dialogue, from its dulness, is, we should think, the writer's own. Mr. Saveall should secure the services of some really witty writer, or give up the production of such pieces.'

"'What!' exclaimed I, 'give up the production of such pieces! If Saveall gives up the production of such pieces, he may as well shut up his theatre; in short, he will be ruined. No. I will rescue Saveall! What does he want? Merely a "witty writer." Why cannot I write his pieces? I know the difference between vulgarity and wit, and never, even when listening to a burlesque, did I mistake slang for satire! No; Saveall shall pay me for a farce—a moderate sum, for I will not be too hard with him; and I will retrieve Saveall's failing fortunes, otherwise I will die with the pen in my hand.'

"Inspired with these sentiments, I rushed to a stationer's and asked for a quire of paper.

"'What sort of paper?' said the man.

"'You know the sort,' replied I; 'it is to write a farce on."

"'Oh,' returned the stationer, 'is that the case? I think, then, that this will suit you.'

"And thus saying, he folded me up a quire of most elegant paper, for which I paid double what I should have done had I not told him about the farce.

"Having purchased the most expensive steel pen that could be procured, I set to work. I was, however, at once distracted by consideration as to whether I should inform Saveall, before commencing the farce, of my generous intentions towards him, or send it to him in a complete state. I ultimately determined on the latter course. Had I chosen the former, I should probably have saved myself much trouble and mortification.

"Long and earnestly did I think before I could fix on any title whatever worthy of the piece which I was about to write. I had no idea of what the farce was to be, either as regarded the characters or the scene. But I could not get on without first having a title; and as very striking ones, such as 'Halloa there!' or, 'You'd better not!' were the fashion at that period, I determined to have something of a taking character, and the first page was ultimately arranged as follows:—

NO YOU DON'T!

A FARCE IN ONE ACT,

BY

PITT BYRON TOMKINS.

"I had a long dispute with myself as to whether the word Esquire should follow my name, but remembering that one never heard of "William Shakspere, Esq.," I determined to drop the title.

"As I began writing, the plot came almost naturally: characters unexpectedly sprang up around me, and the farce (in which, by-the-bye, some capital parodies were introduced) was finished before I went to bed, which was not until a late hour in the morning.

"When in bed I was unable to sleep. I began bothering myself about the price, and ultimately decided the question in the following manner:—'Webster,' thought I, 'gave five hundred pounds for an execrable comedy in five acts, that was no more a comedy than my farce is. Now, if a bad piece in five acts is worth five hundred pounds, surely a good one in a single act will fetch one hundred. But Saveall may be, and doubtless is, a poor man: let us, therefore, divide the sum by two, and the result will be fifty pounds, which I shall doubtless receive.'

"And with this comfortable conclusion I fell asleep."

MODERN "EMPERORS."

THE following are the qualifications for the Emperor of a great nation, as Emperors go in these days:—

He should be related to some great man in some way or another. To be sure, Nature seldom gives two great men to one family; but never mind, she may have done so in the particular instance; and if the man act in the belief that she has, and should happen to find that it was a mistake—what of it? The country only loses an army or two in the experiment, and plunges into civil disorder when it has failed. *Vive l'Empereur!*

He should be a bad public speaker—stammering rather a qualification than otherwise. Eloquence is a dangerous faculty, and might enable him to mislead the people. On the whole, he should be as nearly as possible the greatest booby in the National Assembly of his country. *Vive l'Empereur!*

He need not have much military experience, but a knowledge of billiards is indispensable. Handling the cue is the first step towards handling the sceptre. *Vive l'Empereur!*

The above qualifications will do for a man who aspires to overthrow a republic, and neutralise the effects of a revolution. To preserve an ancient empire, however—such as Austria—an idiot will do capitally. *Vive l'Empereur!*

DEEP-ROOTED INJURY.—Some malefactors lately effected an entrance into the cellar of an extensive florist in Covent Garden, and stole a great number of valuable tulip and other bulbs. Of some of the varieties, they did not leave even a single specimen. As a natural consequence, their unfortunate victim is very much "out of sorts."

THE WHITTINGTON SLAP-BANG.

THE *Sun*, in speaking of Miss Kelly, who has been engaged to read to the members of the Whittington Club, praises the audience, who, it appears, "listened with great attention." We are happy also to hear that the reading was accompanied by "all the necessary intelligence," though we are afraid that the intelligence necessary to a great many of the members who were being read to, must have been what the playbills would call "of the most varied character."

The play read to the young gentlemen was the *Merchant of Venice*—certainly a very appropriate one, considering the commercial pursuits of the pupils. Some of the "necessary intelligence," or which, at all events, was considered so by the members of the class, was contained in the replies to the following questions:—

1. Where's Venice, and what sort of a place is it? Or is it only the princess spoken of in the song, as "Beautiful Venice, Queen of the Sea?"
2. Was *Antonio* a wine-merchant, or a coal-merchant, or what sort of merchant was he; and was he in a large way of business?
3. How many clerks did the merchant have, what salaries did he give them, and were they treated as one, two, or three, as the case may be, of the family?
4. At what theatre did *Launcelot* the clown perform; and was he ever encored?
5. Did *Shylock* discount many bills; and if so, what percentage did he charge?
6. Was the pound of flesh which the Jew desired to cut from *Antonio's* bosom, a pound according to Avoirdupois, or according to Troy weight?
7. Did Douglas Jerrold write the *Merchant of Venice*; and if not, who did?

OUR LEADER.

"PROGRESS" PRINCIPLES.

THE following may be said to be the principles of those who ostentatiously call themselves "progress" writers—as distinct from the great philosophical liberals—such as Carlyle, Lamartine, and others, whom the SHOWMAN admires and approves:—

1. Every criminal, murderer, burglar, or other, is an injured innocent, for whose guilt society is responsible.

2. A respectable man is a contemptible being. To wear good clothes; take one's family to church; subscribe to the charitable societies; and encourage religious Missions, are "respectable," and, therefore, contemptible actions.

3. Every classical scholar is a pedant. It is more enlightened to know nothing of the two great languages of antiquity.

4. Each Bishop daily dines on a tithe-pig. The clergy are a gluttonous body, and most disgracefully respectable.

5. All military officers are murderers and assassins.

6. The people ought to govern, and the people must be educated; but as to govern is a primary right, they ought to have power before they are educated.

7. The Constitution, monarchy, aristocracy, law, custom, and Christianity, are "barbarous relics of ancient superstition."

An habitual advocacy of the above, garnished with sneers, jibes, irony, and an assumption of virtuous indignation, constitute the stock-in-trade of the regular "progress" writer, who feathers his nest with the feathers plucked from the radical geese of the lower orders. The "progress" writer commonly abuses the custom of putting servants in livery, and keeps a small boy covered with buttons. The "gag" is beginning gradually to be seen through, and we trust soon the "poor man" will be delivered from his "friends," who are, in fact, his real oppressors. The honourable and dignified liberalism above alluded to is disgraced by these rascally characters, as the medical profession is by the proceedings of quacks.

PINS & NEEDLES.

Prince Louis Napoleon usually reads his speeches from paper—"foolscap," of course.

A very democratic schoolmaster we know will not even allow a ruler in the writing-desk.

The Bishop of London vows that, although the Charter may become the law of the land, it never shall be the *law of the see*, if he can help it.

The sentence on record against the Irish rebels is, "that they be hanged and quartered." It has been a matter of surprise to many people that what formerly always constituted a third part of this barbarous sentence, viz., "that they be drawn," should be omitted. The reason is, that the culprits have been already drawn—in the *Illustrated London News*.

It is rumoured that Louis Blanc has applied for a situation as vaulter at one of the amphitheatres; this is more than probable, when we recollect how unequalled he is in *jumping*—at least to a conclusion.

We have heard it said that the puns of Albert Smith are far-fetched; that they certainly are, if fetched from his brains, which are far enough, every one knows.

The stone of which the New Palace at Westminster, the Hall in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the New French Church are built, is in a state of rapid decay. Surely those who selected it must have been stone-blind.

In speaking of the farce of *The Dance of the Shirt* at the Adelphi, the *Sun* observes that there "is some stuff in it." It might have said that it is all stuff from beginning to end.

It is agreed on by all, that the Irish "sentences" are too severe to be carried into execution. Why, then, are they suffered to be inflicted so unmercifully on the nation, by the Irish members at St. Stephen's?

Two of the German Princes of the retrograde movement were driving about the other day, and flung out of the carriage. This is good news, since when rogues "fall out" honest men come by their own.

Mr. Angus B. Reach, we perceive, announces "A Book with Iron Clasps." This is rather an unnecessary precaution, as we are quite sure no one will feel disposed to open it.

A French National Guard seemed much surprised at our speaking disrespectfully of the Lord Mayor's exhibitions; he was not aware, as we are, that they are but *peu de chose* (shows).

We see by the papers that orders have been given to fell most of the timber on the Buckinghamshire estates. What are all the ordinances of Louis Philippe and the idiotic Emperor of Austria to so fell a decree as this!

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD ON EMIGRATION.

I.

LET us away! away! away!
Here we pine in constant sorrow;
Here we starve each weary day,
And form no hopes of a better morrow.
Here we are jostled, crushed, undone,
Squeezed and trampled by friend and neighbour;
Willing to work, but finding none
To give us a fee for our honest labour.

II.

Let us away! away! away!
Here, before our youth has faded,
The hopes of youth, in a swift decay,
Leave us dispirited, old, and jaded.
Here, if we wed in our noon of life,
We ask distress to our scanty table.
What right has squalor to wed a wife?
Let us away, while we are able.

III.

Let us away! away! away!
Married or single, it scarcely matters;
For let us toil from day to day,
What do we earn?—dry bread and tatters.
If we pass the gulf from youth to age,
The best of hopes with which we fill it
Are the Union-house, that pauper cage,
With its oakum strigs and its daily skillet.

IV.

Let us away! away! away!
The bounteous earth is wide and pleasant;
But for us and ours, if *here* we stay,
Dull and cheerless is the present.
Darker the future: but if we go,
And think a kindly fate has sent us,
We shall find a home where the rivers flow,
And live our lives as nature meant us.

V.

Let us away! away! away!
There is wealth for work o'er the western waters;
Roofs for our heads, when they are grey,
And warm firesides for our sons and daughters.
We dream no dreams of a golden land,
We build no baseless hopes romantic;
But we feel and know that a man's right hand
Is the best of friends o'er the broad Atlantic.

VI.

Let us away! away! away!
We leave no ties our hearts to fetter;
We love our country—well we may—
But we love our independence better.
Landlords *there*? or paupers *here*?
Here hopeless toil—*there* brisk endeavour?
Take our blessing, our country dear—
But farewell, England! Farewell, ever!

VANITY FARE.—Taking a cab to cross the road to an evening party.

ORIGIN OF A WELL-KNOWN PROVERB.—"Will Shakspere was standing at ye firste performance of a newe piece in ye pitte of ye Globe, alle along wythe ye groundlings, as ye house was so crowded that he hadde not been able to gette a playce on ye stage or in anie of ye roomes, when of a sudden, Ben Johnson, who was wythe hym, cried out, as he pointed to ye ginger-bere woman who was in one of ye scaffoldes or gallerys (which are also called ye slippes) furthest from them, 'I wolde I hadde a cuppe of that woman her fayre nectar;' to which Will Shakspere replied, 'Aye, but by my faythe that can not be, for there is manie a slippe betweene ye cuppe and ye lippe;' which so delighted sundrie court gallants who heard it, that thei did retaile it to Hir Maie, who was greatlie pleased at ye conceite."—*Burbage's Diary.*

SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Servant Girl—"MRS. CHUMP SAYS, IF YOU BOYS DON'T TAKE AWAY YOUR GUY, SHE'LL SEND FOR THE P'LICE."

Boy—"THIS AINT NO GUY FAWKES; IT'S ONLY MR. CHUMP AS WE'RE A-BRINGING HOME FROM THE BENEVOLENT BUTCHERS' ANNIVERSARY DINNER."

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE "SEA-SERPENT."

FOR the present we have no wish to "shuffle off this mortal coil," or, in other words, to shake off the acquaintance of the sea-serpent, for he is a popular beast, and we will for a short time pander to the monstrous taste of the mob, although we give notice that it is our intention, in the course of a week or two, to adopt vigorous means for his suppression, for, with a prophetic eye, we see a long course of persecution in store for the unhappy public; every thing will be serpentine; every cape, cap, muff, collar, band-box, and book, will be christened after this popular animal, and we shall have the creature staring us in the face from every print-shop window in every thoroughfare, blind-alley, and arcade, through which we may chance to walk.

It is currently reported among the musical world that no less than nine serpent polkas, with solos on the cogominal instrument, are in course of preparation for Jullien's concerts, whilst a complete set of sea-serpent quadrilles is actually finished. In spite of our wish to avoid the sea-serpent, should it make its appearance in a manner much to be dreaded, namely, as a London exhibition, with a charge of one shilling per head for admission—in spite, we say, of our desire to avoid this calamity, we seriously think that if the marine snake could be caught (which we have the authority of an experienced angler for saying might be easily effected by means of an artificial whale as a bait) and laid along some line of railway, say the London and Birmingham, with the head at the latter town, and the tail as near the metropolis as it would reach, slow excursion trains could then run, for the convenience of those who might wish to go the whole length of viewing the entire animal, and seeing the end of it. This, by causing immense traffic, would tend to, in some measure, remove the depression from which the line is now suffering, besides having the advantage of completely appeasing the desire of the abortion-loving multitude.

WHAT MAY AND MAY NOT BE DONE ON SUND AYS.

1. YOU may pass the day in a cigar-divan;
   But you cannot go to a picture-gallery.
2. You may buy pastry, fruit, or lollipops;
   But you cannot buy bread.
3. You may enter a fashionable church;
   But without paying you cannot get a seat.
4. You may get in a beastly state of intoxication at a tavern;
   But you cannot be admitted into a reading-room.
5. You may go to Westminster Abbey;
   But you cannot stop after the service to admire the statues.
6. In some parts of Scotland you may over-work your servants and drive post-horses to death;
   But you cannot proceed in a railway to see a dying relation.

THE CHARTIST "ORANGE TREE."

AIR,—"*Mrs. Bubb was fat and free.*"

I.

IN yonder leafy branches,
Each ape upon his haunches,
With tail securely twining
Round the fragrant boughs,
Declares, "I 'm here to dine, sir,
This tempting fruit is mine, sir;
This is the tree of liberty—let 's plot
And let 's carouse!"

II.

So, tail so graceful twisting,
Each ape an orange fisting,
The rind in haste removing,
To eat the beasts began.
But soon each dirty sitter
Cries, "By Jove, how deuced bitter,"
And down the tree of liberty
The long-tailed rascals ran!

III.

But soon the orange-stealers
Were all captured by the peelers,
Who, each a monkey seizing
By his long wavy tail,
Roared, "Come along with me, boys,
This feasting must not be, boys,"
And from the tree of liberty
Took off the dogs to jail!

IV.

MORAL.

So, you who, danger scorning,
Refuse to take all warning,
And, rushing forward madly,
Expect still to escape,
Will find, though bold you be, sir
That in the "Orange Tree," sir,
The fruit is very bitter, and each
Eater but an ape.

PARSONS, DIRT, FEVER, AND SUICIDE.

THE *Times* has once more dragged to light a negligent landlord in Dorsetshire. The negligent landlord has been supported by a hypocritical parson; the hypocritical parson has been checked by an honest vicar; the honest vicar has been attacked by the negligent landlord; and the negligent landlord, finally, has been snubbed by a sincere rector. Any amount of knocking together of the heads of landlord and parson would be obviously useless. Let us content ourselves with one observation. It seems that a poor fellow in the unhappy county "hanged himself, after a consultation with the minister." As far as we can judge, this poor fellow seems to have been the most rational man in the neighbourhood—for anything tending more to tempt to, or justify, suicide than communication with such a clique we cannot conceive.

THE CHARTIST "ORANGE TREE."

THE STAGE DICTIONARY;

OR,

ENCYCLOPÆDIA DRAMATICA:

CONTAINING

Full Definitions and Explanations of every Theatrical Object, including Actors and Audiences—showing how natural it is for Sticks to appear on Boards; and, in short, comprehending all that is, can be, or ought to be known connected with Theatres, both Before and Behind the Curtain.

COMPILED BY THE SHOWMAN,

AND

Dedicated to the Flower of our Population, i.e., His Subscribers.

A.

ACT.—To act, *a verb.* The meaning of this word is differently rendered. Upon referring it to several living dramatic authorities, we received, amongst others, the following replies:—

Madame Celeste. "To act, means to speak bad English mixed with French words."

Mr. Paul Bedford. "To act, means to say, 'How are you my r-r-rummy-ummy-ummy kidikins?'—'I believe you, my bo-o-o-o-y!'"

The Man Cowell. "To act, means to howl nigger songs to the Surrey gallery."

Mr. Harley. "To act, means to poke somebody else in the ribs, then put your hands in your trowsers' pockets, turn round three times, open your mouth very wide to say something to yourself, and then wait for the pit to laugh."

Mr. T. P. Cooke. "To act, means to say, 'Avast heaving there,' to keep hitching up your pantaloons, and to call people connected with terrestrial pursuits 'grampuses,' and gentlemen whose names are in the law list 'sharks.'"

Mrs. Nisbet. "To act, means to indulge in cachinnatory explosions at every second word, because the papers have said you have a 'singing laugh.'"

ACT.—*Noun substantive.* A slice of a play, as much as an audience can stomach without pausing for breath. Five acts constitute a high art drama, written by a genius; three acts a mere melodrama, written by a vulgar playwright.

AMPHITHEATRE.—A species of theatre where horses play the principal parts, in opposition to other theatres, where donkeys perform that duty.

AUTHOR (Dramatic).—A humble personage attached to theatres, who, by the condescension of the manager and actors, is allowed to write the plays by which the latter get their living. The species of author most approved of by managers is a superannuated stage carpenter, or supernumerary dismissed for stupidity, whose daughter can, with the help of the dictionary, translate French vaudevilles, which her father "adapts" for the requirements of the company.

"ANY ORANGES, APPLES, SODA-WATER, OR GINGER-BEER."—A theatrical phrase, famous for recurring in the deepest parts of the tragedy. As thus:—

Daggerino. "The poison—ah! Unhappy youth."
Battleaxe. "And did she take—"
Basket-Woman. "Any oranges, apples, soda-water, or ginger-beer?"
[*Drop falls.*

B

BALLET.—An exhibition of legs, where sheep's eyes are cast from behind the footlights on the array of calves before them. On this subject it was that Moore wrote the following admirable lines:—

"Oh there 's not in wide Europe a ballet so sweet
As that wherein Perrot and Carlo meet,
In the *Cour des Miracles*—to fix by their art
The fair 'Esmeralda' deep, deep in each heart."

BOXKEEPERS.—A set of ruthless tyrants (supposed to be income-tax collectors during the day) who levy black mail from the white males and females they induct to seats in boxes. It is a remarkable fact, and not easily accounted for, that the gift of one shilling sterling to one of these functionaries invariably prevents the arrival of the "party" who had engaged the whole of the front places.

BURLESQUE.—See TRAGEDY.

BOARDS.—The planks forming the stage, generally used by high art critics to finish off a bit of fine writing about the degeneracy of the modern drama, by a touching allusion to the "boards which Garrick trod." As to most of our present actors, however, we wish that instead of treading the boards they would walk the plank.

C

CORYPHEE.—A first-class ballet-girl. A word the gents like to use, but find it difficult to spell, writing it in divers fashions, thus—Corifay, Koryphæ, Khorrifiay, Choriphee.

CHORUS.—A remarkably ubiquitous number of ladies and gentlemen, who always go about in crowds, and who, by a curious unanimity of sentiment, always utter the self-same opinions, at the self-same time, in the self-same, or nearly the self-same words. For instance:—

Operatic Hero. "I see her dancing in the hall!"
Forty Ladies and Gentlemen (*all at once*). "He sees her dancing in the hall?"
Operatic Hero. "O dear me!"
Forty Ladies and Gentlemen. "O dear me!"

CLEAR!—An exclamation shouted by the prompter, or stage-manager, before the rise of the curtain; but sometimes, particularly in the case of a high art play, by no means responded to by the audience—when it falls again.

CARPENTER'S SCENE.—A scene introduced, which has little or nothing to do with the play, in order to give time for something to be done behind. Most high art plays are entirely composed of Carpenter's Scenes; but there is nothing but yawning going on both behind and before.

CURTAIN.—A word which comes in very pat, because it gives us an opportunity of saying, "Well, having arrived, in our Dictionary, at the 'curtain,' let us, until next week, drop it!"

WHO WRITES ALL THE BOOKS?

WE observe that some ingenious individual has lately been lecturing to prove that Shakspere was not a man—an individual—but a myth, and that Shakspere's plays were written, not by Shakspere, but by the Monks. Not having heard the lecture, we are unable to say whether the deliverer thereof has succeeded in plucking all the feathers out of the Swan of Avon; but we have been dreadfully alarmed lest this new style of theorising should go on and prosper, the inevitable effects of which would be the announcement—in a hundred years, or so—of such a lecture as the following:—

THE PUBLIC is respectfully informed that A LECTURE will be delivered on Wednesday Evening, the 1st of April, 1948, in the STRAND CASINO (formerly Exeter Hall), upon a variety of Popular Delusions abroad as to the Literature of the Last Century.

The lecturer will prove—

1st, That DICKENS never existed, and that his works were written by the Society of Licensed Victuallers.

2nd, That DOUGLAS JERROLD was only a myth, and that the *Man made of Money* was written by the Committee of the Whittington Club—thus accounting for the book being such a decided failure.

3rd, That BULWER LYTTON was only a symbol, and that *Eugene Aram, The Last Days of Pompeii, Pelham, Harold, &c. &c.*, were composed by the Lancer Troop.

4th, That JAMES was a nonentity, and that his romances were produced by means of an ingenious combinations of spinning-jennies.

5th, That COOPER was a mere Yankee notion, devoid of substance, and that the *Last of the Mohicans*, &c., were written during their visit to London by the Ojibbeways.

6th, That "THACKERAY" is a word signifying not an individual, but a combination of individuals; his *Vanity Fair* being far too good to have been written by any one man then alive.

Admission, One Shilling. Common People and Members of the Whittington Club, Sixpence.

SEEMING ANOMALY.—Although the tradesmen of a certain Manager have one and all determined not to serve him any longer, still they have informed him that they shall be always most happy to receive his orders.

SHOCKING IGNORANCE.—We have been favoured with a view of a letter in which an antiquarian desires to be informed whether Grimstone's celebrated snuff, which is efficacious in diseases of the eye, would be of any use in restoring the site of Troy, which has long been very uncertain.

SANITARY MEASURES.

THE Committee of Contributors to the PUPPET-SHOW, appointed to take into consideration the moral and literary health of the Metropolis, have made the following Report to His HONOUR the SHOWMAN:—

1. Sleep appears to have been frequently communicated by personal intercourse with Albert Smith. The Committee, therefore, without expressing any positive opinion as to whether asinisity is or is not contagious, content themselves with warning the public of the probability of night-mare and other dangerous and disagreeable phenomena arising from this source.

2. People have been found frequently to be turned very sick by the existence of periodicals in a decaying state. The Committee, therefore, strongly recommend the removal of jokes of *Punch* in a state of decomposition. All refuse matter—such as the virtuous indignation and the serious doggrel of the said publication—ought also to be speedily and carefully thrown away.

3. A state of debility or exhaustion, however produced, increases the liability to disease. Such exhausting tasks, therefore, as the perusal of Bulwer's *Harold*, or the *Metropolitan*, or G. P. R. James' *Fairies*, or any modern epic whatsoever, must be scrupulously shunned.

4. The Committee recommend that the authorities should immediately cause to be shut up such pestilent literary drains and cesspools as the *Mysteries of the Court*, &c.

5. One great cause of the bad state of the poor has been found to be the excessive use of ardent periodicals. Let every precaution therefore be taken to prevent them from swallowing "progress" mixtures, or any such cordials as "philanthropist" or "poor man's friend" compounds.

6. Whenever a Chartist eruption breaks out, immediate warning is to be given to the authorities, who, by the most stringent prescriptions, will, it is hoped, successfully combat the disorder.

Finally, the Committee beg to remark that the moral and literary health of a great city depends very much on the use of a sound and generous diet; and that all such wishy-washy mixtures as fashionable novels, family twaddle, pretty essays, and feeble sonnets, will be found debilitating and injurious. A healthy use of Savage Landor's compounds, or Hallam's mixture, with draughts from Tennyson's Castalian spring, will be found most beneficial; and let no one forget to take a dose of PUPPET-SHOW weekly. It is the duty of the rich to supply this for the use of their poorer neighbours.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "MODEL MEN AND WOMEN."

THEN farewell Horace, whom I hated so,
Not for my faults, but thine; it is a curse
To read, not understand, thy comic flow,
And to have paid for it, which makes it worse.
We want some deeper fellow to rehearse
Our little life, so please give up your art.
Some livelier satirist must our conscience pierce
With wit, not here and there, but in each part.
So fare thee well—I'll sell thee at this butter-mart.

A CHESTERFIELD THIEF.—On the trial of Mullins, the Chartist, just before the court adjourned, one of the jury was taken aback by his coat being stolen. We suppose the thief considered that, being a visitor to the Old Bailey, it was only *courteous* to adopt the "habits" he might find there.

VALUE OF AN HEIRESS.—In England we say a girl is worth twenty thousand pounds; in Sidney they say she is worth twenty thousand *sheep*. Both here and at the antipodes we agree, however, in saying that such a one is *worth having*.

SO MUCH FOR BUCKINGHAM.—Mr. James Silk Buckingham, in advertising his lectures, letters, voyages, travels, &c. announces also a portrait of himself. If it falls in our way, we shall exclaim with Glo'ster, "Off with his head."

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE managers of this popular place of amusement are loud in their complaints of the badness of the season. This they impute in a great degree to the unprecedented amount of foreign competition they have lately had to contend with. It is currently reported that they intend to get up a petition to Parliament for the suppression of Madame Tussaud's rival exhibition in Baker Street. Besides this, however, they have determined to introduce several improvements in the manner of conducting the exhibition, among which we may mention the admission of children under twelve years of age, schools, and livery-servants, at half-price; and the carrying out of a new and extensive system of advertising, which cannot fail to be attended with the most beneficial results.

The following is a copy of a bill with which we have been politely favoured:—

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

UNRIVALLED EXHIBITION!—NATIVE TALENT.

THIS magnificent Exhibition is open for inspection every day. Among the other

CURIOSITIES OF ART

which render it worthy of a visit may be mentioned the Statue of the

CELEBRATED SAMUEL JOHNSON,

as also the Tomb of the well-known Son of

ÆSCULAPIUS,

the Renowned

SIR ASTLEY PASTON COOPER, BART.;

as likewise the Monuments of those Heroes,

SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE, SIR JOHN MOORE,

AND

HORATIO NELSON,

who died gloriously in asserting

THE SUPREMACY OF ENGLAND

in the scale of Nations.

Among the other parts of this noble Building particularly deserving of notice may be mentioned the

FAR-FAMED WHISPERING GALLERY,

in which the slightest whisper is distinctly heard, and the slamming of a door resounds like the explosion of a

THOUSAND CANNON.

But it would be impossible to describe in a bill all the wonders of this truly National Edifice, which has been got up

REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE.

Being determined to do all in their power to render the establishment worthy of public support, the Directors have taken the requisite measures to insure visitors having an opportunity of seeing the Verger who was present at the visits of the

KINGS OF PRUSSIA AND BAVARIA,

and also of several other

CROWNED HEADS.

PRICES OF ADMISSION AS USUAL

EXTRAVAGANT DESIGN.—M. Emile Thomas, has every intention of running through a Napoleon (Buonaparte).

CUR-TESY OF THE STANDARD.—The *Standard* speaks of the members of the Reform Club as "mangy and hungry curs," and alludes to the "whole Whig kennel" as being filled with "mongrel curs." The members of the Reform Club may or may not be curs, but they are great fools if they are hungry ones, when they have so excellent a cook as M. Soyer. As for all the Whigs being "mongrel curs," all we can say is, that if so, they are even then far better off than the writer of Billingsgate in the Standard: a mongrel is only half-bred, while the scribbler in question is thoroughly (ill-)bred.

HAYDEE!!!

ITS POSTPONEMENT, AND THE CONSEQUENCES.

HAYDEE has been promised half-a-dozen times, and postponed half-a-dozen times: we are not quite sure whether, even at this moment, it has been played, or will be put off by intervals of three days each to the end of the season. At first the indisposition of Mr. Sims Reeves was the excuse; then it was discovered that another rehearsal was requisite; then Mr. Sims Reeves was taken ill again; and at last the production of the unfortunate *Haydée* was delayed without any alleged reason whatever.

One day last week, when this Mrs. Harris of operas had been postponed for the fourth or fifth time, we determined, in the dearth of new operas, to write one for ourselves. Of course we had to reflect for some time as to what the subject should be, and ultimately decided to write a *libretto* on "progress" principles, on an Eliza Cook subject, and in a humorous style. It will be observed, that this has been accomplished in the most felicitous manner. The "progress" man will rejoice to see that vice has been punished in the most exemplary manner. Cook's "followers" will be gratified with the subject, which is one completely after their own hearts, and the lover of humour will be in ecstacies; but of this point modesty forbids us speaking. The result of our labours is subjoined.

THE "DO" "DONE"

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

MR. AUGUSTUS SILLIMORE, *a Young Gentleman.*
MR. FERGUSON WALKER, *a Swindler.*
MR. SNIP, *a Respectable Tradesman.*
MISS PECUNIA RICHES, *a Young Lady.*]
Servants, Duns, Bailiffs, &c. &c.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

Mr. Augustus Sillimore and Mr. Ferguson Walker.

WALKER. Good morrow, sir. How do you do?
SILLIMORE. Quite well, I thank you, sir. And you?

Adagio.

WAL. Alas! my tailor is so sad a fool,
He cannot cut a coat by any rule;
He makes it first too big and then too small—
My tailor cannot cut a coat at all.
Ah, no! he cannot, cannot cut a coat at all.

Vivace.

When I view thy vest so charming,
With a pang I think on Dobbs,
My disgusting little tailor,
Only fit to make for snobs.
All my hopes for his improvement
Are as wild as Hervey's verse!
What a blessing must thy tailor be;
But mine—Ah, what a curse!

SILL. (*Recit.*) Alas, my friend has reason to be sad;
'T is true those clothes of his are very bad!

Aria.

Much I grieve, beloved Walker,
That such tailor should be thine;
Why not cut him, why not cut him,
And have some clothes from mine?

WAL. (*aside.*) I will cut him, I will cut him,
And have some clothes from thine!

Duo.

WAL. How is thy tailor named, my friend?
For to him I will quickly send.
SILL. His name is Snip. My card you 'll show,
And then at once 't will let him know
Your money's safe; and when he hears
My name, he 'll give you tick for years.

Ensemble.

{Your / My} money's safe; and when he hears
{My / Your} name, he 'll give {you / me} tick for years.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

WALKER *solus.*

(*Recit.*) Hail happy day! the introduction 's got,
And now of clothes I 'll have a precious lot!

Cavatina.

It is not honour, 't is but face
That credit now can win,
And loads of brass will compensate
For want of any tin.
That spooney youth his card did give,
Thinking, ha! ha! I 'll pay—
And perhaps I shall, but then 't will be
At some far distant day.

That spooney youth his card did give,
That snip then now must bleed;
Just to begin I 'll order that
Of which I 'm most in need—
Three frock and two dress coats, four superfine black pantaloons,
Two *paletots*, and unnumbered vests
He 'll furnish me eftsoons.

Ha! ha! I see Pecunia comes this way;
I 'm far too seedy, so I cannot stay.
My clothes I 'll get, and try some other day. [*Exit.*

Enter PECUNIA *with her* MAID.

PEC. Methought my darling Ferguson was here,
My lovely Walker. Ah! it is quite clear
He is n't; so come here my pretty dear,
And tell what said that man without a peer.

Ballad.

MAID. I gave your note, he did not speak,
He looked first sad, then gay;
He smiled, but spoke not; then in grief
He turned his head away.
He said his mother's aunt was ill,
And he was sad at home,
And that it would not be good taste
To public balls to roam.
But his clothes were seedy, and so was he,
And that 's why at home thy Walker will be.

PECUNIA and MAID. {His clothes are seedy, and so is he,
And that 's why at home {my / thy} Walker will be.}

PEC. Is my Walker then so seedy?
Is the gloss worn off his coat?
MAID (*aside*). If not better rigged to-morrow,
Walker 'll be in the wrong boat.

Finale. Ensemble.

Alas! for him on whom {I / you} dote;
The gloss is now worn off his coat.

ACT III.

[An interval of two years has elapsed since Act II.]

Chorus of DUNS, BAILIFFS, *&c.*

We have a plan
To catch that man,
And now we can.

Enter SNIP.

Andante.

I gave him long credit,
He swore he would pay—
I gave him the clothes,
He kept out of the way;
But a sovereign I 'll lay,
That on this, his wedding day,
He his small account shall pay,
Or to prison come away!

Chorus of BAILIFFS.

He his small account shall pay,
Or to prison come away!

Grand Chorus of SNIP, DUNS, *and* BAILIFFS, *fortissimo.*

Vengeance! vengeance! to prison he goes;
Away with the man who won't pay for his clothes!

[*Enter* FERGUSON, WALKER, *and* PECUNIA.]
1st BAILIFF (*advancing to* FERGUSON.)

Joceso.

Wretched being, now I hold thee,
Turn not vainly from my hand;
With thy bride thou would'st have bolted,
In the morn, to some far land:

But I hold thee—do not struggle,
Thou can'st never get away.
Banish thoughts of happy marriage,
Thou art now a bailiff's prey.

Recit.

FER. Release me! Oh, release me from thy hold!
And in thy purse shall countless sums be told.

Aria.

SNIP. No, you devil! you tried to do me,
But I think 't would be as well
If I sent you, as a warning,
In a spunging-house you 'll dwell.

Finale. PECUNIA, SNIP, DUNS, *and* BAILIFFS.
Base deceiver, as a warning,
In a spunging-house you 'll dwell.

EDITOR'S BOX.

AT the HAYMARKET, *Romeo and Juliet* and the *Patrician's Daughter* continue to afford Miss Laura Addison an opportunity of making a West-end audience acquainted with her remarkable talents. Now that the timidity incidental to her first few appearances has, in a measure, worn off, this young lady appears to much greater advantage than she did before. She has got more accustomed to her public, and also become inured to Mr. Creswick's *Romeo;* as a natural consequence, her acting is more free and unconstrained. There are many things, however, in Laura Addison's style which are far from pleasing: such, for instance, as the constant clenching of her hands, and raising her arms, on every occasion, towards the slips of canvas which represent the sky; she has also a custom of distorting her features in moments of passion, so as to transform herself from the eminently feminine and interesting creature she is, into as good a specimen of an old hag as any one could well desire to see dancing round the cauldron in *Macbeth*, or sitting over the less romantic but more practical gipsy-saucepan at Norwood or elsewhere. Let Miss Laura Addison but remember the words of the poet, whom, in most instances, she interprets so well—"o'erstep not the modesty of nature"—and she will eventually become one of the brightest ornaments of the British stage.

The revival, this season, of *She Stoops to Conquer*, reflects great credit on Mr. Webster. Mrs. Glover as *Mrs. Hardcastle*, and Keeley as *Tony Lumpkin*, are inimitable; while Miss Julia Bennett throws into the character of *Miss Hardcastle* a degree of humour and archness as natural as it is pleasing. In that part of the play, too, where *Miss Hardcastle* passes herself off as a barmaid, Miss Julia Bennett is eminently amusing, the more so that she never forgets for a moment that she is the squire's daughter: the good breeding of the lady pierces through the pertness and flippancy of the barmaid, in the same manner that the rich and gorgeous satin slip of some fair one's ball dress is distinctly visible in spite of the more simple muslin which is thrown over it.

Mr. H. Holl would have done more justice to the character of *Young Marlow* if he had been contented not to overdo his part: a gentleman may be modest, but on that very account, would never make himself so absurd as Mr. H. Holl did in his interview with *Miss Hardcastle*. By the way, where did Mr. H. Holl get his hat? The SHOWMAN is much inclined to question whether hats of the last fashion of 1848 were worn at the time in which the comedy is laid, and in conjunction with buckskin breeches and top-boots.

Mr. Tilbury was the *Mr. Hardcastle*, and shrugged his shoulders, and blew out his cheeks, and elevated his eyebrows, as much as usual. The SHOWMAN would feel obliged if Mr. Tilbury would inform him whether it is absolutely necessary for old gentlemen with daughters to give away, to speak from a point about half-way down their throats, as if they were making abortive attempts at ventriloquism?—As for Mr. H. Vandenhoff's *Hastings*, what can be said of it?—that the style of it belonged exclusively to Mr. H. Vandenhoff—long may it continue to do so!

Of the after-pieces, we may mention *Spring Gardens*, *Lavater*, and the *Roused Lion* as the most successful—all translations! How does this square with Mr. Webster's cry of "Legitimacy," and his avowed hatred to foreign productions? How can Mr. Webster abuse French dramatists, and fill his treasury by bringing out their pieces? But the SHOWMAN will say no more on this head: he believes that Mr. Webster has given up the idea of contending against foreign competition by Act of Parliament, and has at length determined to conquer it in fair and open combat by superior excellence; and if Mr. Webster only continue as he has begun, the SHOWMAN ventures to predict that this will be more efficacious than all the petitions to Parliament ever penned.

By the way, the SHOWMAN would not conclude this notice without observing, that although the *Roused Lion* is excellently translated, still there are certain little defects which it would be as well to remedy. For instance, although *c'est moi* is excellent French, "it 's *me*" is execrable English. However partial Mr. Webster may personally be to bad grammar, he ought to recollect that when he assumes a character he ought also to assume all its distinctive marks: *Stanislas de Fonblanche*, the old lion, is pre-eminently a gentleman, and as such would speak his native language purely. The SHOWMAN therefore hopes that the next time Mr. Webster repeats his able personification, he will prefer "it 's I" to "it 's me," and "it 's he, she," &c. to "it 's him, her." Ample rules on this subject are to be found in all the various grammars for beginners, to be bought cheaply, at any old book-stall.

Last season, the names of the original French authors were given with the *Roused Lion*, which then purported to be merely translated by "Benjamin Webster." At present "Benjamin Webster" appears as the author himself. How is this? Is it that Mr. Webster supposes that because the farce has been played so long, that it belongs to him—as a physician's guinea generally does to *him*—by right of prescription?

At the ADELPHI a one-act farce, entitled the *Dance of the Shirt; or, The Sempstress's Ball*, has been produced. A number of sempstresses club together to give a ball, and entrust the funds thus amassed to their employer, *Mary Wheatley* (Miss Woolgar). During their absence, this young lady, however, prefers succouring with the money a sick man, and, consequently, is exposed to the reproaches of the fair subscribers, who, on their return, are highly indignant at the prospect of there being no supper, and indulge in allusions to *Mary's* having embezzled their capital. The matter is cleared up by *Mary's* admirer, who has hitherto passed himself off as a poor man, and been lurking about endowed with nefarious designs upon *Mary's* virtue, now coming forward and proclaiming himself an "illustrious artist." As virtue is always its own reward, at least in farces, the illustrious artist in question, of course, proposes for *Mary* in due form, and likewise orders the Ball to be given at his expense. The "Dance" then takes place, and the curtain falls.

The dialogue of this farce is neither witty nor striking—and the few jokes were, exactly of the sort that sempstresses would most likely make. Mr. Paul Bedford played a fireman, and was as dreary in his attempts at humour as he usually is; but in spite of all this, the farce was not condemned. This fact, which at first may appear surprising, will cease to be so, when it is recollected that Miss Woolgar played the heroine, and that she was seconded by Mrs. Frank Matthews.

MR. SIMS REEVES' LAST MEDICAL CERTIFICATE.

MR. SIMS REEVES has been issuing regular bulletins about his health, day after day, as if he was a sick monarch. If he goes on in this way much longer, the following certificate may be expected:—

"I am of opinion that Mr. Sims Reeves will never be fit to sing at all.

"THE SHOWMAN."

RAILWAY ARITHMETIC.—The country, which has hitherto suffered much subtraction from the division of the railway companies, is now to be put, by the junction of the North, South, and Great Western Companies, under the Rule of Three.

TO THE SHOWMAN.

POLYHUMBUG OFFICE.

DEAR SHOWMAN,—Will you have the kindness to use all your exertions to do away with the "privileges of the press," as far as theatrical admissions are concerned? Actors and their friends are occasionally rejoiced by the announcement that the "Free-list is suspended;" but that fatal line, the "public press is excepted" (by-the-bye, is there any private press?) always comes to destroy the hopes of the newspaper editor.

The privilege of writing orders is an expense, a bore, and an absurdity. As the editor of the *Polyhumbug*, I have the right of sending two orders every night for all the theatres, all the exhibitions, all the Casinos, and all the *Tableaux Vivants*. Now I can't go to all the theatres, all the exhibitions, all the Casinos, and all the *Tableaux Vivants* in one evening; and if I could, I couldn't go every night in the week. As a generous man, I determined to give them away to ladies who ask me to dinner, gentlemen to whom I owe bets, and tradesmen to whom I owe bills. This appears, at first sight, to be a very nice way of doing business; but observe the consequences.

Ellen Clifford wants to hear Alboni. Her mother asks me to dinner, and the mother and daughter unite in asking me for tickets. It will cost them two or three sovereigns for a fly and other incidental expenses, but the few shillings which the admissions would cost form the most important item in their estimate of the expenses; and it would be unbecoming in me, as an habitual gentleman and an occasional sponge, to endeavour to convince them to the contrary.

The tickets are, of course, promised; but on going to the office I find that the order is "out" for the night on which I had engaged to get it: given away, in fact, to Fanny Douglas, whose mother also gives dinners. The affair, however, is not over here: the Douglases go to the theatre and are advised not to try it on, as the order had already gone in (it having been presented two weeks previously to a boot-maker, who had so terrified me by sending in his bill, that I had forgotten the whole circumstance); or else the paper has been taken off the Free-list, in consequence of my saying that one of the singers alternately screeched like a turkey-cock, and bellowed like a bull.

I shall not dwell upon the terrible result of the above unhappy combination of misfortunes: suffice it to say, that in order to guard against any similar mishaps, I give a pound a-week and all the tickets for the Grecian Saloon to an unhappy clerk who comes every morning when I am doing my "Crimes, Accidents, and Offences," to bother me about the distribution of the orders, make entries thereof in a book, and send off at once (by-the-bye, the postage-stamps cost me twelve shillings a-week) to the wretched persons whom I am endeavouring to oblige, and who would never speak to me again, much less ask me to dinner, if I were to refuse. But the worst of it is, no one is contented with a second-rate theatre. I remember endeavouring to palm off Corn, the disagreeable boot-maker, with a private box for the Haymarket, and the fellow was so insolent that I had to kick him down stairs; and even now I owe him a grudge, to say nothing of the small account.

I shall sum up the advantages and disadvantages of writing theatrical admissions in the following manner:

You have the privilege of sending in tickets for all the theatres, &c. But—

You have to give them to your friends and your friends' friend, and to keep a clerk for their especial benefit. If you give a ticket away, you are scarcely thanked for it ("he has them every night in the week and can't miss it"); if you keep it for yourself, or have previously disposed of it, you create an enemy for life.

Yours in disgust,
PAISTUN SIZZARS.

"THE EARTH HATH BUBBLES," &c.—On Lord Clarendon, it is said, the "*vacant*" Order of the Garter will be conferred. We should have thought his lordship too intelligent to be fooled with such an "*empty*" honour.

OF COURSE NOT.—The gentleman who writes from Ramsgate, and sends us an account of a Jew falling into the inner basin there, with a parcel of slops he was taking to one of the ships, is informed, that the said basin cannot, on that account, be denominated a slop-basin.

Cuffey and the subordinate Chartists, notwithstanding a few unpleasant convictions caused by their late conduct, feel quite transported with the idea that they will be at liberty, during the outward voyage, to regale themselves with an occasional look at the ship's Charter and the points of the compass, to make up for the loss of the other points which they were unable to compass.

LINES WRITTEN IN SORROW.

[THE following stanzas were supposed by Dr. Porson to have been composed by Marius amid the ruins of Carthage; other authorities, however, consider them to have been indited by Jones amid the *débris* of the Quadrant. The SHOWMAN favours the latter theory.]

I.

A long farewell, my Quadrant—
The lounge I loved the best;
For heat, the parasol—for rain,
Th' umbrella of the West.
No longer 'neath thy pillared shade
I 'll saunter on the loose;
These haughty, good-for-nothing Whigs
Have been and cooked thy goose.

II.

To please a few Jew hucksters,
The nicest lounge in town,
At thy command, my Lord Carlisle,
Is ruthlessly pulled down:
The nicest lounge in London,
For all the world to meet—
That happy medium betwixt
A corridor and street.

III.

Perhaps I 'll never, when I walk
Abroad to take the air,
My gibus doff in Regent Street,
And rend my flowing hair,
But when, to our lost Quadrant's site,
In sombre gloom I point,
I 'll pray that soon Carlisle's Whig nose
May be put out of joint.

Chorus by all Men about Town.

You Whiggish, priggish, *gobemouche*, you,
Away! avaunt! aroint!
We 'll pray that soon your Jew-tweaked nose
May be put out of joint!

AU REDACTEUR DU PUPPET-SHOW.

MONSIEUR,—Je suis Garde Nationale; j'aime beaucoup l'Angleterre, les Anglais, et tout ce qui concerne leur état, mais surtout le Half-and-Half. Ou m'a reçu partout à bras ouverts, et je n'ai à me plaindre de personne si ce n'est d'un seul *Policeman*—mas je lui pardonne. Voilà, Monsieur le SHOWMAN, ce tout il s'agit.

Me sentant très-altéré—je suis toujours très altéré—j'entre avec un ami dans lui de vos *Vaults* pour y prendre un petit verre. Tout-à-coup j'apercevois que mon ami était sorti pendant que je buvais mon eau-de-vie.

Où est ce Monsieur? dis-je à un *Policeman* que je rencontrai. Ce fonctionaire a sans doute compris que je disais *Westminster*, car il me répondit:

"D'abord à gauche, puis à droite, et encore à gauche."

Je lui remercie infinement, et j'avance toujours pour me trouver en face de l'Abbaye de Westminster: j'avais le plaisir de voir un beau monument, il est vrai, mais j'avais perdu mon ami et guide pour toute la journée.

Agréez, Monsieur le SHOWMAN, etc.
UN GARDE NATIONALE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE DEAN AND CHAPTER are informed that the SHOWMAN has received their polite letter, informing him that for the future his Orders will be admitted. The SHOWMAN has given a long notice of their establishment in another part of the PUPPET-SHOW.

All Communications to the Editor or the Publisher should be addressed—PUPPET SHOW OFFICE, 334 *Strand*.

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THE VERNON GALLERY, or NEW COAL-HOLE.—The Advertiser begs to inform the Public that this new and interesting Exhition is now open, free of charge.

The Advertiser begs to acquaint his kind patrons that he has provided every accommodation for them, and on the most reasonable terms. Lanterns, of the most varied description, warm furred shoes and boots, lined with flannel, and furnished with cork or gutta percha soles; mackintoshes, comforters, and paletots always ready; also, a large stock of cough lozenges, to be used for such as have witnessed the Exhibition.

N.B.—As the rights of the subject are respected in the fullest sense of the word, all who patronise this Collection are perfectly at liberty to poke their walking-sticks through any of the works of art exhibited, or examine the surface of them minutely with their hands.

Persons desirous of so doing should come early, as, from the great influx of visitors, the pictures cannot possibly last very long.

THE POPE IN A NEW CHARACTER.

THE SHOWMAN regrets to be obliged to exhibit the Pope in an unfavourable light—and thus to prevent him, until he makes the *amends*, from leading that "happy life" which is so often vocally attributed to His Holiness. It appears that the present tenant of the Vatican has been writing a letter prohibiting the establishment of the new colleges in Ireland. We are really obliged to His Holiness, and hope he will take some further trouble about us. Perhaps he will write a curt little note repealing the Union, or dispatch a neat triangular *billet* restoring the Heptarchy. Government have of course dispatched messengers to Rome, in order to ask Pius when he wishes Parliament to meet, and to inquire whether he would not be so good as to send a draft of the speech from the throne—not indeed that there is much use in either throne or parliament, if the Bishop of Rome be kind enough to take the task of governing Great Britain into his own hands. Of course we expect that His Holiness will proceed in the course which he has began—in which case we may shortly expect a dispatch from the Vatican, somewhat to the following purport:—

"The Pope presents his compliments to Queen Victoria and the Government of Great Britain.

"The Pope orders Queen Victoria and her Government to see that the following injunctions be strictly complied with:—

"1st. Temple Bar to be shut every night at nine o'clock, and no one allowed to pass after that hour, except persons furnished with passports, signed by the Catholic Bishop of London.

"2nd. The publication of the *Times* to be stopped forthwith.

"3rd. The Reform Bill to be repealed.

"4th. The Walhalla to be closed.

"5th. The House of Brunswick to be turned out of the windows, and Mr. Stuart, the actor, as representing the ancient dynasty, to be placed on the throne.

"6th. Mr. Mitchell to be recalled from the Bermudas, and made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

"7th. The curfew to be re-established.

"8th. Railroads to be abolished.

"9th. The monster opheiclide at Jullien's Concerts to be suppressed; and,

"10th. An income-tax of ten per cent. to be imposed on England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the British Colonies, for the good of the Papal treasury."

"P. S.—The Pope expects to receive a favourable answer by return of post. In the event of such an answer not coming to hand, the Ministry is to consider itself dissolved, and all commerce, &c., is to be suspended in England until His Holiness has time to form another."

THE VATICAN—*Tuesday.*

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

THE Father frowned, the Daughter wept:
Quoth he, "I 've found you out—
You want to marry that young Jones,
The vulgar, hulking lout!"

"He 's *not* a lout!"—"He *is* a lout:
Don't contradict me, Miss.
His name is Jones—and he 's no lord—
I ask you, is not this

Sufficient proof that he 's unfit
To marry with *my* daughter?
You sha'n't go out, I 'll keep you in,
And on dry bread and water."

* * * * * *

The sun has set, and still the storm
Keeps raging as before;
The lightning darts with vivid light,
The thunder-crashes roar.

Why turn all eyes so anxiously
Towards each opening door?
Why does Sir Pompous wildly gaze,
As he ne'er gazed before?

"She 's gone," he cries; "a sudden light
Breaks in upon me now."
He frowns—in anger grinds his teeth,
And madly knits his brow.

Louisa's maid then forward comes,
And says, "The fault 's not mine;
Miss charged me strictly not to give
This note till after nine."

He reads—he foams—then o'er his face
There plays a dev'lish laugh.
"They think they 're safe—I 'll stop them yet—
By *'lectric telegraph.*"

With steaming horses on he drives,
And reaches soon the station;
But, ah! he 's very quickly lost
In awful consternation,

To find that e'en the elements
The fugitives have backed,
For, 'midst the tumult of the air,
The telegraph won't act!

* * * * * *

The happy pair still onward push,
And with the coming sun,
The Blacksmith makes the two to be—
Just as the game was—*one!*

NO TITLE TO RESPECT.—To such a pitch has the eccentric title mania among writers come, that a book of bacchanalian songs is about to be published under the title of *Grog Blossoms, or Pimples on the Mug of Genius.*

A cigar manufacturer, anxious to puff himself, has sent us what he describes as a joke, and which is neither more nor less than the observation, that if Louis Napoleon becomes Emperor, at all events he will be indebted to him for his *regalias.*

THE WHITTINGTON SLAP-BANG.

There is something about the unlucky affairs of the Slap-bang, that, like Lant Street, Borough, as described by Mr. Dickens, "sheds a gentle melancholy over the soul." As a public organ, the Puppet-Show has had several letters of complaint from unhappy Slap-bangers, who were seduced, under the false pretence that it was a club for gentlemen, and who ultimately found that their privileges consisted of being able to subscribe to a dull newspaper, to purchase an ugly portrait, and to dine at a second-rate eating-house. Of the unpleasant smell permeating the mansion we have already spoken. The place is quite disagreeable.

"Talis sese halitus atris,
Faucibus effundens nares contingit odore!"

Indeed, to quote Virgil once more, the *odora canum vis*, or power of smelling of the dogs, must have been considerably strengthened by the odour.

The Whittington Slap-bang was started on high art principles, and with lofty moral pretensions. The "progress" gang who started it affect to sneer at Casinos (probably because they never learned to dance), and yet—will our readers believe it?—a shilling ball, or hop, has now been set up by these vulgar, high-minded moralists! However, there need be no wailing at the Walhalla, nor consternation at the Casino, although this rivalry has been attempted, since these places are frequented by gentlemen, and since it will require a good deal of hammering at the wooden heads of the Slap-bang before any of them will be able to conduct like Laurent, or to perform on the *cornet-à-piston* like Arban.

The Slap-bang Committee keep calling on their dupes occasionally for fresh contributions. But, somehow or other, these, like the contributions to *Punch*, are slow. In fact, the gag of the place, generally, is beginning to be seen through, even by the dull bangers themselves; and there seems every possibility of the institution soon sleeping, and its memory with it, in the unconsecrated grave of "Mrs. Bib's baby."

EPIGRAM.

'T is strange, the Duke of Buckingham they treated
Like some dead Pope a little time ago;
For pilgrims numberless from all parts wandered,
To gaze devoutly at his Grace's Stowe (toe).

MEDICAL EDUCATION.

Mr. Showman,—Having heard a great deal of the vast superiority of the Germans over ourselves in many particulars, I took the opportunity of questioning a German whom I happened to meet, as to the course pursued in his country as regards the study of medicine. Would you believe it? Besides a lot of other humbug, they have actually separated examinations and diplomas for surgery, medicine, and midwifery, and their examinations last, *credat Judæus*, days, weeks, and even months. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Is not it damning? We manage things rather differently in England. Here we unite business with pleasure; and although we may not happen to turn our hair grey with study while we're "walking" the hospitals, we get our diploma all the same. There's no place like a hospital for a fellow to pick up an idea of life: it makes "bricks" of the greatest spoons that ever followed their mothers' apron-strings—it turns them from boobies into jolly fellows—*emollit mores*, you know, and all that. I generally divide a fellow's student-life into three phases—here they are:

Phase One—*First Year*. On the 1st of October, 1844, Mr. Sidney Pemberton (or any one else) enters the Middlesex Hospital School of Medicine. No one was ever known to attend to lectures with more assiduity. Every morning he may be seen a little before nine, A.M., wending his way down Berners' Street, with some ponderous work under his arm, and a cotton umbrella, with a large spherical handle, in his right hand. At lecture he takes notes assiduously. Under no consideration will he go to the Frothy Club held at a public-house near the hospital, and often refuses invitations to parties, as his acceptance of them would interfere with his studies.

Phase Two—*The Second Year*. Mr. Sidney Pemberton is not present at the introductory lecture, nor does he come to any of the lectures delivered during the first fortnight. He does *not* take notes. His principal amusement is to laugh at the "new men" instead. He joins the club, thereby showing that his bump of conviviality is beginning to develop itself. He only attends sufficient of his lectures to obtain his certificates.

Phase Three—*Third Year*. Mr. Sidney Pemberton is not heard of until the expiration of the first month. In the beginning of November he presents himself, dressed like a regular out-an-outer—he has adopted the sporting style, and wears light drab trowsers, very long straps, and an excessively flat-brimmed hat. He has been twice mistaken for an omnibus conductor. He goes to the Adelphi and the Coal-hole. At Christmas he receives a letter signed by all the lecturers to say, that if his attendance for the next three months be not more regular, his cerificates will be refused. Of the letter he makes fun and pipe-lights, and enters the next session at one of the larger hospitals. He then goes to a grinder: reads just the questions most likely to be asked; goes up and passes his *hour's* examination.

That's the dodge, Mr. Showman; that's what I call uniting pleasure with business. I've known hundreds of fellows get their diploma in this way. The superiority of the "hour" system is, that if you happen to know the leading points in one branch of the science, the examiners have no time to discover that you are ignorant of all the rest; by the time, however, that you have been in practice for a year or two you soon remedy that. You may perhaps happen to be what they call unfortunate and kill half-a-dozen patients, but that is not your fault—it is your misfortune.

Knowing that you like to expose humbug,* I hope you will insert my letter. We take you in at the club.—Your obedient Servant, Medicus.

* We do; and, therefore, have great pleasure in exposing it in this instance.—The Showman.

OUR LEADER.

"PROGRESS" PRINCIPLES.

When an argument is misrepresented by a rascal, it is often very naturally misapprehended by a fool. To punish the one and teach the other, we return to the subject of "Progress." Some have basely said, and others foolishly believed, that we are opposed to liberalism, and the cause of *true* progress, because we choose to despise and show up a paltry faction, who abuse the names for the purposes of profit, and conduct their cause with want of dignity, decency, and taste. We are opposed to all this set on principle; we believe them political quacks and private humbugs, and we are furthermore perfectly aware that personally they are very inferior persons, in education, ability, and character, to honourable liberals, and even to their political opponents. A few points of comparison will illustrate the difference between the true and the sham patriot. The "progress" man is a sham, a kind of doll that bears a decent human appearance, and, punctured, is found to contain only hard dry bran.

A true liberal wishes the advance of the people by sensible and honourable means. He disdains to plaster them with flattery, and persuade them that they are superior in character and intelligence to all the wealth and education of the country. He is for giving them enlightenment before giving them power. He studies ancient history for information, and cultivates his fancy for ornament. While advocating alterations in institutions, he treats with gentlemanly respect those who now form members of their system, and have been brought up to respect it; nor does he commit the blackguardism of arguing, that because the Church or the Aristocracy are imperfect, therefore all the individual members of them are personally reprehensible. Such liberals are Carlyle, Bulwer, Lamartine, and Landor; and it is with pride that we compare them with the nasty knot of scribblers who idolize the rabble, sympathize with the felon, encourage the poacher, and think that England must be revolutionized if a few sempstresses are poor. A shorter way would be, to hand over the profits of their "virtuous indignation" effusions to these unfortunates; but indignation is cheap. Luckily, the public are beginning to hold it cheap also.

Our object in this matter is therefore perfectly clear. We mean to identify ourselves with the liberals as opposed to the clique, who are all ignorance and bile. A slight examination of them will prove their want of attainments, and the purity of their motives is shown by this, that they use their principles as a means of selling newspapers, puffing portraits, and filling lecture-rooms.

We mean to settle these persons before long. As the liberal party has its poet-laureate in Landor, so it shall have its satirist in The Showman.

PINS & NEEDLES.

It appears from some statistics of lunacy that up to 1845, while in Spain there was only one lunatic in every 7,181, in Scotland there was one to every 400. This amply accounts for the rejection of Mr. Macaulay as member for Edinburgh.

We often hear Douglas Jerrold blamed for not finishing his stories. But, after all, he is not worse in this respect than his readers.

A fast man (contrary to our expectation) assures us, that he should abominate the sight of the sea-serpent as much as a "leader" of the *Observer*, being thoroughly disgusted with such lengthy articles.

A stupid writer of a memoir on Louis Napoleon says, "we next find him at Bath." How glad his creditors would have been to find him there!

We observe that the crops in Egypt have been bad this year. This is a complete realisation of the old philosophical maxim, *Ex nihilo (Nilo) nihil fit.*

Mr. Doheny is at present engaged in committing to paper a work on the Irish Rebellion of 1848. As the Government have "put it down" once, it is a record of his folly to do so again.

With reference to the extraordinary measure of a trench adopted by the people of an Irish town, the other day, to resist the troops sent to collect the poor-rate, we may remark that the Irish have, in this instance at all events, succeeded in "pitting" themselves against the military.

The *Daily News*, in giving a description of the Lord Mayor's banquet, mentions several distinguished individuals as being there "in propriis personibus." This error, no doubt, arose from the fact of the writer's style being so heavy, that that individual was obliged to take a *'bus* in order to get it along.

The Mesmerists assert that their *clairvoyance* is something very great, and that the world owes much to it. We must certainly say that we can see through it.

EPIGRAM.

Shall Louis be our President *par force*?
Can France elect a President so *Gorse*?

A "speaking" likeness of his uncle?—Pahaw,
He, on the silent system, holds his jaw!

Give him a statue in the *Invalides*,
His invalidity is plain indeed.

THE PROPHETIC DODGE.

CERTAIN scribblers, who seem to be as dishonest as the "progress" *clique*, and as dull as Mark Lemon, are taking advantage of the agitated state of Europe to work up prophecies for the million in twopenny pamphlets. We were startled, the other day, by seeing—

"THE THIRD WOE! ONLY TWOPENCE!"

announced in huge capitals; and expect shortly to behold some impious blockhead advertizing—

"THE END OF THE WORLD—COME EARLY!"

or to find him announcing prophecies at so much per year. The practice is spreading: and very soon we shall be having some old sybil sweeping a crossing, a soothsayer conducting an omnibus, and two or three Calchases established in Poppin's Court. If they would confine themselves to rational predictions, such as announcing the early failure of a Howitt book, or a "progress" journal, we would not so much mind; but they make no bones about announcing the most improbable absurdities. This must be put a stop to, and we think of sending the prophet gang to the Whittington Slap-bang, if they do not give up their present course of conduct.

THE UNPRECEDENTED PRESIDENT.

I.

Long years of sorrow now have past
In clouds above a noble race,
And shall it be its fate at last
To perish in a fool's embrace?
The world has seen three monarchs fall,
A fourth one rises to our view—
A billiard-table gives his ball,
His sceptre is a marker's cue!

II.

And in the distance, to our eyes,
The courtiers in his ante-room
Before astonished Europe rise—
The gambler, dandy, and the groom,
And thousand men who gave their votes
Up to the throne to raise this Mars,
Learn from their King a taste in coats,
And how to choose the best cigars.

III.

And to the people he must give
A good war, as a bloody sop;
And issue—that his power may live—
The eagle of the sausage-shop!
The eagle of the sausage-shop,
That Louis carried o'er the flood,
Will fly—but this time, ere he drop,
Perchance may feed on human blood!

IMPORTANT TO SIGHT-SEERS.

THE following curious figures have just been added to Madame Tussaud's Exhibition:—

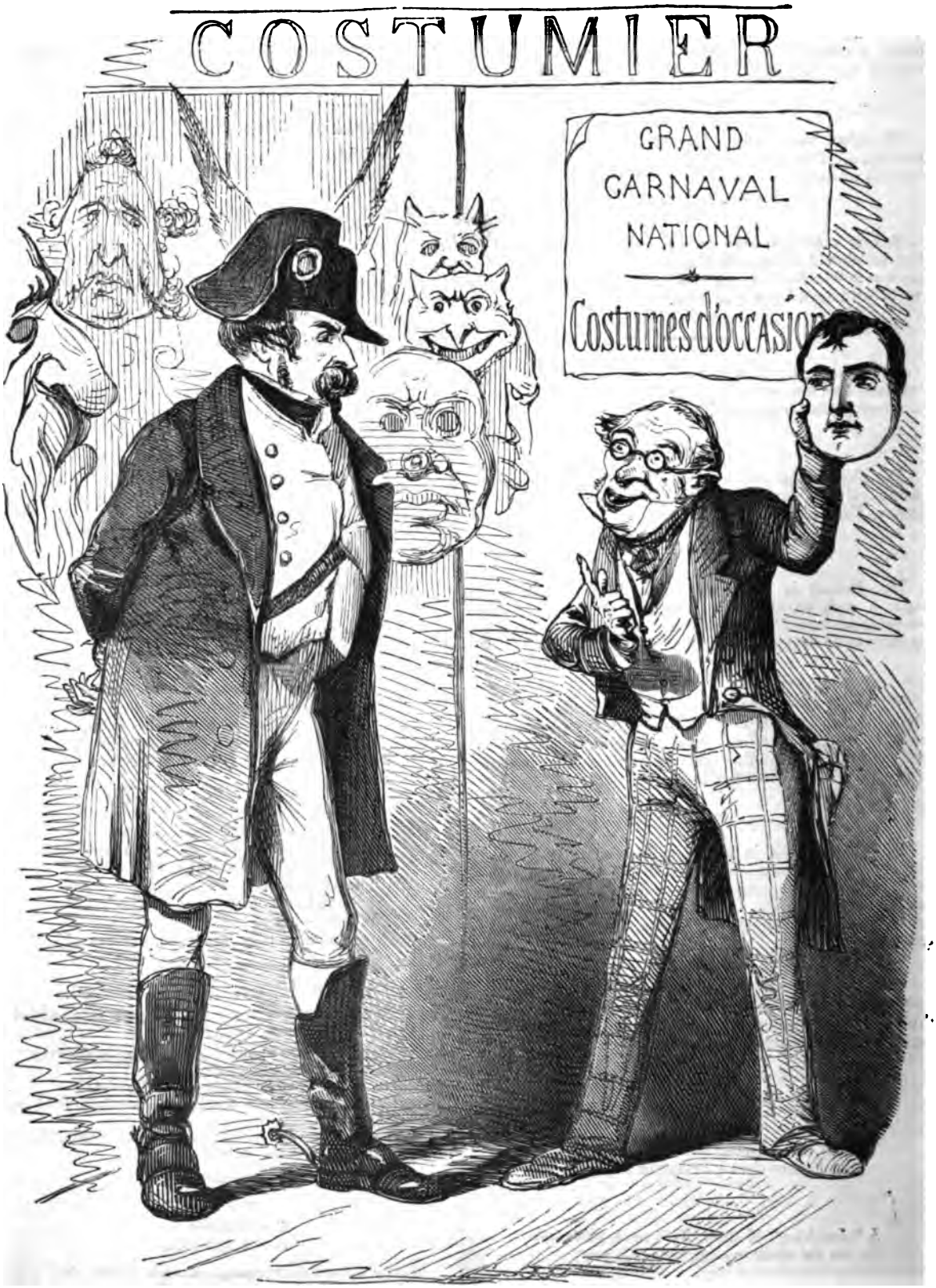
A "Progress" Writer who once gave a Penny to the Poor.
A Cabman who had a favourite Preacher.
An Actor who believed he could not play Hamlet.
A Lunatic who thought he could pronounce Jellachich's name correctly.
A Gent who never said that he was on good terms with "that little party you know in the Ballet."

EPIGRAM.

A millionaire
Is rich and rare.

TARDY COMPENSATION.—It is well known that Milton, through intense study, became very short-sighted, and eventually blind. To make up for this, there are very few poets of his age who, if living, could now boast of having been so *long-cited* as he.

A HINT TO NAPOLEON THE LITTLE.



"YOUR COSTUME IS ADMIRABLE: TO RENDER IT COMPLETE, YOU 'VE ONLY TO PUT ON THIS MASK, AND——HOLD YOUR TONGUE."

DOUBTFUL FRATERNITY.

"I Swear to be True and Faithful to the Republic!"

THE STAGE DICTIONARY:

OR,

ENCYCLOPÆDIA DRAMATICA.

(Continued.)

D.

DAMN.—To damn, *a verb.* To condemn a play. For particulars apply to any high art dramatist, most of them having had considerable experience—as sufferers—of the practice in question.

DRAW.—To draw, *a verb.* To attract an audience to a theatre. Many of the actors who "draw" at present, would be fulfilling their proper destiny by "drawing"—between the shafts of a donkey-cart.

DROP.—The curtain which falls between the acts. If you look into the taverns in the neighbourhood of theatres, you will frequently find that one drop going down, inside the house, is a signal for a good many drops going down—at the various bars in the vicinity.

DOOR (Stage).—A shabby portal, generally opening on a shabby street, and haunted by seedy gentlemen on the look-out for vacancies for "citizens," "senators," "happy peasants," "mobs," and "armies." Gents are also given to hanging about the stage-door, trying to recognise the front line of the ballet; boys are much gratified by catching furtive glimpses of a dark passage beyond the porter's lodge; and gentlemen from the country usually take the door-keeper for the manager.

DOUBLE.—To double, *a verb.* If an actor plays two parts in one piece, he is said to "double." Thus, Mr. Macready would "double," were he to attempt with—say—Mrs. Warner for the landlady, to play both Box and Cox, in the piece of that name.

E.

EFFECT (Stage).—A much abused phrase, signifying a situation, or an incident dramatically or picturesquely striking. The high art gentlemen are great enemies to "effects," never having the cleverness to construct them; but the more effects there are in a piece, the more "effects" will there generally be in the treasury of the house at which it is produced.

"EMINENT."—*An adjective*, frequently applied to Mr. Macready by Mr. Macready himself, and no one else.

EXIT.—A thing which Mr. Henry Farren is earnestly requested to make from the dramatic profession. N.B.—Mr. Vandenhoff, jun., is at liberty to take the hint also.

F.

FLAT (A Flat).—*Substantive.* A word which will be comprehended by the uninitiated when we tell them that what is generally call a "scene" out of the theatre, is called a "flat" within it. The expression probably originated by a word characteristic of the actors having come to be applied to the scenery before which they played.

FAIRY.—A stage fairy. A young lady, with an affection for short petticoats, and a wand with a star on the top of it. In public she drinks dew out of an acorn, but in private she prefers porter out of a pot. The stage fairy is much given to trap-doors, and wears a pair of gauze wings, about six inches long, which, at the end of the piece, are either pulled off in her dressing-room, or bear their mistress to the "Diamond Bowers of Amaranthyne Bliss"—nobody is sure which.

FRIGHT (Stage).—*Substantive.* The technical name for a nervous timidity in facing the glare of the foot-lights. A good many actors have so far got over the feeling, that the only people frightened at their appearance are to be found amongst the audience who have to listen to them.

FRANCE.—The country where nine-tenths of our "original" dramas come from. The success of our sailors in taking ships from the French has only been equalled by that of our dramatists—in taking pieces. The difference between the two cases, is the difference between conquest and larceny.

FINALE.—In an opera, generally a concerted piece of music, whereof the words are frequently something like the following :—

"Thus, with joy and bliss abounding,
In beatitude astounding,
All with rapture sweet surrounding,
Thrills each noble heart!

While, in words of joyful greeting,
"Every kind of bliss is meeting,
Strains, which Echo keeps repeating,
Never more to part!"

EMIGRATION.

THE tide of emigration still continues to flow on. Last week six young gentlemen, who had been studying at the Middlesex Hospital, left the neighbourhood of Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, where their forefathers had not resided before them, and where their slender means did not allow them to remain, and sought that credit in some other quarter of the globe which they were unable any longer to meet with there.

They took their departure on the 9th instant, at about four, A.M.—their rent being due on the 10th. Having packed up their trunks they proceeded to the nearest cab-stand, and soon took a last farewell of the spot which an abode of two years had rendered so dear to them. Besides taking the farewell just mentioned, they also took everything belonging to them, besides great care not to wake the inmates of the house in opening the street-door.

They leave behind them the regrets of their various tradesmen, to most of whom they are slightly indebted, and the warmest wishes of their landlord—to find out whither they have directed their course. We learn, from a gentleman who has just returned from a voyage to Sadlers' Wells, that they have settled in the wilds of Pentonville, but this is not certain.

WHITTINGTON CLUB NOTICE.

THE MEMBERS are Respectfully informed that on and after the 1st December next, a POTATO-CAN will be established in the Dining-room.

By Order of the Committee,
YAPP, *Secretary.*

VERY UNANIMOUS.—We have observed a notice in the paper headed, "Opinion of Mr. Henn on the writ of error." We, therefore, picture to ourselves Mr. Henn delivering his opinion whilst roosting. As he has hatched an opinion that a second trial may ensue, he has only done what every one was agreed on previously, that these are very "trying" times.

OUR ROYAL PATRONESS.—Her Majesty has very feelingly forwarded to two brothers, at Cheadle, who are labourers, the sum of £10, to enable them to publish a work on "popular education," written by themselves. This, of course, will be nothing more than a treatise on the "PUPPET-SHOW."

ETCHINGS BY HER MAJESTY AND PRINCE ALBERT.

THE following Illustrations were omitted in the List of Etchings by Her Majesty and Prince Albert :—

Portrait of the Princess Royal.
Portrait of the Princess Royal with her hair in papers.
Portrait of the Princess Royal before having her face washed.
Portrait of the Princess Royal refusing to allow the nursery-maid to wash behind her ears.
Portrait of the Prince of Wales being sent into the corner.
Portrait of the Prince of Wales eating bread and butter.
Portrait of the Prince of Wales refusing to eat his crusts.
Portrait of the Prince of Wales as he appeared covered with dirt, only five minutes after he had been made nice and clean.

The following were by Her Majesty :—

Portrait of Prince Albert as he appeared before shaving.
Portrait of Prince Albert after being shaved, and having his *moustache* smoothed with *cirage.*
Portrait of Prince Albert when sufferingt rom tooth-ache, his head being wrapped up in a flannel petticoat.
Portrait of Prince Albert with a sty in his eye.

The following were by H.R.H. Prince Albert :—

Portrait of Her Majesty with a cold in her head, and a basin of gruel in her hand.
Portrait of Her Majesty trying to sneeze.
Portrait of Her Majesty paying an artist (quite *unique*).
Portrait of Her Majesty as she appeared when entertaining the representatives of English intellect (much valued).

THE REMOVAL OF THE QUADRANT.

A MOST numerous and highly respectable meeting took place last week at the West-end, in order to express the great feeling of indignation excited among all classes of the metropolis, at the unwarrantable conduct of those persons who have been instrumental to the removal of the Quadrant Colonnade.

Mr. William Muzzle (popularly known as Filching Bill) having been called to the chair:

Mr. C. Cochrane commenced the business of the day by declaring that he did not come there to tell them that he was the Friend of the People—that he was intimately connected with the Poor Man's Guardian Society in Leicester Square—that he gave incredible sums yearly for the relief of suffering portions of the population of this huge city—no; he would as much scorn to remind them of all this, as he would to hint that the proper reward for services like his was a seat in Parliament: he would only assure them, by the way, that if ever he had the honour of being their representative, all men should unanimously declare they had never seen such a member before. But he came not to speak of this—his present object was to address them on an act of such unjustifiable tampering with the rights and comforts of the People—of the Sovereign People (*hear and cheers*), that he could not find words to express his horror at it. This act of arbitrary tyranny might, perhaps, have induced him to proceed to extremities, had he not perceived that the noble and useful monument—the loss of which they all deplored—had not been removed without an ulterior object. He believed that the Commissioners of Woods and Forests had acted according to orders from higher quarters—he would not name the ministers—oh, no—he knew the danger of open and advised speaking—but he would leave his audience to draw their own inferences (*loud cries of "We do, we do"*). He was glad they did; yes—he saw through it—the personages whom he did not mention, but to whom he alluded, saw with terror the steps that the liberty of the subject was making. They trembled for their aristocratic institutions, now tottering on the brink of ruin—they wished to lash the people into insurrection, in order that they might have an excuse for enslaving them—for depriving them of those rights and privileges granted to them by Magna Charta, and they thought the best way to attain their nefarious ends was to excite them by the demolition of their pet monument—of their celebrated Quadrant Colonnade (*cries of "Shame, shame"*)—but they were mistaken; the people would not be excited—they would do nothing against the law—no, they would use constitutional means to make the base plans of the oppressors recoil on their own heads, and, therefore, he begged to move that a petition be immediately drawn up, signed, and forwarded, at the opening of the Session, to Parliament, praying that they do enact, that those who have thus wantonly deprived the metropolis of its chief ornament, and the poor man of his beloved shelter and retreat on a rainy day, shall be obliged, out of their own private funds, to provide umbrellas, galoshes, mackintoshes, and oilskin hats, to every British subject who may choose to apply for the same.—[*The honourable gentleman, who seemed completely exhausted by his exertions, here sat down amidst tremendous cheering.*]

Mr. William Muggins begged to second the motion. He was n't a-going to enter into any jawbation on the subject, after that 'ere honourable gentleman what had just sat down. As regarded the affair he would only say, he looked on him as the poor man's only friend, and, therefore, he should say nothin', but only observe as how it was very hard on a humble individual like himself (*cries of "No, no," in which the former speaker heartily joined*)—he was in the razor line himself—or on his friend the Chairman, Mr. Muzzle, whose business lay in the poodle and Scotch terrier, and that 'ere department, it was very hard on them to take away the Colonnade. What was to become of *their* profession on a rainy day when they would not exercise it in the open street—where should they retreat to now? He paused for a reply. (*After waiting a considerable time without obtaining one, the honourable gentleman continued*). Parliament had granted an indemnification to them planters—they had given them a good price for their niggers. Well, then, he looked on the columns of the Quadrant as his niggers, and he was blowed if he would have an idemnification for them too (*hear, hear, and much cheering*).

After several other very able speeches, a gentleman (strongly suspected to come from the Messrs. Nicolls, of Regent Street) proposed that the word "Chlamy's Paletots," be inserted after the word "Mackintoshes" in the original resolution. The amendment having been carried, and a vote of thanks being passed to the Chairman, the meeting separated.

A BRAVE CHARACTER.—It appears probable that by the writ of error, the judgment on Smith O'Brien will be reversed. This is a reverse he will, no doubt, meet with cheerful resignation.

AWFUL CALAMITY.—A correspondent informs us that a serious catastrophe has occurred to a highly sensitive friend of ours. On viewing the agonising illustration of the sea-serpent in *Punch* the other week, he immediately "shuffled off the mortal coil."

A CASE IN POINT.

WE observe that Mr. Dion Bourcicault, on his examination in the Bankruptcy Court the other day, described himself as being the "author" of *Used Up*. Some time ago that honour was claimed by Mr. Webster. Considering that the piece is a translation of the French vaudeville *L'homme, blasé*, the whole question is as absurd as though a dispute were to arise whether Sternhold or Hopkins was the author of the Psalms of David.

A CRITIC EXPOSED.

SOME person wrote some remarks last week in the *Daily News* upon Jullien's Concerts, and amongst other absurdities called attention to "a *new* composition by Balfe, descriptive of the descent of Orpheus into the infernal regions." The reader, who has previously been annoyed by the ponderosity of the writer's style, here begins to pity him for his ignorance, as the alleged "new composition" has been favourably known to the public since the production of the *Maid of Honour*, of which it forms part. But here the writer gets very communicative upon a subject of which, if we may judge from his other specimens, he knows nothing whatever, and tells us that "the subject had been so handled by Gluck as to render it hazardous to provoke any comparison, which (he continues) in the present instance, *out of mercy* to Mr. Balfe, we refrain from entering into." Here, instead of pitying the writer for his ignorance, we despise him for his arrogance. After stating boldly what is not the fact, he becomes impertinent on the strength of it, and talks about his showing "mercy" to Mr. Balfe. Just the sort of mercy which an animal with plenty of venom but no sting would be expected to show. It is rather ludicrous for a person to talk about comparisons when he is utterly ignorant of the two things which he wishes to compare, and the absurdity becomes stronger when he speaks of showing "mercy" to a person whom he is only too incapable of injuring.

PARENTAL PHENOMENON.—As it was Aurial himself who taught his daughter, the well-known *danseuse*, her first steps, he may be said not only to be her father, but her stepfather as well.

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.—The critic of the *Morning Post* talks of "the *adhesion* of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean to the Haymarket Theatre." What does he mean by this? He surely would not push calumny so far as to chose this unkind manner of implying that there is anything *sticky* about this talented pair?

Titus said he had "lost a day." We warn Mr. Martin, of the celebrated blacking firm, not to claim the joke as his own, in case his partner should venture to travel by the Eastern Counties' Railway.

A WARNING FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Of all those who live in London,
There, we think, are very few,
Who don't know, at least by hearsay,
Donna Scrip de Parvenu.

Well—'t was at the *Bal Costumé*
Which was given last year for
Needlewomen in Distress that
What we 'll now relate we saw.

Seated in a private box, of
Which the door was just a-jar,
Was a Spanish cavalier, with
Tights—moustache—and light guitar.

O'er his brow a broad *sombrero*
Drooped; and also, by-the-bye,
There was, though not quite in keeping,
Stuck an eye-glass in his eye.

Near him, drinking in each word that
Fell from his enraptured lip,
Sat a maiden, fair and lovely,
Daughter, too, of Donna Scrip.

Dearest, dearest Fanny," says the
Cavalier, "I 'm happier far—"
"Hush!" exclaims the damsel, starting;
"Goodness gracious! here's Mamma!

Down th' corridor she 's coming—
Ah! I feared 't would end in this!"
"Then, adieu!" replies her lover:
"But, before I go, one kiss!"

Speaking thus, the maiden in his
Fond embrace he quickly locks;
And his hold has scarce relinquished,
Ere her Ma' steps in the box.

Then, with air that 's meant for easy,
Something he 's about to say,
When he starts—stops short—coughs—blushes—
Makes a bow, and slinks away.

"So," says Donna Scrip, "is this the
Way you list to my behest?
Flirting with a scurvy author—
Really, this is past a jest.

"After all I 've said against this
Don Scribleros, you but wait
Till my back 's turned to accord him—
Ugh! I choke—a *tête-à-tête*.

"Why, he has not got a farthing—
Not a—what is that you say?—
'*Talent!*' Are you not aware, then,
Gold can buy *that* any day."

"But, mamma," observed the maiden,
"Poverty is not a crime,
And he may perhaps be wealthy,
In who knows how short a time."

"La! indeed," replies her mother,
"Quite romantic I declare—
'His heart and a cottage,' doubtless—
This is more than I can bear.

"If your husband have not money,
I 'm resolved at least that he,
In its place, at least shall boast of
A most ancient pedigree

"Which the mouth of that huge monster,
Scandal, shall for ever stop,
And cause persons to forget the—
La! I 'd nearly said the shop.

"Therefore to this Don Scribleros,
As I 've said so oft before,
If you dread a mother's anger,
Never venture to speak more.

"Or, if he should e'er address you,
Let him ne'er again embrace—
No reply—'t is useless—for your
Guilt is written on your face.

"'*'T is not true;*' upon my honour,
I—I—but you need not seek
To deny it, for he 's left his
Right mustachio on your cheek."

The Ablest Pen we have—Pen-dennis.

The Pink of Politeness.—Baron Nathan, who has lately been studying a life of the Duke of Wellington, was much surprised on reading that his Grace "fearlessly affronted the greatest dangers." The Baron says that he should not have expected this from so polite and well-bred a gentleman as the Duke is known to be.

EDITOR'S BOX.

We were quite right in stating, about a week since, that *Haydée* would be successful. In spite of the exertions of the Beethoven gang, who have endeavoured to prove that the opera, although very pleasing, is frightfully unscientific, it appears likely to enjoy a large share of popularity. We believe the principal objections to the music are, in the first place, that it does not include a sufficient number of concerted pieces; and, secondly, that it is too lively—a charge which cannot be preferred against the criticisms that have been written on the subject. Then something has been said about the "illegitimacy" (odious word!) of an air being sung by the chorus with closed lips: whereas it is, of course, quite as "legitimate" a means of producing an effect as that of muffling drums, or playing the violin *pizzicato*, or with the mute. Certainly there are very few airs in the opera which are perfectly original; but it is absurd to suppose that out of some eighteen or twenty *morceaux*, many can be found possessing any novelty excepting that which may belong to the mode of treatment. There is no more chance of finding an opera full of strikingly original melodies, than of discovering a dramatic work replete with perfectly new thoughts. However, whereas the Macfarrens and other geniuses, whom the *Times'* critic delighteth to honour, reproduce old ideas in a clumsy and disagreeable form, Auber, when he occasionally resorts to the same practice, always displays a certain amount of ingenuity and brilliancy which must be pleasing to every one but the members of the horrid crew who praise nothing but the mechanism of composition, and have no appreciation of the melody to which the mechanism is applied, and to which it must always be subservient. We must really open the eyes of the public to the stupid frauds which the musical critics endeavour to practice upon them. These persons must not be allowed to tell the public that melody is inferior to harmony, or they must be requested to apply the same theory to poetry: when we shall have them stating that a poetical idea is "unclassical," but that the man who displays the greatest pedantry in the mere act of versification, is a genius. In the meantime, the Beethoven Smiths and Mozart Jenkinses may rest assured that when Orpheus regained Eurydice, it was by means of melody not harmony: had he attempted any high art composition, the wrath of Pluto (who was evidently a man of taste) would have been something fearful.

Miss Lucombe made a most successful *début*, and, in fact, has proved herself to be quite invaluable on the operatic stage. Her merits, as a vocalist, are well known to the public, and these are considerably enhanced by her intelligent acting. Reeves was as good as usual; Whitworth not so good as usual; Miss Messent agreeable; and Messrs. Herberte and Corri disagreeable. The principal air, which is sung by Reeves in a state of somnambulism (what a treasure, by-the-bye, has Mr. Scribe found in somnambulism!) is taken from a well-known waltz; Miss Lucombe's air, with the choral accompaniment, from a chorus in the *Lucia;* and the polacca sung by Reeves in the second act, and previously introduced in the first act, from a duet in the *Sirène.*

Mademoiselle Nissen, who made her *début* as *Norma* last week, was successful, but has no claim to the extraordinary powers attributed to her by the playbills. She sang and acted with great pathos, and sometimes with tragic expression. Mr. Harrison, of the legs, was the *Pollio.* He sang with better taste than usual, but acted in his old style—that is to say, he alternately closed his hands as if in prayer, and extended them as if about to yawn. Borrani was a bad *Oroveso.*

At the PRINCESS'S *Norma* has also been produced, for the *début* of Mdlle. de Roissi—a lady who, according to Mr. Maddox's play-bills, came with an European reputation (which she had evidently concealed, as no one had ever heard of her), and who had taken the principal characters at the Grand Opera in Paris, a fact which had also been previously kept the profoundest secret. Mdlle. de Roissi, however, will enjoy an Oxford Street reputation, and one of some magnitude. She sings correctly, but without any inspiration; and acts justly, though without much feeling. She turns her voice to every possible advantage, but it is naturally of a harsh nature; and her performance generally, though exceedingly creditable, was ridiculous when compared to that of Grisi, or even of Jenny Lind. Altogether, we look upon the production of *Norma* as a step in the wrong direction. It is about as reasonable for Mr. Maddox to attempt grand opera with a company suited only for comic opera, as it would be for the Lyceum management to play tragedy with their present *corps* of light comedy actors. The fact is, acting is overlooked in English operatic companies, not only when on the stage, but even in the arrangements for producing operas. It must not be imagined that because a man can sing, therefore he can play in any opera, comic or serious, any more than that because he can speak and knows the ordinary stage business, therefore he can act in farce, tragedy, or anything else. The *First Peccadillo* was still living when we went to press, though in a very weak state, and sinking rapidly in popular estimation.

Jullien has been most successful at DRURY LANE. With his present attractions, the *maestro* manages to collect one Drury Lane audience, one Lyceum ditto, and half one Adelphi ditto; and we much regret that the superfluous audience and-a-half cannot be turned to some advantage, both for their own sake and that of the popular conductor. There is no knowing what evil may result from the congregation of large bodies in Brydges Street and Vinegar Yard: indeed, unless Herr Kœnig be persuaded to come out on the roof of the theatre, and appease the angry multitude with a solo on the cornet, we, at least, will not answer for the consequences. As we were unable to hear the music, we endeavoured to console ourselves with a *programme* of the entertainment, which, to a person of imagination, is, after all, nearly as good as the thing itself. Altogether, we thought the music exceedingly good. Kœnig's new solo was beautifully given; and Jullien's waltz, the *Pearl of England,* excited the greatest applause. There was a dash of Beethoven thrown in as a sort of bone to keep those hungry dogs, the heavy critics, quiet; but the enthusiasm consequent thereon was of the mildest nature, and evidently made to order. The great and best feature of the evening was the the selection from the *Huguenots:* this opera also furnished a quadrille and a polka, and neither of which were so successful as the aforesaid selection.

Free and Easy is the title of the last novelty produced at the LYCEUM.

Ex nihilo nihil—but THE SHOWMAN will not finish the oft-cited quotation, as, in the first place, its repetition might perhaps reduce his readers to extremities, by making *them* nigh ill, and secondly, because the maxim is in this instance false; since Mr. C. Mathews has created a most amusing character, and THE SHOWMAN himself has derived matter for this *critique* from *Free and Easy,* thus proving that much good may emanate, strange though it appear, from naught.

Formerly, when wives complained of their small amount of pin-money, or young gentlemen at the universities, or in the army, grumbled at the scantiness of their allowance, husbands, fathers, guardians, and such like useful but awfully matter-of-fact members of society, were accustomed to refer, in what they supposed to be a jocular manner, to a celebrated but rather apocryphal feat of the waiters at Vauxhall in its palmy days: the said feat consisting in their power of covering an acre of the royal (or—for aught THE SHOWMAN knows to the contrary—any other) property with the slices of a single ham; a striking example of what may be done by the aid of long practice and a carving knife, and calculated in the highest degree to impress on the mind of the murmurers the disagreeable but eminently useful moral, that a little can sometimes be made to go a great way. Posterity, however, will cut this cutting example for one of a more modern date, and for the future the different classes of matter-of-fact individuals before referred to will clench their refusal for more money by some such remark as—"Too little, my dear!" (or, "You extravagant young dog," as the case may be) "it's plenty, if you only knew how to make a good use of it: look what a deal the author of *Free and Easy* made out of the scanty materials of which he built his farce!"

Free and Easy is, in fact, a sort of literary whipt-cream—of dramatic soap-bubble—a kind of theatrical plaster-of-Paris statue, large and solid enough, it is true, to the sight, but of which the material, if pressed together, would hardly be sufficient to form the nose, or compose the great toe.

Sir John Freeman (Mr. C. Mathews) is in love with *Eugenia* (Miss Howard), the sister of *Mr. Courtly* (Mr. Granby). The latter, who possesses a young wife (Miss H. Gilbert), a great veneration for "Thomson's Seasons," and an inordinate love of solitude, has been living apart from the busy world for three years, when he is shocked from his propriety by the unexpected visit of *Sir John,* whom he has never seen more than once, but who, in spite of this, and on the force of one of those general invitations to come at any time, which mean nothing, calls *Mr. Courtly* his best friend, and tells him he means to stop a month. *Sir John's* reason for this is that *Eugenia,* endowed with an amount of sororal affection which is quite touching, very rare, and only to be accounted for by the fact that it was necessary for the construction of the piece, has declared that she will never wed him unless he first produce a favourable impression on her brother, and obtain his consent.

The method *Sir John* adopts to effect this is, by turning (in the most natural manner—for a farce) the house upside down, flirting with the lady's-maid, inducing his host to lock himself up in despair—and his library—and finally making him jealous, under the idea that he *(Sir John)* is paying his addresses to *Mrs. Courtly. Mr. Courtly* at length grows desperate, writes a challenge, and is about to fight, when the whole matter is of course cleared up, and every one made superlatively happy.

Such is the flimsy material of which *Free and Easy* is composed; but such is the force of good acting that the piece was successful. Mr. Granby, in particular, and Miss Marshall, who played the lady's-maid, were excellent; but the greatest amount of praise is due to Mr. C. Mathews, who is one of those "few, those happy few," that do not need to *play* the gentleman on the stage. As *Sir John Freeman,* Mr. C. Mathews was elegant without fatuity, easy without vulgarity, and amusing without effort. It is most probable that *Free and Easy* will have a run; but let not the author suppose this is owing to the intrinsic merit of the production itself, which possesses neither wit, plot, or novelty. Let him, on the contrary, be convinced that its success is owing to the finished acting of all engaged in it, and particularly of Mr. C. Mathews, in whose hands a most trifling part attained an importance which it would never otherwise have enjoyed, in the same manner that a piece of broken glass glitters and sparkles like a diamond, if it happen to lie in the rays of the sun.

THE TIMES AND DESPOTISM.

THE *Times* is gradually coming round to thorough-going despotic principles. Its foreign leaders, like the *Ami du Peuple* of Marat, "smell of blood in every line," as Lamartine says. They are now congratulating Europe that Vienna is in ashes, and once more under the domination of its hereditary idiot; and trying to stir up poor, romantic, drunken old Frederick of Prussia to fight against liberty. The advice is very profitable, since its natural result will be an unhappy effort of those monarchs followed by a bloody defeat, and terminating in a popular triumph. As the old supporters of the French Monarchy used to cry, "Go it, my Pepin," to the king of that name, so the *Times* cries, "Go it, my idiot," to the Emperor of Austria. Let us hope that his crooked policy will be put right by a strait-waistcoat.

SMITHER'S LAST (AS WE HOPE).

Q. Why is Bendigo like the Goddess of Flowers?
A. Because he is a regular Flora (floorer!)

THE COMIC TRACT SOCIETY.

WE have some notion of establishing a Tract Society of the above-mentioned character, for the purpose of counteracting the absurd effect of some Tract Societies at present existing, whose members deluge the lower orders with a great ditch of trash. One of their publications recently came to us through the kind attention of our buttermonger, who wrapped up the homely matutinal pat in it. It consisted of "Questions and Answers" for boys (certainly of the most puerile character), the "Questions" being in canting prose, the "Answers" in stupid doggrel verse. Our plan may be judged of from the following imitation, which forms one of those to be issued, when the Society is fairly established—with an office furnished on credit, and a secretary in a white choker, in the regular orthodox manner.

Q. What do good men do?

A. The good man takes a pint of wine,
Like other jolly bricks that we know;
You 'll see him at the Albion dine,
And spend the night in the Casino.

Q. What do bad men do?

A. The bad man walks out with his wife,
Returns and studies Smith all day;
Amongst the slow he spends his life,
And goes to see a five-act play.

A PROLIFIC SNOB.

THOMAS COOPER, the cobbler, who was put in gaol for sedition, and on the strength of that set up as a poet and goodness knows what, is now, on the strength of some Encyclopædia reading, lecturing to ignorant audiences on every topic under the sun. We mean to keep our eye on this gentleman; and, meanwhile, suggest a probable programme of his next week's lectures:—

Monday.—The Phœnician Language.
Tuesday.—The Origin of Evil.
Wednesday.—The Habits of Bees.
Thursday.—The Punic Wars.
Friday.—Hebrew MSS.
Saturday.—Monastic Illumination.

And for *Sunday*, considering the tendency of his principles, we should think it not improbable that he would lecture on the Evils of Christianity.

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

(PLAGIARISED FROM MACKAY.)

MEN in plush be up and stirring
All this day;
Make a line—keep back the rabble—
Clear the way!
Men in armour aid and cheer them
As ye may!
There 's a coach without a wheel,
There 's a man about to steal,
There 's a purse about to go,
There 's a most tremendous blow,
There 's a cab locked fast together
With a shay.
Men in plush and men in armour,
Clear the way!

When that wretch's legs are broken,
Who shall say
What he 'll think of all the glory
On this day?
What for broken limbs and bruises
Can repay?
Aid their progress hand and heart—
Aid it, spite of that large cart;
Aid it, spite of every row;
Aid it, spite of brawl and blow;
And your labours must not slacken
Into play.
Men in plush and men in armour,
Clear the way!

Lo! the *cortége* comes in honour
Of this day;
And the horsemen covered o'er with
Mud and clay.
Lo! the Lord Mayor's coach is coming,
Clear the way!
Soon shall these, and many more,
Enter at the Guildhall door;
And with awful twist shall fall
On the dishes, great and small—
They 'll rush to them, like a vulture
To his prey.
Men in plush and men in armour,
Clear the way!

IMPUDENT FRAUD.

A PERSON, recently in the habit of sending very stupid jokes to our office, which of course were not inserted, has had the audacity to send us in a bill! He expresses his desire to have the money soon, but we have no intention of forwarding the impudent fellow anything. We enclose a copy of his account:—

	£	s.	d.
One Pun	0	1	2
A Sneer at Mark Lemon (an easy job)	0	0	0½
Reading the *Pottleton Legacy*	120	0	0
Cutting it up	0	0	1
Attending the Slap-bang, to observe the same	10	0	0
Speaking to a member	10	0	0
Two Jibes	0	0	4
	£140	1	7½

A MAN MADE OF (BASE) MONEY—*Louis Napoleon.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RANDOM will find a letter at 334 Strand.

All Communications to the Editor or the Publisher should be addressed—PUPPET SHOW OFFICE, 334 *Strand.*

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THE POET, POLITICIAN, AND POLICEMAN.

Chapter III.—The First Night of a New Farce.

WHEN I met Tomkins he continued as follows:—

"Before selecting '*No you don't*' as the title of my farce, I had bestowed much thought upon the subject. The farce was not to be of ephemeral interest; it was ultimately to become classical, and to take its rank by the side of the masterpieces of our dramatic literature. True, it was to be only in one act; but what an act! Into that act I threw the inspiration of the poet in the ideas, the tact of the politician in the construction of the plot, and the dignified severity of the policeman in the arrangement of the whole. The unities were strictly adhered to, and the prevailing idea was developed in the most artistic manner.

"The farce finished, I hurried with it to Saveall, the manager. After being carefully inspected by numerous emissaries, I was at length admitted to that gentleman's sanctum: for this unusual honour, I was indebted to the fact of coming armed with a letter of introduction from a man to whom he owed a large sum of money, and to my intimacy with a youth who had satirized the manager most severely, and was reputed one of the most promising libellers of the day. This hopeful young man, who was destined subsequently to play an important part in my career, had been originally a student at one of the metropolitan hospitals. He was sent to the profession by his parents on account of the genius which he displayed in cutting the carotid artery of a favourite and valuable spaniel, and afterwards in dissecting the animal; and left it from a disgust which was created in him by a magnificent offer of twenty pounds a-year as a medical assistant—a function in which, although he would have had to sweep out the shop and take down the shutters, he would at all events have been allowed to do whatever he pleased after eleven at night, or before eight in the morning. Of course after this decision there was nothing open to him but literature. He adopted it with some little success, and at the time of which I speak was what is called a 'rising man.' To use a description of his own, his name was Junius Libel, his stock in trade sarcasm, and his liquor gin.

"But let us return to the manager. Saveall then began by informing me that there was no probability of bringing out my farce; that he had a room-full of farces; that he had, at that moment, two plays by Bulwer, and a comedy by Sheridan Knowles, to say nothing of comic dramas by some of the greatest celebrities of the day, which he was unable to produce. In spite, however, of these disadvantages he consented, with what appeared to me a disgusting affectation of kindness, to read my farce, and to give me an opinion, on some future day, of that composition which I had written with the principal object of saving him from ruin.

"On the day fixed for my receiving the manager's verdict on my unhappy piece, I was at the stage-door about half-an-hour before the time; but having an aversion from appearing pressing on the subject, I waited outside (a long half-hour!) until the exact minute for the appointment. After waiting about three-quarters of an hour in the vestibule, a brougham drove up to the door, a line of supernumeraries, who had been previously loitering about, formed on each side of the entrance, and out jumped Saveall, but not until he had thrown a hasty glance up and down the street. I had at first imagined the guard to be one of honour, but I soon decided that it must be one of safety.

"Saveall, having entered the theatre without annoyance either from the obsequious dun or the sturdy bailiff, was instantly attacked by myself.

"'I have read your farce, Mr. Tomkins,' said he, 'but it will scarcely suit my company.'

"'Yet,' returned I—

"'Oh! I don't deny that there is some talent in it,' continued the manager, 'but you have not measured the actors for their parts.'

"After a remark from me (which he treated with the profoundest contempt) about my not being a literary tailor, he proceeded:—

"'The fact is, Miss Myrtle should have had something *piquant*, a trifle of slang, in her part; and when you remember the admirable effect produced by Bolster in his celebrated exclamation 'Noa Tummus,' which was repeated twenty-nine times, and each time with increased effect, in a recent popular drama, I cannot but wonder that you have neglected that actor's peculiar talents in so remarkable a manner.'

"'Art and propriety alike forbad me using such means,' I suggested.

"'The only art, sir, which I recognise, is the art of filling the theatre; and as for propriety, if the audience find no fault, has any one else a right to complain? No! a sarcasm from the mouth of Blight might tell with the critics, as the people who come in with newspaper orders call themselves; but it would be thrown away on the majority of the audience, and would not produce half the effect which I have seen caused by the appearance of the low comedian in a broken gibus, or in a coat for which he had been measured half-a-dozen times, so that it might be sure not to fit him in any one part of the body.'

"'But,' I ventured, 'should not the object of the manager be to abolish these abuses, rather than to continue them?'

"'Not without he wishes to abolish his profits, and continue his losses. Now, let me give you a word of advice: You have chosen a good title—a striking, a taking title. Why hav'n't you used it as a catch-word? You have a man who says "No, you don't" to every one who speaks to him. Some one asks him for five shillings; "No, you don't," is the reply. "How I love him!" exclaims a young lady to an old gentleman: "No, you don't," is again the observation; and when, at the end of the piece, some one comes forward to give the "tag," and says in a confiding manner to the audience, "Now, I know you like this farce, don't you?" out comes the low comedian with the eternal "No, you don't," and the curtain falls amidst the applause of the audience. The catch-word may be dull or unmeaning, but

it becomes lively after the tenth repetition, and positively funny after the twenty-seventh.'

"'I shall be too happy to embody any of your suggestions,' said I with despair, as my visions of high art in one act disappeared.

"'Now, then, you are getting reasonable. Give up your ideas about the unities (the unity of place is the only one I care about as the scenery then comes less expensive), and devote yourself to the study of theatrical effects.'

"'And my farce?'

"'Leave it with me; I will put it into the hands of a man of experience, and I will bring it out for you.'

"'And the terms?' said I, thinking of the fifty pounds I was to receive.

"'Well, I'll promise you this much,' returned Saveall, 'that if you will take half-a-dozen boxes, it shall cost you nothing further.'

"And so saying, he wished me good morning, and left me astonished and disconcerted."

EPITAPH ON THE VERNON PICTURES.

Deep in these vaults so cold,
That darken e'en our wit,
The *Gallery* behold
Descended to the *Pit*.

AWFUL COMMERCIAL CRISIS.—The Viennese complain that all trade is at a stand-still. This does not astonish us, seeing that they have lost their capital in consequence of its having been for some time very dangerously invested.

MORE AMALGAMATION.

AMALGAMATION being the order of the day—the great leading lines of railway being about to enact the "three single gentlemen rolled into one," we don't see why the principle should not be carried out, and why a more general amalgamation of goods should not be insisted upon. We would propose, with this view, that party-walls should be everywhere thrown down — that internal communications should be opened between every house in every street—that everybody should have a key to everybody else's cash-box—and that, in fact, everybody should stand in somebody else's shoes. Thus the whole of London would form one great and harmonious family: and, for our own parts, we are not so proud, or have no anti-Jewish prejudices to such an extent as would hinder us from fraternizing with Rothschild, and using his purse exactly as our own. The hint we have just given is one which we trust will not be without its effect in monetary circles.

SMITH O'BRIEN A POET.

WE observe that the small-beer rebel, having failed in his attempts against the Queen's English — personally speaking, is making desperate attacks upon the Queen's English — verbally speaking. In fact, having found himself unable to string up the Lord Lieutenant and his court, he has taken to stringing together rhymes in their stead. From the samples we have seen of the Honourable Gentleman's poetry, we should think that the following conveys a just idea of his general style:

"LINES WRITTEN IN PRISON.

"Here, because I was so feeble,
When I tried to be a rebel
On the common brown of Boulagh—
(Why, on that day, warn't I cooler?)—
Here, I say, I lie and languish,
And with paper, pen, and standish,
Write these lines, to say that when
I saw these horrid pollismen
A-coming up to seize and grab each,
I hid myself among the cabbage!
And so, no more from the chained lion
(That 's me), WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN!"

REASONS FOR GOING TO THE POLISH BALL.

1st. One may as well go somewhere these dull evenings. I have seen *Haydée*; Lumley's is shut, and the governor does n't approve of the Casino.

2nd. I am pretty sure to meet Ada there.

3rd. There will be several of the aristocracy in the room.

4th. I want to keep myself up to the mark in the Polka, before the winter parties of the middle classes begin.

5th. One is sure not to meet any of the "progress" clique there.

6th. At all events, there will be light, and pretty women, and music and refreshments.

7th. I may meet some good fellow to finish the evening with.

8th. My tailor has sent me a new waistcoat (an honest fellow, that!), and I may as well try the effect of it.

9th (*and last*). It does some good to those parvenus the Poles!

OUR LEADER.

THE REACTIONARY MOVEMENT.

THERE is much chuckling, and not a little joyful cackling, among the Tories in Europe, at present, on the strength of Vienna's being in ashes; the Austrian idiot's being temporarily cocked-up again; the Prussian waverer's having made up his mind for despotism; and much murder of radicals, generally, in cold blood being daily perpetrated. All this is very fine: this short-sighted savageness is very triumphant. We wish the cold-hearted beings all the satisfaction they can derive from sniffing the blood of poor BLUM—and no blood-hounds are keener—but we have not seen the end yet—nor have they felt it. There is a time coming when they will repent in sackcloth and ashes. The progress of revolutions is inevitable. Everybody knows that they must triumph in the long run. And when they do, what becomes of the oppressors—those who have blocked-up the chariot-wheels of freedom with the carcases of victims?

Let us look a little at the prospects of the German despots. First, we have the aged member of the House of Hapsburg, whose narrow and retreating forehead is surmounted by the Austrian crown. In addition to its scrofula and its stupidity, he has the cruelty of his family in all its rank luxuriance. But what has he to rely on against a people now fairly imbued with the doctrines of advancement? He has an army; but how long will a body composed from the people remain isolated from their opinions? Drill can't quash thought, or suppress human influences; and when these hireling murderers of their brothers have gratified the brutal passions of their nature and their profession, by a due enjoyment of what they have gained by their inhuman triumph, the feelings of manhood will begin to stir once more in their souls, and they will aspire to be citizens and not machines. They will begin to think it worth while to aspire to doing something on their own account. Then, think of the reaction! It will be well to think of it—in time.

As for the Prussian, his chances are worse. His people are more revolutionary. He can't trust his own mind for twenty-four hours to begin with, nor can he trust his army with the usual security of monarchs. This eccentric pedant —a vague "dreamer of dreams"—divided between theories and brandy—all vanity in sentiment, and vagueness in speculation—is not the man of action for a crisis. He would be a good king, were his empire a second-rate university; but if he allows himself to be coaxed or bullied into despotism and shuffling, he will only share the fate—without sharing the pity—that came upon Louis Philippe's despotism and shuffling, ensconced, too, as they were, in the plausible garb of respectability.

These Tory bigots of reaction have not the grounds of triumph that they imagine. Democracy is moving on like a Fate. A few more graves—a few more murders—it must triumph. The rabid yells of the Tory press are nothing more nor less than what Swift very vigorously denominates "the last howls of a dog that has been dissected alive."

PINS & NEEDLES.

Some person writing about Douglas Jerrold, says, "His sarcasm is terrible." So it is; but not half so terrible as his fun.

We see a work advertised under the title of "Rules for ascertaining the Sense contained in Greek Manuscripts." Why does the kind author go all the way to Greece? Does not charity begin at home?

Some foolish person recently asserted that George Thompson's intellect "was of no ordinary character." We must certainly state that it is not an ordinary affair—for we scarcely ever see anything of it.

We perceive that the management of St. Paul's Cathedral have raised their scale of prices to sixpence instead of twopence *per* head. We hope the spirited proprietors will find that this elevation in their scale, will cause an increase in their "balance."

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's are always ready to pray for—we mean *prey upon*—the public.

Mr. Bunn appears to depend chiefly for success on his principal performers: so that if he succeeds, he may be justly called upon to "thank his *stars*" for it.

We hear that an essay is being written to prove that the inhabitants of the English metropolis must be the politest persons in the world. The principal argument rests upon the violent antipathy which Lord Cardigan lately expressed towards "London manners."

M. Vivier, the admirable horn-player, has been performing with the greatest success at Drury Lane. We are glad that the admirable Jullien is paying so much attention to wind instruments, as it shows that he is going to "take the (John) Bull by the horns."

The Manchester people are very proud of their machinery, and especially of their spinning-jennies. Experience, however, has proved, that of all the Jennies ever in that town, the most profitable one has been Jenny Lind.

A morning contemporary talks about the "political complexion" of the mass of the French people. It strikes us that they very much resemble an old dowager: they are exceedingly partial to *rouge*.

THE DANCE OF DEATH—The balls given by the Prince Windischgratz to the inhabitants of Vienna.

NOTHING NEW.—The papers mention, as something worthy of note, that when Her Majesty and Prince Albert were in Scotland they visited the distillery of Messrs. Begg and Co. As for ourselves, bearing in mind the frequent occasions on which Her Majesty and Consort have recourse to her faithful Commons for grants for new palaces, dog-kennels, &c., it does not at all surprise us that these Royal personages should have gone to *Begg*.

"NONE OF YOUR LONDON MANNERS HERE."

OUR readers may have perceived that Lord Cardigan, who for some years past has been less brutal in his conduct to the officers of his regiment—or has had less of his brutality made public than heretofore—has been "at it again." It's the nature of the nobleman, and can no more be cured than hydrophobia.

The last person he has insulted is Captain Noel, M.P. We are not going to waste our time and space in proving Cardigan to be what every one knows he is.

But we want to call attention to an expression of his—"None of your London manners here"—which was addressed to Captain Noel, on that officer's venturing to assert that he was with his troop, in spite of his colonel's assertion to the contrary.

We understand that in consequence of Cardigan's violent objection to London manners, and to anything civilised, either in conversation or conduct, he intends to enforce the following code of laws at the mess, which will be rendered additionally repulsive by having his signature affixed to them:—

"1. My aversion to black bottles is well known, and may be said to be a matter of history. Henceforth, not only the use of Champagne, Moselle, and other wines usually contained in the aforesaid black bottles, is forbidden, but also the consumption of wine of any description. I will not have the mess-table turned into a coffee-room, and will have none of your London manners here!

"2. The use of napkins is prohibited. These things may be all very well among your gentlemanly friends in London, but they won't do when you're with your regiment and Lord Cardigan.

"3. The man who begs the pardon of a person whom he has unintentionally offended is a blackguard, and I will have no such London manners here.

"4. The man who shall dare to imitate London manners, so far as to offer any act of civility to another, will be put under arrest.

"5. If any man shall presume to call a spoon a spoon, after I have assured him, in my usual plain-spoken manner, that it is a fork, he shall be made to apologize to me in the most abject manner for his impertinence: otherwise he will be tried by a court-martial for breach of discipline.

"(Signed) CARDIGAN."

THE OPERA ENVELOPE.

WE perceive that a garment is being advertised under the title of the Opera Envelope. There have been many changes in dress from the invention of the mackintosh to the establishment of *paletots*, whether registered or unregistered, alpaca, llama, Syrian, or otherwise; but we confess we were never prepared for the announcement of an *envelope* as an eligible article of attire for *habitués* of the Opera. This *envelope* is for the present sealed in mystery, though at the same time it certainly bears the stamp of absurdity.

As we believe most of our readers are, like ourselves, quite ignorant of the appearance, formation, and peculiar uses of the "Opera Envelope," we beg to put the following questions to its inventor:—

1. How much are the *envelopes* per hundred; and is a smaller quantity than a quarter of a hundred to be sold?

2. Is the envelope fastened with wax or wafers, and in either case can it be used a second time?

INSANE FEAT.—Last week, a young man, who had been carousing rather freely in a public house at Knightsbridge, made a bet that he would drink a wine-glass full of the Serpentine water. His friends, although themselves inebriated, endeavoured to dissuade him from his rash resolution, but to no effect. The water was procured and drunk; but scarcely had the foolish fellow swallowed it, than he became a prey to the most violent convulsions. Medical aid was immediately called in, and the stomach-pump applied. The patient now lies in St. George's Hospital, but very little hope is entertained of his recovery.

AN EVERGREEN.—A country correspondent wishes to be informed whether a man can with propriety be termed a horticulturist, because he has got several choice specimens of different old Shrubs in his cellar?

A GREAT-GO AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE PRINCE CHANCELLOR ADMINISTERING TO *ALMA MATER* HIS PATENT PILLS, COMPOUNDED OF "ENGLISH, FRENCH, HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, AND THE USE OF THE GLOBES."

THE FROG AND THE OX;

OR,

NAPOLEON THE LITTLE AND NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

THE STAGE DICTIONARY:

OR,

ENCYCLOPÆDIA DRAMATICA.

(*Continued.*)

G.

GO.—To go, *a verb*. In theatrical parlance, if a piece succeeds, it is said to "go." Probably the phrase had its origin in the number of "goes" which successful authors are expected to stand.

GHOST (Stage).—A gentleman with a dash of whiting on his cheeks, who walks across the stage behind a piece of gauze in the glare of a blue light. "Does the Ghost walk?" is green-room slang for "Is there any money to be had on Saturdays." In the present hard-up state of the legitimate, it is generally found that if the Ghost walks frequently in Hamlet during the week, it very seldom walks in the treasury on pay-day.

GREEN-ROOM.—The parlour of the coulisse. It is generally magnificently furnished with a piece of cheap carpetting, a couple of cane-bottomed benches, and a capacious caraffe of pure water, with a single tumbler, on the chimney-piece. The green-room is a place of agonizing trial to young gentlemen who have been smuggled in behind the scenes, and who, if they have pluck to cross the threshold at all, commonly stand in the centre of the room smiling feebly, amid the well-bred stares of the habitués.

GALAXY (of Talent).—A word in frequent use amongst managers to designate a knot of people whom nobody ever heard of.

GAG.—When an actor mixes up extempore dialogue of his own with the author's text, he is said to "gag" his part. The Adelphi frequently furnishes striking specimens of the practice. For example, suppose Mr. Wright to be playing Macduff, and Mr. Paul Bedford, as Rosse, to be bringing him the tidings of the murder of his family, we should expect to hear the dialogue given as follows:—

Macduff. My children too? All the little pippity-poppetsies?
Rosse. Old woman—kids—slavies—all that could be found.
Macduff. Oh, my eye—Jick—here's a go—nyetheir!
Malcolm. Be comforted:
Let's make medicine of our great revenge
To cure this deadly grief.

Macduff. He ain't got never no children as ever was—what! All my pretty ones? Did you—I beg to ask—say all? Oh, hell-kite! What, all the biling? The totile of the whole—all my pretty chickabidies, and their dam—
Rosse. I say, Mac, don't swear—It ain't proper.
Macduff. I believe you, my b-o-o-o-o-y.

H.

HIT.—A thing oftener seen on the play-bills than in the theatres. Whenever a manager announces a "Tremendous hit," "Crowds turned away every evening," expect a stupid piece and empty benches.

HEAVY (Business).—The technical expression for the style of acting adopted by virtuous parents, or severe uncles, in farces, and that class of ducal potentates who come in at the close of Shaksperian pieces, at the head of the common council of Padua or Verona, and make a long speech to the principal personages in the play. We are very sorry to state, that so lightly esteemed are virtue and station upon the stage, that the "heavy gentleman" in question rarely get more than thirty shillings a week.

HUNTSMAN (Stage).—The stage huntsman is always a gentleman with a green doublet and breeches, a broad-brimmed whity-brown hat, and ditto boots. In his hand he invariably carries a short tin-headed spear, though against what kind of game it can be used to advantage is a problem which the most strong-minded of men could never solve. The stage huntsman is gregarious, and the method of his hunting is to come on with his fellows in Indian file, then to look up and down the stage and fling his arms about like a telegraph, after which the whole party sing a chorus in this style:—

"Hark! hark to the bugle's breath,
As it cheerily chides the morn,
Then up and away to the greenwood gay
To the sound of the hunter's horn!"

After this musical ebullition the huntsmen depart in Indian file as they came.

I.

INTRIGUE (Drama of).—A play in which everybody is in love with everybody, while everybody pretending to be somebody else is jealous of everybody, so that nobody knows nothing of the real projects of anybody, and everybody is perpetually being surprised in comical situations by somebody else, until in the end everything is happily wound up by somebody being married to everybody.

INTEREST (A Drama of Romantic).—A ghost, a pair of lovers, a trap-door, a chorus of huntsmen, a funny old seneschal, a moonlight effect by Grieve, two combats, an assassin, a mysterious hero in a black cloak and a sable plume, and a wrathful baron in jack boots.

INTEREST (A Drama of Domestic).—Consists of a virtuous girl who supports by her labour her father, mother, two grandfathers and grandmothers, nine brothers and sisters, eighteen nephews and neices, and four-and-thirty cousins. She is accused of theft and murder by a wretch who attempts in vain to seduce her; and, after a tremendous pile of circumstantial evidence has been reared up against her, she is suddenly proved to be innocent by the testimony of her lover, who was believed to have been drowned at sea fourteen years before, but who suddenly turns up no one knows whence, with a fortune which would astonish Rothschild.

A RACY SUBJECT.—A stag chased by Benvenuto Cellini round a wine-cup.

JUVENIS wishes to know whether Wordsworth had ever been a baker in early life, as he wrote a poem about the "White Dough of Rylestone." Juvenis must be an idiot, or a "progress" writer.

SUPERLATIVE COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.

THE officers of the Dædalus are placed in rather an awkward position. Having assured the public that they saw a great sea-serpent in the Atlantic, Professor Owen has been very swift in coming forward to demonstrate the impossibility of anything of the sort, and his noes are likely to weigh more than their eyes with the public. It is really very kind of the Professor to set the gentlemen right; and we trust that he will pursue boldly the same line of investigation, in which case the minds of travellers will be disabused of many erroneous impressions. When an enterprising navigator, henceforward, sees a thing approaching him with four legs, or two tails, as the case may be, he will not rush madly into the belief that an animal has been presented to his vision, but will doubt the beast and believe the Professor. We are afraid, however, that it would afford but little consolation to a man when on the point of being devoured, to reflect that the beast had no existence, and that when his melancholy fate was narrated, the learned Owen would dispute it in the *Times*.

The Professor is kind enough to admit, however, that they may have seen something, but not a serpent. It was probably a seal, or a sea-lion, he says. Considering that Captain M'Qhæ is a sailor, and ought to know what a seal is; that some half-a-dozen others were eye-witnesses and sailors also; and that the animal in question was twenty minutes in sight, and had a drawing made of it, really, the evidence for its existence and its being serpentine, seems tolerably good. We are quite certain that could evidence equally strong be brought to prove that the worthy Professor was an *habitué* of the Orange Tree, he would long ere this have been pursuing his studies, cheered by the society of Cuffey. He is quite right to bring his knowledge before the public on the question, and we are always glad to hear of him. Will he inform us—as the appearance of the animal's head seems a chief point—whether seals have crests, or not? We will keep a look-out for the future, in our annual journey to Margate, for similar brutes.

By-the-bye, could not Professor Owen throw some light on ethnology, by bringing his comparative anatomy to bear on the bones of the Ethiopian serenaders?

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—A young German reader of ours writes to say, after a profound cogitation of a few weeks, he has discovered that the most foolish act of which the Prussians have been guilty for some time was the nomination of Herr Pfuel to the helm of affairs, since this was evidently adding *fuel* to the flames.

MISTAKEN NOTIONS.

1. On sitting down some Sunday to dinner with one or two friends, whom you have invited three days before, you apologize for the simpleness of the repast, which consists of soup, fish, two courses, and a dessert, and tell them they must be content to take what you have got, as you have made no grand preparations on their account; it is a mistaken notion to suppose that they believe you.

2. A man's aunt dies, and leaves him her money to the amount of forty thousand pounds, and her favourite cats. He goes into mourning of the most sable hue, writes on note-paper with a black edge an inch wide, and inserts an advertisement in all the papers to the effect that she died most deeply lamented—but it is a mistaken notion to believe that he is particularly grieved.

N.B.—The cats disappear some fine morning, unless there is a special clause in the will regarding their preservation.

3. When people say that they shall be happy to see you at all times, without naming any particular day, it is a mistaken notion to imagine that they mean it.

4. When medical students return to the parental roof at about 12 P.M. very unsteady on their legs, and their hat knocked over their eyes, it is a mistaken notion to imagine that this unsteadiness in their gait is to be attributed to certain experiments they have been making on themselves to ascertain the effect of chloroform.

5. When a young gentleman indites a long letter to his father or guardian, and talks in it at great length about the wonders of nature, the beauties of science, or the sweets of learning, but ends with a postscript about his just having recollected that he was in want of five pounds for books or instruments, which said five pounds he should feel much obliged by having sent him—it is a mistaken notion to suppose that the postscript is not the most important part of the letter.

6. "The nearer to the fountain, the clearer the water," says the proverb; but those who will take the trouble to walk to Trafalgar Square will find that this is a mistaken notion indeed.

POWER OF THE PRESS.—A country editor of our acquaintance has such faith in the powerful influence of his pen, that he is in the habit of regarding all mundane transactions simply as a game of—*follow-my-leader.*

A BONE FOR THE PROTECTIONISTS.

THE French papers announce that negotiations are on the tapis between Spain and the Government of the United States regarding the sale of the island of Cuba to the latter. The same authority adds that this valuable freehold property had been offered to Mr. John Bull, but that he allowed himself to be outbid by Brother Jonathan. Just so! We are delighted to hear it. Once let Cuba become the property of Britain, and one of our most flourishing domestic manufactures would be for ever knocked on the head; no more Fulham Pickwicks, no more Minories cheroots. What, we would ask, in the name of all that 's fragrant, would become of the Hammersmith cabbage-gardeners; and the many Hebrew establishments in the metropolis that find employment in fabricating that native luxury, a full-flavoured Cuba, if foreign cigars should come into vogue? Forbid it, ye wise protectionists! Forbid it, ye anxious pa's and ma's, who are actuated by a parent's solicitude for your sons' nervous systems! Never, as you value the morality of Britain's youth, let that noxious narcotic tobacco cross the threshold of our immaculate—our sea-girt isle. For our own part, we must say that it is quite bad enough that our silk manufacture, our toys, our Jacks-in-the-boxes, and hobby-horses, should have been brought to the verge of ruin by foreign competition. This is deplorable; nevertheless, as philosophers, we thank heaven that things are not yet come to the worst. England still enjoys a monopoly in the manufacture of cheroots!

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF IT?

WE have often wondered what public men mean by the following epithets:—

THE PEOPLE.
THE PUBLIC.
THE MOB.
THE POPULACE.
THE RABBLE.

These words are continually used until the confusion becomes a confounded nuisance. Suffer us to tell each politician the way to use them, under the existing system.

THE PEOPLE .... Everybody or nobody.
THE PUBLIC .... Those who buy your pamphlets, &c.
THE MOB ..... Your tradesmen, servants, and so on.
THE POPULACE .. Those who drag your carriage at an election.
THE RABBLE .... All those who hoot you on the hustings.

You perceive that thus the position of any social unit varies with his conduct to you. Those who *don't* buy your pamphlets fall from the "public" to the "populace;" those who *won't* drag your carriage sink, in their turn, from "populace" to "rabble;" while, on the other hand, those who cheer you on the hustings rise from "rabble" to "populace," and so on through the various ups and downs of a life of humbug.

The penny-a-liner is fond of degrading people, by describing them as "the populace." This affected contempt, however, is nothing more than the envious hatred of a man—sprung literally from "the rabble"—for the superior orders.

HOLD YOUR MAG!

[FOR the information of uninformed subscribers, we beg to observe that in printing-offices a magazine is called a "Mag."]

Who was it cruelly killed poor Jerrold's Mag,
Spite of philanthropists' vile and vulgar brag?
Why did it month by month so clearly flag?
Why was it never read but by some old hag?
Why were its articles never worth a rag,
And only fit for our waste-paper bag?
Why did it ride to death th' unwilling mag,
Who over its dreary page would sometimes fag?
Why behind all other journals did it lag?
Why did each "paper" end with a clap-trap "tag?"
Why was it ridiculed by every wag?
Why for so long its dull existence drag?

—Because it depended on nought but stupid gag.

"WHERE ARE YOU A-SHOVING TO?"—We have been very much surprised at the obstinacy with which the Boy Fitzwilliam has persevered in his attempt to thrust himself on the West Riding constituency, in the face of his universally admitted ignorance and inexperience. We hear it asserted that his family are very wealthy. If so, why have they not spent some of their superabundance in educating their hopeful son? If ever he gets into Parliament, it will be by some such means as his contemporary, the celebrated Boy Jones, got into Buckingham Palace.

CHEAP OUTFITS FOR EMIGRANTS.—All that is requisite is, that each emigrant carry a small bottle of Soyer's sauce for the savages to eat him with. This is a piece of delicate attention which will make our surplus population quite popular with the heathen of cannibal propensities.

CASTING PURL BEFORE SWINE.—We understand that M. Jullien, pleased with the success of his *Pearl* of England waltz, is preparing a companion to it, under the title of the "Dog's Nose of Great Britain."

STEAM-BOAT TABLE TALK.

MONG other matters we found, in a manuscript in the British Museum, the following "Merrie jest of Maister Villiam Shakespeare and ye pike keepere at Vaterloo Bridge":—

"Maister Shakespeare returnynge to his lodgynge, which wᵉ in yᵉ Newe Cutte, on one nighte in yᵉ which he had much drunkenne of beere, did merrilye chaffe the guardian of yᵉ tolle, sayinge, yᵉ funnie fellow,

"'Prythee, good sir—marry, here is a Pennsylvania bond whereof I require yᵉ change—all but yᵉ one halfpenny due to yᵉ tolle."

"To yᵉ which yᵉ guardianne demurryne,

"'Look ye,' saith Will: 'supposynge anie body should ask after your healthe, what woulde you reply?'

"'Marry, sir,' quoth yᵉ guardianne, 'that I was amongste yᵉ middlynges.'

"'Nay, friend,' saith mad Will; 'thus should ye reply, "Ifackins, my maister, I am as becometh a pike man, beyinge *tol*-lol."' Ha! ha! ha!'

"Upon which merrie jeste yᵉ guardianne did let Will Shakespeare passe for nothynge."

NATURAL CURIOSITY.

There is at the present moment a man living in the City who has walked over Southwark Bridge. This great curiosity will shortly be exhibited at the Egyptian Hall. He is a quiet middle-aged person, with nothing at first sight remarkable in his appearance. The penny paid by this gentleman is still to be seen at the toll-house, preserved in cotton under a glass case.

AWFUL EXAMPLE.

Persons fond of eating whitebait should be warned by the fate of Alderman Gobbles. This civic functionary was in the habit of devouring such masses of the unoffending little fishes, that at length the steamer in which he used to go to Blackwall was regularly followed by a swarm of whitebait, who kept opening their little mouths as though to imprecate vengeance on the Alderman's head. Gobbles used to laugh at this. But mark the sequel. One evening, having drunk too much iced punch, he tilted head over heels out of the boat into the river. A dozen of wherries immediately put off to his rescue. But the Alderman was never seen again. Just as he disappeared in the water, the whitebait made a terrific rush at him, and in an instant he was pulled into a myriad of pieces. In his life he had eaten many whitebait; in his death many whitebait ate him.

IMPORTANT TO TEETOTALLERS.

The water of the Thames has been analyzed, and found to consist of the following ingredients, in the following proportions:—

Clean mud	8
Dirty mud	20
Dead dogs	6
Dead cats	10
Contributions from sewers	15
Scum	20
Dregs	20
Pure water	1
Total	100

EXPECTED COINCIDENCE.

The first stone of Westminster Bridge was laid about a century ago, and the men are working at it still. It is expected to be finished the same year that the Tunnel begins to pay.

MORE BLUNDERS THAN ONE.

Country gentlemen visiting London, and making excursions on the river, ought to be particular in asking the destination of the boat on which they take their stations. An affecting story is related of a respectable person from Somersetshire, intending to go to Richmond and Hampton Court, but who unhappily got on board a Gravesend boat. He had a map of the river and a steam-boat guide in his hand, but even these availed him nothing. By a singular fatality, he mistook Greenwich Hospital for Chelsea Hospital, looked upon Blackwall as Putney, took Erith for Hammersmith, gazed upon Purfleet as Barnes, considered Queenhithe to be Isleworth, slipped ashore at Gravesend, imagining that he was landing at Richmond, and finally minutely examined Tilbury Fort under the erroneous idea that he was inspecting Hampton Court.

GROSS MISCONCEPTION.

The ignorance of Londoners of the first rules of mechanical science is melancholy. When Hungerford Bridge was building, it was the firm impression of the inhabitants of Pedlar's Acre that the roadway was to pass over the top of the towers erected at either end of the Bridge, in this fashion—

A RICHMOND DINNER BILL.

(For which see Rose and Crown.)

	£	s.	d.
Dinner (including pint of wine)	£0	7	6
Salt	0	1	0
Knife	0	0	6
Fork	0	0	6
Spoon	0	0	6
Water	0	3	6
Tumbler	0	0	6
Plate	0	0	6
Cheese	0	2	6
Desert	0	5	0
Waiter	0	1	0
Eight questions asked at waiter, at 2*d.* each	0	1	6
Washing your hands	0	2	0
Taking care of your hat	0	1	6
Sundries	0	5	0
Total	£1	13	0

A METHOD TO MAKE THE TIDE FLOW IN ANY DIRECTION AT PLEASURE.

If you wish the tide to flow up, contrive to have some particular business which leads you down to Gravesend in a hurry. If you wish the tide to flow down, take a boat up to Richmond. We don't know how the experiment may answer with others, but in our own case it never failed once.

A COMPENDIOUS TABLE OF WATERMEN'S FARES.

Pay one-third of one-half of what is asked.

SUNDRIES.

Battersea Reach.—From its frequent roughness, and the consequent frequent discomfiture of cockney voyagers Battersea Reach was originally written Battersea Retch.

Tilbury Fort was founded by an ancestor of Tilbury of the Haymarket.

Wapping Old Stairs is supposed to have derived its name from an old gentleman of the name of Stairs or Stares having been once set upon, and soundly drubbed there, by two watermen whose full demand he refused to pay.

EDITOR'S BOX.

We have to mention two successes at COVENT GARDEN—that of Mdlle. Nissen in *Lucia*, and that of Mr. Bunn in filling his theatre.

Mdlle. Nissen was far better in *Lucia* than in *Norma*, which requires more tragic power than she possesses. Her representation of the character was similar in most respects to that of the various *Lucias* that have been seen on the Italian stage in England. Her acting was in many scenes exceedingly pathetic, and always intelligent, being devoid of the exaggerated melodramatic efforts which Jenny Lind used to attempt in the mad scene. We have no belief in what are called "new readings;" and have always endeavoured to impress on the public that the author or composer, in most cases, plainly indicates the style of any given part, and that every *artiste* who presumes to depart from it under the pretext of a "new reading," where there can be but one, is highly culpable. The nonsense, therefore, that has been written by a few journalists about Mdlle. Nissen having given a "new reading" to the character, although intended as complimentary to her, is quite the reverse. Burdini, who played *Ashton* when the *Lucia* was first produced in England at the Princess's Theatre, appeared in that part, and sang with the greatest taste. Sims Reeves played his best part in his best style. The brilliant and pleasing but "unclassical" *Haydée* continues to attract.

Mr. Bunn, in consequence of the "exigencies of the times," has lowered his prices, of course with the view of raising the wind. The result has been successful; the theatre is now well attended every evening, and altogether (as the gentlemen of the Whittington Club would say) is "very filling at the price." Mr. Bunn has done very wisely in making this reduction. He had only two courses to choose between—a reduction in his expenditure, with empty houses at high prices, on the one hand; and increased attractions, with full houses at low prices, on the other. In choosing the latter, he has merely acted upon the modern principle, which gives a volume of poems for a shilling, a trip to Paris for forty francs, and a PUPPET-SHOW for three halfpence. Almost everything has decreased in price of late years, excepting the admission to theatres, and yet managers continue to wonder that they are not successful!

Jullien is continuing to do well at DRURY LANE. His *Pearl of England* waltz is by no means so meritorious a production as some of his other compositions. Some of the airs (the opening one, for instance) are pleasing enough, but as for some other portions, which are intended as evidence of clever writing, there is this all-sufficient objection to be made to them, that they are no more to be danced to than the lugubrious waltzes of Beethoven. We know that there are some unconfined maniacs who fancy that Beethoven's waltzes are superlatively excellent, but they must remember that a waltz which cannot be waltzed to, possesses about the same merit as a joke which no one can laugh at, or as anything else—*Jerrold's Magazine* for instance—which fails to answer the purpose for which it was originally intended.

At the HAYMARKET, Shakspere's *Twelfth Night* has been produced with great success. Mrs. C. Kean, as *Viola*, is excellent, truthful, natural, and womanly. Miss Reynolds's *Olivia* was also a chaste unassuming performance; in fact, the whole piece was most effectively got up, and, in order to render it still more complete, Mr. H. Vandenhoff, as *Sebastian*, was the Twelfth Night "Cake."

At the ADELPHI, a new farce, entitled *Slasher and Crasher*, has been very favourably received.

A retired trumpeter, of the name of *Blowhard* (Mr. Lambert), is possessed of a niece, *Rose* (Miss Emma Harding), and a sister, *Dinah* (Mrs. Laws). These ladies are respectively beloved by *Slasher* (Mr. Wright) and *Crasher* (Mr. Paul Bedford); and, on the rising of the curtain, are only waiting, in order that their happiness may be complete, for *Blowhard* to give his consent, which he is about to do, when a servant brings him in a letter. After its perusal, *Blowhard*, to the surprise of all present, suddenly declares that Messrs. *Slasher* and *Crasher* shall never become members of his family, and ends by ordering them to quit the house instantly—an order which they see themselves under the painful necessity of obeying, however reluctantly.

After the gentlemen are gone, the audience is made acquainted with the cause of this sudden change in the aspect of affairs. The letter contains information that Messrs. *Slasher* and *Crasher* are a couple of arrant cowards: the former having, the day previously, received, on the grand stand at the races, and in a most sensitive part of his body, a tremendous kick without resenting it; and the latter being president of an anti-duelling society, both of which circumstances cannot do otherwise than call down upon their heads the contempt of such a fire-eater as *Blowhard*, in his capacity of ex-trumpeter, naturally (dramatically speaking) must be.

In this state of things, *Crasher*, who does not like the idea of giving up the lady, determines upon impressing *Blowhard* with a false idea of their courage, and accordingly proposes to *Slasher*, that on their first meeting in the ex-trumpeter's presence, they shall get up a sham quarrel. *Crasher* is to throw a snuff-box, or a music-stool, or some other such trifle, at *Slasher's* head, and *Slasher* is to demand satisfaction. This request *Crasher* will immediately accede to, and they will then instantly set off for the ground, where a friend of *Crasher's*—one on whom he can rely, to whom he lends money—will charge the instruments of death with blank cartridges. They will then mutually receive each other's fire most courageously; and *Blowhard*, convinced of the falseness of his suspicions, will withdraw his opposition, and once more smile on their wishes.

Somehow or other, *Slasher* does not understand the plan, and, consequently, when *Crasher* insults him in the manner agreed on, is in an awful state of trepidation. Having, however, had recourse to a small brandy bottle which he has in his pocket, he plucks up courage, and manfully defies his opponent.

It is now the other's turn to be frightened: he endeavours, by all sorts of signs and winks, to make *Slasher* understand that he is not in earnest; but all to no purpose. They proceed to the ground, and exchange shots. After the first discharge, it is discovered that there are no balls in the pistols. This so exasperates *Slasher*, who is now worked up to such a pitch as to be totally regardless of all danger, that he demands swords; and, on these being furnished the two combatants, rushes on his antagonist, and puts him to flight. He then continues to pursue him with the most implacable fury, until *Blowhard*, convinced of his courage, restrains him, and accords him his niece's hand. He also crowns *Crasher's* hopes by giving him the hand of his sister—why, it is impossible to say, unless it is because, in his case, he is convinced of quite the reverse.

This was certainly the most clumsily contrived part of the whole piece, because it is not likely that the ex-trumpeter would suddenly act in a manner diametrically opposite to his character, and the practice of his whole life. It is much better managed in the French original, where there is no second marriage, and the part corresponding to *Dinah*, *Madame Beltois*, is the wife and not the sister of the old gentleman.

Wright was excellent, and kept the audience in a roar of laughter from beginning to end: he was most ably supported by Mr. Lambert and Miss Emma Harding.

The SHOWMAN has alluded to the French original; for, despite the authority of the bills, which assert the contrary, *Slasher and Crasher* is an adaptation—a clever one, it is true, but still an adaptation—the piece from which it was taken having been produced at the Théâtre du Vaudeville on the 9th October, 1835, under the title of *Le Poltron*, and printed in *La France Dramatique*, under the No. 228.

It is true that the author of *Slasher and Crasher* may be similarly situated to Puff, who, on being told that the line—

"Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee"—

which occurred in his tragedy, had also previously appeared in *Othello*, replied that this fact proved nothing more than that two great men had hit upon the same idea, and Shakspere had hit upon it first. If such be the case in the present instance, the SHOWMAN will be the first to acknowledge *Slasher and Crasher* as a new piece.

AN ATTACK ON THE POLICE.

So much has been said about the police of late, and they are so thoroughly well known to the public, that disgust for them is gradually beginning to subside, and they are actually becoming respectable through the very staleness of their infamy. Indeed, some affect to like them—a taste resembling that of connoisseurs for the corruption of a cheese. Men are beginning to yawn when their perjury is alluded to; and the low dirtiness of their sordid tricks in private—that is, area—life, ceases to amuse. The public eye must be kept upon them, however; and we have therefore drawn up a tabular statement for general use concerning them. In this (which we subjoin) the general reader will find much useful information:—

TABLE.

TRUTH.	POLICE STATEMENT.
A gentleman hums an air from *Norma*.	"He was roaring through the streets."
A gentleman gives a double-knock at his door.	"He created a disturbance in the street."
A gentleman, finding himself collared by a plebeian in blue, requests him to remove his hand.	"He made a violent attack on ——, 40 ——."
A gentleman has had half-a-pint of marsala for dinner.	"He had obviously been drinking to excess."

The above shows the difference between truth and police statement—or, truth and falsehood, that is to say. But there is a fact about this amiable Force—a fact which we mean to din into the ears of the magistrates till decency makes them attend to it—a fact as shocking as the perjury of the body, as disgusting as their private habits, and as dangerous as their public lies—and that is neither more nor less than this, that they are in the habit of taking bribes from the keepers of low taverns to blink their duty. No howling about "guardians of the public peace," &c. will serve as a reply to this There stands the fact. We have a public body to preserve order, paid by the country to do a duty, and by private scoundrels to neglect it.

RECKLESS CONDUCT.

Dear Mr. Showman,—I have just come home from India with my mistress, Mrs. Col. Glazedstock. Oh, dear! how ill I was! particularly in passing that horrid Cape of Good Hope. If you had been with us I am sure you would never have forgotten it all your born days. Now, I had often heard that sailors were very rough kind of creatures, but I did think they had some heart; such, however, is not the case, for although they saw how wretchedly unwell I was, and know that I return next month, they actually were for ever talking of doubling their horrid Cape.

Now, dear Mr. Showman, I think one Cape is quite enough, without its being doubled. We don't want the world to have as many capes as a coachman's coat; so therefore I hope you will step in and lend your aid in preventing so heartless and arbitrary a proceeding, or at least have it put off until after the return of

Your obedient servant,

Mary Muslin.

A SAVAGE LIBEL.

Sir,—What pretensions *can* Mr. Spinks make to respectability? I have seen him transported, branded with stripes on his back! descending to the lowest offices—the dirtiest tricks. In fact he is naturally of a base character, often cuts his best friends, and is altogether a very barefaced person.

Hoping in that you will give this exposure of infamy a place in your valuable columns,

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

To the Showman. Stabber Sneak.

A COOL ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING.

Sir,—Having seen a copy of the letter Mr. Stabber Sneak has sent to you, I beg you will allow me a few lines to reply to his infamous accusations, which are the more dangerous as they are perfectly true, and an additional proof of the ease with which truth may be distorted by a malignant slanderer, for the vilest ends.

Sir, it is not to be disputed that Mr. S. Sneak saw me the other evening *transported*—with joy at the news of a legacy I received; that he saw me *brandied* pretty effectually—by four tumblers of the finest Cognac (he himself drank five at my expense). As to stripes on my back, I wore a striped shooting-jacket; and, sir, I regret to add was obliged to pull Mr. Stabber's nose for calling me "a horrid old *zebra!*" My slanderer continues to say that I descended to the lowest offices. Well, I confess to having descended into the cellar to get some more Cognac for the ungrateful Sneak. What he means by "dirty tricks" I am at a loss to conjecture, unless the calumniator refers to several games at *écarté* I was fool enough to play with a greasy pack of cards which he (Stabber) produced from his pocket, and which turned out to be marked and prepared for swindling.

Now, sir, having refuted the special charges, I can only repudiate with scorn the general imputation of baseness, which is evidently a veiled allusion to my well-known *base voice*. With regard to "cutting my best friends," being a sculptor by profession, I certainly do not wish to deny the charge; and as to my being "altogether a barefaced person," it is not my fault that nature has given me less than the average amount of beard and whiskers.

Hoping that the urgency of the case will excuse my prolix encroachment on your invaluable space,

Believe me,

Respected Showman.

Your sincere friend,

Praxiteles Spinks.

RAILWAY FRATERNIZATION.

Absurd Musical Rumour.—It has been ridiculously asserted that the talented M. Vivier, who has gained so much celebrity by his four notes on the horn, is about to publish a series of six letters on the trombone.

A short time since since there was a report that in certain parts of Mexico the soil was full of the purest gold ore. On the strength of this, several thousand adventurers set out from all parts of America; but as the bubble had burst before their arrival at the place of their destination, we would advise them to console themselves with the reflection that their hopes were all *o'er*, if the soil was not.

The Two Barrys.—The difference between Mr. Barry the clown, and Mr. Barry the architect, is that the former makes the house laugh at his tricks, and the latter plays tricks that make him laugh at the House. The general estimate of the former being rather low, and that of the latter enormously high.

Latest News from our Berlin Correspondent.—The army is about to be disbanded, as Corporal Schmidt was heard to remark that soldiers at least would remain men of rank (and file) in spite of the democrats.

All Communications to the Editor or the Publisher should be addressed—Puppet Show Office, 334 *Strand.*

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THE POET, POLITICIAN, AND POLICEMAN.

Chapter IV.—A Dramatic Plot.

It was some time before I saw Tomkins again. It was evident that there was a wish on his part to conceal the continuation of his adventures. However, I willingly pardoned his remissness in breaking the appointment which he had made; for, if we consider it a misfortune to be compelled to hear all the history of a man's life when he has met with nothing but good fortune, we cannot blame the one who shows some tardiness in relating the particulars of a career which has been only a series of ill-luck.

Nevertheless, I was anxious to ascertain the fate of Tomkins and of his farce. I accordingly hunted him up at the station-house, and drew him forth covered with blushes—for though a policeman he was perfectly modest. Bashful men should never tell falsehoods: the excuses of Tomkins for not having called on me were so transparent that at last it only remained for him to throw himself on my mercy, and promise to come on the following evening, when, after a little trouble, I induced him to continue his narrative as follows:—

"My feelings on leaving the theatre were those of the bitterest disappointment. In the savageness of my heart I could almost have turned philanthropist, but my bad nature seldom prevailed long, and a cigar and half an hour's reflection quite restored my habitual serenity. I had gone to the manager with the idea that I was to produce a farce which, although a farce, was constructed on the same principles as the immortal tragedies of Greece; which moreover united the stern grandeur of the classical with the graceful picturesqueness of the romantic school; which did not disdain to borrow the wit which sparkles in the *vaudevilles* of France, the humour which glows in the comedies of England, together with something of German profundity, Italian gaiety, and Spanish dignity. I had, moreover, gone to him with the idea that I was to receive fifty pounds for my production. And how were my aspirations to be realized? All that my piece possessed of classicality and beauty was to be destroyed, out of compliment to the low comedian, and for the trouble which this would occasion to the reviser I was to sacrifice my claims to remuneration, and thank my stars for getting the farce brought out at all!" * * * * *

For some minutes Tomkins was unable to proceed. His recollections were too much for him. I therefore filled him a glass of grog, which had the desired effect of enabling him to continue.

"Excuse my emotions," said the poor fellow: "after the numerous scenes through which I have passed you may be sure that no ordinary reminiscence would cause me tears. I can now laugh at incidents which in my youth and inexperience have caused me many sleepless nights. But the sacrifice of wit to dulness, and good taste to a low comedian, always awakens in me the profoundest sorrow. It was Bolster, the fat and stupid buffoon, who pained me; the loss of the fifty pounds was nothing.

"But to come to facts. My farce was underlined as the production of 'one of the most popular authors,' the advertisements in the newspapers were headed with 'first night of a new farce.' I had a private box placed at my disposal, and the number of orders which I was privileged to send in on the first night was unlimited. The last rehearsal had taken place, but to this I paid no attention. The alterations made in my piece by the theatrical cobbler had sufficiently disgusted me to prevent my being present after the first reading. Besides, no heed was paid to my suggestions, and if I had told the first footman to bring in a letter in his right hand instead of his left, he would have persisted in his absurdity, and I should not have had the 'moral courage' (which I believe is the latest slang for impudence) to reprimand him in the presence of so many persons as were assembled on the occasion in question.

"On the morning of the day when the farce was to be produced, I awoke with the feelings of a man about to undergo 'the severest penalty of the law,'—not marriage, but the other thing. I ate a hearty breakfast and read a work on philosophy for half an hour, when Junius Libel, the literary slanderer, called upon me in order to agree on arrangements for making the farce 'go,' as he expressed it, in the slang diction of the press and the stage.

"At the request of this youth I ordered another breakfast, with various accessaries which I should never have thought of, had not his fertile imagination suggested them. He ate with the ferocity of an ogre, and in drinking displayed the capabilities of ten reporters, after which he proceeded to arrange plans for the success of the farce. It was a long time before I could be prevailed upon to allow any illegitimate means to be resorted to in order to aid its fortunes, but Junius upset every one of my arguments with a sarcasm, and settled each scruple with a sneer. I became then an easy convert to his principles, and listened with attention to the announcement of his scheme.

"Young Libel was one of the principal contributors to a journal entitled the *Scorpion; a Satirical, Political, and Quizzical Chronicle*. It was sold for a penny, and had been produced with the several objects of bringing the government to terms on the ——— Bill, driving Mr. Glumley from the management of the Italian Opera, and writing down the *Edinburgh Review*. Neither of these objects had been attained, but nevertheless Junius Libel was an accomplished satirist; he had a healthy contempt for everybody, was great at magnifying a fault into a crime, and a perfect Joseph Ady in telling persons 'something to their *dis*advantage' on payment of one guinea per article from the proprietors of the journal. For the rest, he was strong in his friendships, and was as happy to puff a friend as to abuse a man of whom he knew nothing one way or the other. Mr. Longprimer, the printer and proprietor of the *Scorpion*, had great faith in Libel, which principally arose from his giving himself a great many airs, and always insisting on having his money in advance. Being besides of a good-natured disposition, he used to oblige the young slanderer in a great many ways. He would allow his boys (or 'devils' as some persons insist on calling them) to be employed in carrying Libel's love-letters, and one of them was to be seen two or three times a-week emerging from his temporary master's 'chambers' (as he called his bed-room on a third floor), clad in a complete page's dress, which had been manufactured expressly for these occasions.

"Longprimer had, at Libel's earnest request, consented that he should be allowed to offer tickets for the first night of my farce to all his compositors. As Junius wrote his manuscript in a very clear hand, and never made alterations in his proofs, he was rather popular in the office, and it was soon arranged that the pit doors should be stormed at an early hour by a hundred and twenty men with hard hands and an aversion to standing any nonsense."

MORE DID YOU EVERS.

Did you ever know a Chartist orator begin a harangue about equality and the rights of man without calling his greasy auditory "ladies and gentlemen?"

Did you ever know an ugly man who was not fond of talking of the beauties of the mind?

Did you ever know a magistrate who was not "worthy," at least in the penny-a-liners' reports?

Did you ever know a farmer who was pleased with the weather?

Did you ever know a tradesman who could get in any money at all in these terribly hard times?

Did you ever know an actor who was not kept down by a disgraceful plot in the profession against him?

Did you ever know a theatrical critic who never recommended the "judicious employment of the pruning-knife?"

Did you ever know a real sailor who could dance a hornpipe?

And did you ever know a real smuggler who was in the habit of saying, "Ware Hawks—douse the glim!"

POPULAR FRENCH LOGIC.

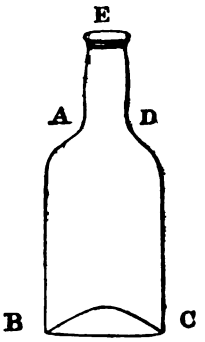
LEGITIMACY is the succession to supreme power of the members of a peculiar family, not because they are fitting depositaries for that power, but because of the accident of their birth.

But we, the French people, hate and have abolished legitimacy, therefore we will vote for Louis Napoleon to be President, because he is the nephew of his uncle.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF AN EMPTY BOTTLE.

WE perceive that Professor Ryan is giving lectures at the Polytechnic Institution on the "Philosophy of an Empty Bottle," out of which he no doubt gets a large measure of valuable information. However, there are doubtless more matters connected with the subject than are dreamed of in his philosophy, and we therefore take the liberty of publishing the following, by way of supplement to the Professor's lecture:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The bottle which I hold in my hand is what is commonly called a quart bottle, on the celebrated *luc. a non luc.* principle; for it certainly does not hold a quart. Many of you would probably accept my assertion as truth, and others would be fully satisfied were I to prove to them, by ocular demonstration, that I cannot put a quart into this quart bottle. I prefer adopting a plan more in accordance with the severe principles of science, and will therefore prove to you, by mathematical arguments, that the vessel called a quart bottle, which I hold in my hand, cannot contain a quantity of liquid equal to one quart.



Let A B C D E be a quart bottle.

Then A B C D E shall not contain a quart.

For let bottle A B C D E contain a quart;

And from bottle A B C D E cut off part A B C D = a pint.

And ∵ bottle A B C D E = a quart.

And part A B C D = a pint.

∴ the remainder E A D = a pint.

But A B C D = a pint.

∴ E A D = A B C D;

i.e., bottle's neck E A D = bottle's body A B C D, which is exceedingly absurd.

Wherefore quart bottle A B C D E cannot contain a quart.

Q. E. D.

Having, then, Ladies and Gentlemen, settled the question as to how much this quart bottle can contain, let us proceed to the more interesting inquiry of "What did it contain?"

It might have contained the Moselle for drinking which, at the mess table, Captain Reynolds incurred the just but temperate wrath of Lord Cardigan; it might have contained the generous Burgundy of the West-end clubs, the hot Port of the suburban back parlours, the noxious Marsala of the Whittington Slap-bang, or the soul-destroying gin of the labouring classes.

As it is, it contained neither the one nor the other, but simply some whisky, which I sent for from the Scotch stores yesterday afternoon. And now that I am lecturing on the "philosophy of empty bottles," I think the most philosophical thing I can do will be to send back the empty bottle and regain the threepence which was left as deposit on it, and which I can advantageously expend in practical experiments on a pint of half-and-half.

MISERABLE STATE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Louis Napoleon has borrowed all that he can boast of from his uncle, and will never be able to redeem any one of his pledges!

INGENIOUS DISCOVERY BY PUNCH.—*Punch* lately found out that "Joseph Ady, or the Secret" would be a good title for a burlesque on "Haydee, or the Secret." It so happens that the SHOWMAN had made the same discovery many weeks previously, and had informed the public thereof through his usual medium. We don't mind our funny friend's imitating our *programme* of the entertainments at St. Paul's Cathedral line by line, but we must really object to having our paragraphs transferred literally to his columns unless the same be duly acknowledged.

OUR LEADER.

HIGH ART AND LOW ART.

THE dodge which we have so often exposed in music, of passing off ponderous productions as sublime, and condemning pleasing melodies as frivolous, is now being tried in literature. One fool makes many, and the musical fools are now creating a vast horde of literary brothers.

The *Athenæum* recently came out with an article abusive of the light literature of the day; and, as that journal prides itself on its heaviness, it appropriately selected one of the very dullest of its *corps* to write the attack. Indeed, we should not wonder if the writer chosen were the mediocre son of the mediocre Scotchman who occupied a fourth-rate position in letters some years ago; or worse still even, the heavy young man who did the ponderous indignation in, and helped to kill, a magazine of radicalism that went out in snuff at no very distant period. The article was stupid enough for either of those persons; but, as the asininity of the *Athenæum* is inexhaustible, it is quite possible that even some stupider man than either of them was dragged out of obscurity for the occasion. However, it is not worth while to pursue the inquiry at present. At some future period we may harpoon these literary porpusses for our own and the public amusement.

It is amusing to hear the *Athenæum* abusing light literature, when we remember that Bulwer has described it as the "grace and flower of human culture." However, perhaps it is *because* it is the "flower" of culture that the heavy critics are anxious to destroy it. The antipathy of certain animals to flowers is well known; they prefer acorns, turnips, and husks. Let them indulge in such garbage, but not rush into gardens—otherwise rings must be put into their snouts to prevent them from doing harm.

The motive of the attack is as base as the execution is stupid. It is what Dr. Maginn called "low tradesmanlike dirt" that they are flinging. It is because the men they abuse *sell* that they assault them, and the morality of the attempt to injure them is on a par with that of the poor scribbler of Moses' advertisements, who carefully cautions the public against rival houses. The works of Reach, Mayhew, and the other gentlemen who contribute to the light literature of England, have a circulation more extensive than that of all the productions of these "high art" persons put together. And what a compliment do they pay the public in abusing the books that it chiefly patronises? The public is the real arbiter after all, as Dr. Johnson said when his *Irene* was damned; and it is a great pity that the *Athenæum* set cannot bear the condemnation of *their* failures with the same good sense and tranquillity, but will try to revenge themselves on their more fortunate rivals—as a naughty boy avenges himself for his whipping by beating one of his brothers, whose good conduct has made him a family favourite.

This sort of thing must be soon checked. Are the *Athenæum* critics quite safe from reprisals? Have none of them written vulnerable books—from the goggle-eyed poetaster of second-rate tea-parties (who, considering his poetical and personal pretensions, seems to try to unite Hyperion and a Satyr in his own person) to the leaden progeny of Caledonian dulness above alluded to?

It may be worth their while to consider this; and further, will they, who are so lofty in their notions, reconcile their moral assumption with the curious sympathy which is observed to exist between their *critical* and their *advertising* columns?

PINS & NEEDLES.

Since the Whig governor, Lord Torrington, went to Ceylon, the colony has been in dreadful difficulties; in fact, its geographical position must have been altered, since it has got into "Torrington Straits."

One portrait of the Emperor of Austria, published the other day, represented him with very thick lips; another made them thin. However, both may be right; since it is well known that he lies through thick and thin on every possible occasion.

A set of engineers have published a report upon the state of the sewers and dirty places in London. How comes the Whittington Club to have been omitted?

The West Riding has thrown young Fitzwilliam overboard. This shows a healthy state of the community, and proclaims its non-liability to be taken with fits.

Several actors have complained of the severity of our theatrical criticisms, and pretend that we have a general dislike to the "profession." We can assure these dissatisfied gentlemen that it is not their profession but their practice which we object to.

When the Whittington or Cat's Meat Club was first started, Jerrold's friends boasted that he was coming out with a bang. Instead of this, he only came out with a Slap-bang.

Cavaignac will have, we hear, to imitate Mahomet; for if the Mountain won't come to him, he must go to the Mountain.

We are heartily glad to see that a new translation of Kant's great work has been published; for everybody who reads the *Athenæum* and other journals must admit that *A Critic of pure Reason* is terribly wanted in this country.

The King of Prussia has frequently been accused of thinking of nothing but his own interests. The recent differences, however, between the throne and the Assembly proves that his Majesty can at times forget himself in a most extraordinary manner.

We see there have been some more disputes anent the Bishoprick of Hereford. Surely this must be the "See of troubles" alluded to by Hamlet in his famous soliloquy.

We were glad to see our old friend Roebuck as vigorous as ever in the Fitzwilliam affair. He contrasted capitally with "the boy," who certainly is fit for no Riding but a rocking-horse.

The *Court Circular* lately informed us that "the Queen, and Prince Albert, accompanied by the younger branches of the royal family, arrived at Osborne," &c. For the convenience of the two august personages just mentioned, we trust they were accompanied by the royal trunks as well as branches.

If by chance Her Majesty and Prince Albert had not been accompanied by the trunks alluded to in the preceding paragraph, we fancy that the Royal Theatricals would begin rather sooner than anticipated, and that the first piece—principal characters by Her Majesty and Consort—would be the farce of *Anything for a Change.*

EPITAPH ON ROBERT BLUM,

MEMBER OF THE GRAND CENTRAL GERMAN PARLIAMENT,

Murdered at Vienna, November, 1848, *by contrivance of Prince Windischgrätz and Baron Jellachich.*

BEHOLD a murdered patriot's honoured tomb!
The fearless orator lies mute in death.
Yet shall thy awful silence, Robert Blum,
Have speech more mighty than thy living breath.

Vain was thy sacred trust, in vain thy right
A conquered warrior's privilege to claim;
Thy coward judges, with a fierce delight,
Demanded, and obtained, eternal shame!

Barbarian cowardice, ungenerous, mean,
Fulfilled this deed accursed: yet shall thy shade
Rise terrible in many a battle's scene,
To paralyse the bigot's thirsty blade.

Woe to thy murderers—let infamy
Haunt them to the extremest verge of age.
Thou vengeful ball! thou axe! O pass them by!
Leave them to man's contempt and history's page!

There is a Greek maxim which tells you to know yourself. We suppose it was in conformity to this that Frankenstein created the monster by whom he was afterwards so long pursued; by acting thus he may with justice be said "to have made his own acquaintance."

THE BOY FITZWILLIAM.

WE are glad to see that this unhappy juvenile has retired from the absurd expedition into which he entered, of attempting to thrust himself on the constituency of the West Riding; although we have no doubt that the "retreat of the ten thousand" which his wealthy parent was doubtless prepared to spend in getting him in, caused much disappointment to the dishonest portion of the electors. Many absurdities have been perpetrated by constituencies before this, but let us thank ourselves that we have been spared the degradation of having an untutored, uncultivated (though we hope not altogether *unlicked*) cub, thrust into the parliament of England. The youth appears to have been more dull than the general run of unpromising boys. When before the last meeting, he actually could not comprehend the questions put to him! In fact his appearance at all was as well worthy of chastisement as the intrusion of any graceless whelp into an orchard. He was doubtless playing truant from school at the time he appeared at Leeds, and will, we hope, be duly punished for it.

Now that he is once more in his parents' hands, for goodness' sake let them have him educated, so as to spare themselves the pain of a repetition of such a discreditable exhibition as the young hobbledehoy has this time made. If he is to be a politician, why let them give him at least that trifling knowledge of politics that falls to the lot of country gentlemen.

We think that his friends are likely to do this now, and expect that the following scholastic scene will soon be witnessed in his papa's study:—

SCENE.—*The study.*

Master. "Now, Master Fitzwilliam, what does C O R N spell?"

Boy (whimpering). "Please, sir, I don't know!"

Master. "Now, there's a good boy, it shall have its West Riding yet, if it's not naughty! C O R N?"

Boy (blubbering). "I can't tell."

[*Here an interesting ceremony, to which we cannot more particularly allude, is performed by the indignant Master.*]

Master. "C O R N, corn. Be a good boy, sir, or—"

Boy (rubbing himself). "Corn!"

Master. "Bravo! It shall have its West Riding. I'll go and tell papa that it knows all about corn." [*Exeunt Master and Boy.*

SOCIAL SKETCHES BY GAVARNI—NO. I.

LONDON POLITENESS.

Obliging Londoner—TAKE THE FIRST TURNING TO YOUR RIGHT, THEN THE THIRD TO YOUR LEFT, AND YOU CAN'T MISS IT.

Grateful Provincial—OH !—I THANK YOU, SIR.

THE "MAN MADE OF MONEY."

WHAT money is he made of?

From his dulness, one would think he was made of lead rather than of tin.

From his worthlessness, one would imagine that he was not composed of bullion, but of (waste) paper money.

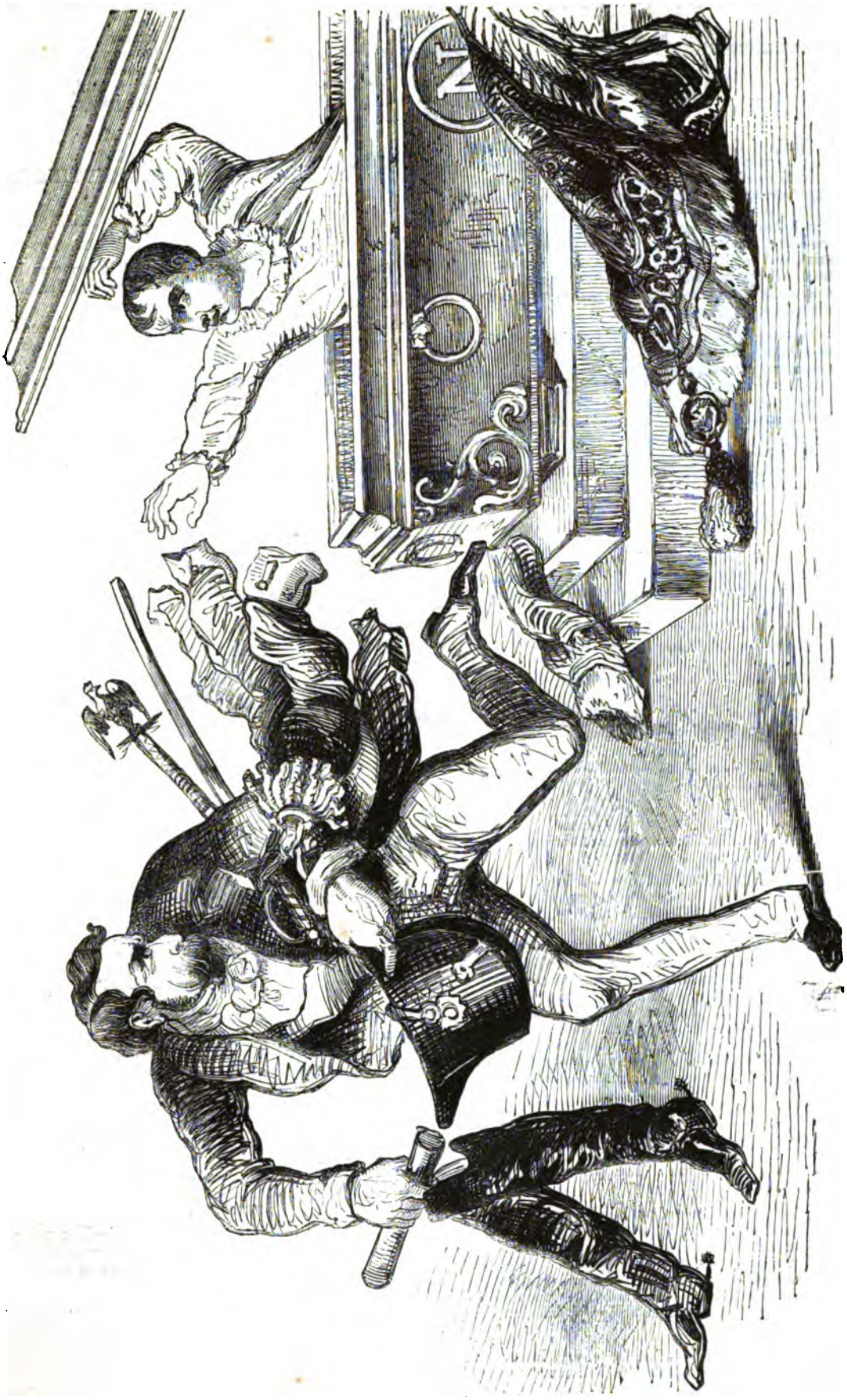
If formed of bullion, it must be of gold, the heaviest metal, for his weight is such that no one can support him.

But what money can he be made of, when every one acknowledges that he is not worth a shilling?

No: the "Man" is worthless; for if you get hold of him in a reading-room, you will find it impossible to change him for anything worth having.

SOCIAL PNEUMATICS.—In order ultimately to raise the wind, Louis Napoleon is getting up puffs in every direction!

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.—The other night, observing a crowd in the neighbourhood of the Whittington Club, we rushed to the spot (armed of course with our smelling-bottle), when we saw that the sensation was created by the arrival of a gentleman's cab, which had stopped at the door! Of course it was obvious that it could not belong to a member. We could, however, get no information as to who was its owner, and conclude therefore that some flunkey, having put down his master in the neighbourhood, had driven to the "club" to get a cup of coffee.



"STOP THIEF!"

THE STAGE DICTIONARY:

or,

ENCYCLOPÆDIA DRAMATICA.

(*Continued.*)

K.

KEMBLES (The family of the).—A numerous tribe of ladies and gentlemen who were remarkable for their attachment to the legitimate drama, and one of the chief members of which introduced horses upon the stage of Drury Lane, for the first time, in *Timour the Tartar*. The present representative of the family on the stage, Mrs. Fanny Butler, is remarkable for the great length and swelling dimensions of her "Oh, ohs." When she was playing Queen Katherine, on the Shakspere night, at Covent Garden, we left the theatre as she was beginning one of these exclamations, drunk a glass of ale in Bow Street, and returned to our place in time to hear the end of the ejaculation.

KING (Stage).—The stage king is remarkable for always wearing his crown, which he is probably in the habit of giving out to the Lord Chamberlain every morning to be brushed up with whiting. He never moves from one room in his palace to another without a flourish of trumpets, a practice which we have no doubt is followed by actual potentates. Indeed we should not be surprised if Harper and Kœnig relieve each other by turns at Buckingham Palace, so as to play a few notes—say of the Post Horn Galop, or "Sich a Gettin' up Stairs"—every time the queen walks into her bed-room or her nursery.

L.

LAUDANUM.—See Legitimacy.

LEADER.—Generally the first violin of the orchestra. Latterly, however, the bands of theatres have come to be so numerously officered by conductors, directors, &c. &c., that we shortly expect to see an announcement of a new opera-house contain some such paragraph as the following:—

"The Orchestra will consist of one hundred performers.

Conductor	M. Costa.
Sub-conductor	Mr. Balfe.
Director	M. Benedict.
Manager	Signor Schirra.
Superintendant	Mr. Tully.
Comptroller	Mr. Wallace.
Inspector	M. Hector Derlioz.
Master	M. Jullien.
Leader	Mr. Blagrove.
Sub-leader	Mr. H. Hughes.
Secretary	Mr. Beale.
Chaplain	Mr. Smith.

"The other principal appointments in the orchestra have not yet been filled up."

LEGITIMATE.—The legitimate drama, in the eyes of the quacks who make the most use of the term, is generally understood to signify that class of plays which have five acts, no incidents, no effects, and no interest; but which it is reckoned praiseworthy and intellectual to sit through without falling asleep. Viewed in this light, the legitimate drama is a nightmare, a superstition, a wet blanket, a humbug. The SHOWMAN begs, however, to state, once for all, that every good play, into whatever number of acts it may be thrown, belongs to the legitimate drama. That there may be a legitimate burlesque, or a legitimate farce, as well as a legitimate tragedy; and that the people who would pin the public down to one form of dramatic expression as the only legitimate form, are as great quacks as any who ever started an universal pill or an universal ointment.

LIST (Free).—The roll of people who have free admissions to theatres is made up of two classes of names—those of the manager's friends, and those of his foes—those whom he loves, and those whom he fears. As a general rule, it is most respectable to be reckoned amongst the latter.

LORGNETTE.—A theatrical telescope used for dramatic stars. (*N.B.* Never ask your friend for the loan of his lorgnette during the ballet.) The lorgnette is useful for many purposes. We know a dramatic author, who, seeing a man hissing his piece in the pit—it was a first night—went up to the slips and dropped his lorgnette upon the hisser's head—by accident, of course. The man's scull was fractured, which did n't signify; but then the lorgnette was cracked, which did.

LOVER (Stage).—He always wears—that is to say, in modern pieces—white trowsers; he always bribes his enchantress's maid; he is always smuggled in to the mistress through this lady's agency. The interview is always interrupted by a choleric uncle, father, or guardian. The lover is then always concealed in a cupboard, where he always breaks the plates. The maid always says, "It's only the cat." The lover is, however, always caught, when it always turns out that he is the very man whom the choleric uncle, father, or guardian, has been tormenting the beautiful and accomplished niece, daughter, or ward, to marry, and so the stage lover and the stage young lady are married accordingly.

QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE WHITTINGTON CLUB.

[FROM OUR OWN REPORTERS.]

THE usual quarterly meeting of this institution was held recently in the Club Rooms, Strand, Mr. Douglas Jerrold in the chair.

The Chairman said, that in meeting them on this occasion he was sorry to say that he was obliged to confess that, as parent of the institution, he had been very neglectful of his children (*Hear, hear*). They, however, could not complain, as he had treated them no worse than he had other of his offspring, such as Miss Robinson Crusoe, Master Tom Thumb, and that darling infant Mrs. Bib's Baby. He had not only neglected them, but further, he had been guilty of cruelty to animals, for had he not abandoned "*Punch's* Little Bird?"—a bird which, he had no doubt, a disgusting periodical of the day would, in its black malignity, assert to be a gosling! (*Tremendous laughter, which rather disconcerted Duggy.*) There were no doubts of the advantages of this institution. They had good wholesome beef to eat; and as to their intellectual wants, were they not amply provided for by the supply of an admirable newspaper, and a brilliant portrait? (*A laugh.*) There was all that could gratify the body and the mind. When the youthful member pushed away his pewter plate with the potato peelings upon it, could not his eye wander to that nobler plate on which were stamped the striking lineaments of the countenance of a great man of this day? (*Tremendous cheering.*) In conclusion, he hoped that the Whittington Club would prosper, nay, haply produce, like another of his offspring, some great literary work. (*Here a gentleman, who had incautiously entered the house, cried, "I hope not," and was instantly removed.*)

At this period the "Hymn to Douglas," the work of some genius of the Club, in a moment of inspiration, was sung by the company. As it is exceedingly probable that none of our readers ever heard of it, we subjoin the first stanza, assuring them that it is *bonâ fide* the genuine doggrel of some dog of the club, and intended to do honour to the founder.

"The noble Douglas leads the van,
For progress toiling all he can—
A spirit in the form of man,
God-patented nobility!"

The first thing that strikes one in this delicious *morceau* is its admirable appropriateness to the subject. "Sweets to the sweet," &c. "All he can" is a deliciously poetic bit. We really don't believe that Keats could have done anything like it. Indeed we don't.

After this inspiring strain a report was made of the favourable progress of the potato-can; and after the usual complaints about the four-penn'orths of beef, &c., the meeting broke up.

PROBLEM.

Given—An estate in Tipperary. *Required*—The rents.

Any one solving the above problem may have the estate in question to himself. The title-deeds are now in the hands of our butterman.

A STUPID INSULT.—A small paper—which having in vain endeavoured to injure us by fair means, has now resorted to falsehood—quoted a paragraph last week (in which a joke appears on "R.A." and "ray!") as being extracted from the PUPPET-SHOW. The paragraph in question never disgraced our columns: it appeared in *Punch*.

A HINT TO PRETENDERS.

THE SHOWMAN presents his compliments to the supporters of M. Louis Napoleon, and begs that some one of them, who happens to be acquainted with the useful art of reading, will proceed forthwith to read the following sentence to his chief. It is the 94th maxim of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld.

"*Les grands noms abaissent, au lieu d'élever, ceux qui ne les savent pas soutenir.*"

The SHOWMAN further hopes that the said supporter, who can read, will proceed to illustrate this maxim to Monsieur, by such homely examples as may be comprehensible by his intellect. Thus: let him understand that if a man be the rickety son of a great prize-fighter, it will not do for him to go into the ring on the strength of his father's name alone, &c. Let him add also, that it is well to understand this in time, else when in the ring he will find it too late.

THE TRIUMPH OF COTTON.

Two or three times, in what is called the Season
By those who make pretensions to gentility,
To hold a Drawing-Room the Queen agrees on,
And give full scope for cringing and servility.
On such occasions, all St. James's Street,
Pall Mall, the Park, are scenes of great commotion,
Which all attempts of the Descriptive beat
To give you of them more than a faint notion.

From ev'ry quarter, to that dingy pile,
Surnamed St. James's Palace, a long file
Of carriages, which seemeth without end,
As slowly as a snail its way doth wend.

And in these self-same carriages, arrayed
In all the pride
Of silk and satin, jewellery, and lace,
There may be spied
Full many a fair and beauteous blooming maid,
Whose sentimental, or else laughing face—
Whose blue and soft, or black and sparkling eye—
Which makes the brilliants which she wears to pale—
Will most assuredly not fail
To leave a most uncomfortable trace
Of the one glance you caught as she passed by.

Then, too, there 're those old, painted, wheezing hags
Called dowagers, who, as is most notorious,
Can scarce more hold together—like those flags
Hung up, in highly tattered plight,
As trophies of some famous fight—
The only difference is, they 're not so glorious.
All men of sense most surely will agree
In our idea: these hateful hags would act
More wisely to be thinking of the black
Plumes which we see
The undertakers place on hearses,
Than of the white ones which they love to wear.

Besides all these, the coaches bear
Old mummies of the other sex as well;
Who—though they]'re now so doating, trembling, drivelling,
And so far in their second childhood snivelling,
That it seems strange their friends should let them roam
A step from home
Without their nurses—
Think that for them Dame Nature 's worked a spell,
And though all other men may change, they—they alone
Still are what they have been in days long flown.

It was, then, at a Drawing-room last year,
That as young Lotzofdibbs, the son and heir
Of the rich railway chairman of that name,
And who's but waiting for his father's shoes,
Was coming up the stair
(Or stairs, which meaneth just the same),
His sword got 'twixt his legs, and made him stumble.
At this, Lord Hawsetayle, of the Blues,
Who happened to be standing near,
Was heard, with a sardonic sneer,
To mumble:

"Well—really—on my honour, I declare,
It seems he can't rely on those legs there,
More than on others I could name."
No sooner had his lordship these words said,
Than Lotzofdibbs turned firstly pale, then straightway very red;
His bosom panted, and his eye flashed flame.
Then, going to his lordship, he began:
"I 'll not be ridiculed, by any man.
This very instant, I demand and claim
That you retract your words, or give me satisfaction."
"I should prefer the latter," said his foe.
"Good," answered Lotzofdibbs, "then let us go
And find some place for our slight transaction."

Now, reader, that you may
Clearly perceive the hidden sting,
Which, in the words, that Hawsetayle chose to fling
In Lotzofdibbs' visage, lay,
We think 't is now the proper time to say,
That by the legs he spoke of in his sally,
His lordship had referred to those possessed
By Ma'mselle Entre-Chat, who, 't was confessed,
Had got the best of all great Lumley's *ballet*.
This lady Lotsofdibbs had once adored,
With letters pestered, and with presents stored;
And, in her love supremely blissful, said,
He meant to go still further, and to wed.
But, ere the marriage could be brought about,
Lord Hawsetayle had stepped in and cut him out.

* * * * *

Within a shooting-gallery near at hand,
With scowling looks the rival heroes stand:
A space of fifteen paces is between,
And in each grasp a deadly weapon 's seen.
And now the signal 's given. "One—two—three;
Fire, gentlemen"—they straightway do so—see,
The balls have missed their destined mark, for there
Unscathed, unhurt, uninjured stand the pair.
Now once again they fire, but this time, though,
Lord Hawsetayle, having aimed his bullet low,
The murderous metal
In Lotzofdibbs's calve thought fit to settle.
The doctor rushes straightway to the spot,
And having got
His instruments all ready,
Begins to probe about to find the shot.
Yet Lotzofdibbs sustains the operation
With mien unaltered, and with bearing steady,
He flincheth not.
He beats the far-famed Indians all hollow;
For, though he knows that amputation
May quickly follow,
And that his dancing he must then give o'er,
And round a ball-room lightly twirl no more.
Nor e'er again in polka shine or waltz—
He bears it like a Roman: not a word
Or groan to issue from his lips is heard.
But all this fortitude, which must excite
Our wonder, admiration, and surprise,
We think it right
To tell you might
Perhaps arise
From this slight circumstance—the calve was false!

MORE THEFTS.—*Punch* recently had a paragraph containing the double merit of a theft and an absurdity. It purported to be an advice to the French people how to obtain quiet, recommending them with that object to "take a *Nap*." Louis Napoleon, being a fool, is naturally preferred to the other candidates by the author of this paragraph. The joke, however, on his name is about thirty years old, having first been made by Thomas Moore, as everybody having the slightest tincture of letters is well aware. The *Punch* gang, having been many discreditable things in their day, are now becoming LITERARY RESURRECTIONISTS—digging up dead jokes and vending their carcases to the public.

JUPITER NODDING!

The *Times*, which is most masculine and vigorous in its leaders, occasionally descends to twaddle in its literary notices. Thus, while it thunders against Lord Brougham in the first, it is found in the second to load with panegyric the heavy cant of Warren, and even to praise the poetry of Willmott—which in reality is nothing more than the feeble chirping of a church mouse—as if its melody was as divine as that of St. Cecilia. No doubt, the object of Mr. Willmott was very pure (for we won't suppose that he even thought of the probability of getting any money by the sale of his poems); no doubt, he is a well-meaning young man, wears a white choker, preaches with perfumed cambric in hand, and—like Thackeray's Sydney Scraper—never exceeds his half-pint of port; but notwithstanding these qualifications, we don't exactly think he ought to be mounted on a column of the *Times*, like a poetical St. Simeon Stylites! Something more is wanting than good intentions and good rhymes to fit a man for a seat on Parnassus in company with Chatterton, Keats, and Tennyson. Coventry Patmore has poems twice as good as anything that Mr. Willmott has done; but Jupiter has never condescended to honour him in the same way!

The reason is obvious. If a man chooses to get hold of a religious dogma, and sprinkle it over with flowers—however commonplace—he is always exalted into a genius, in deference to the prejudices of bigotry. For our part, we would treat all these sacred singing birds as the Roman Consul treated the sacred birds, in one of the naval expeditions of the Punic Wars—we would pitch them overboard directly!

Porson remarked that Southey's geese were all swans. The feathers are already beginning to drop off Kirke White. Don't let us have them transferred to Willmott.

Literary and Philological.—Calling on a non-literary friend the other day, we were much astonished by his telling us, with great glee, that he had just "got up an Italian article." On investigation, it turned out that the article in question had no connexion with the present political crisis, but was simply a lesson in the Italian grammar which he was studying—as the Italians wished to legislate—"without a master."

An Unguarded Admission.—Letting Urquhart into Parliament.

Architectural.—Several Irish bricklayers (supposed to be secretly implicated in the O'Brien business) have retired from the profession, declaring that since the late rebellion, they feel an insuperable aversion to the sight of a scaffold.

ROYAL PROMISES FOR SALE.

To be be sold by auction, to the lowest bidder (that is, the greatest snob), the following promises by the present King of Prussia, a great many of them broken:—

Lot 1. To give the people a free constitution seven years ago; oaths, and pledging his honour as, &c., &c., inclusive.

The lots that immediately follow are too numerous to mention, being to the tune of some hundreds of strong serviceable perjuries to a like effect.

Lot 362. A promise to banish a liberal author (kept most conscientiously). Several similar lots on sale.

Lot 500. A promise to govern only as the delegate of the people, &c., if they would be generous enough not to shoot him at the outbreak of the revolution. (This lot was considerably damaged.)

Lot 501. A promise to himself never to keep faith with his subjects when out of range of rebellious muskets. (In good preservation.)

Lot 502. A promise never to make any promises in future, but to hoist the black flag of despotism, and fight openly for the principles he practises secretly. (Quite new, warranted to last till the defeat of his troops by the liberal party.)

Lots 503 to 10,000 will be sold in the course of the next year, if the king be still alive to carry on the manufactory.

HINTS TO MUSICAL CRITICS.

GENERAL MAXIMS.

1. In writing for the *Daily News*, abuse Balfe, snarl at Auber, sneer at Donizetti, carp at Bellini, patronise Rossini, extol Handel, glorify Gluck, and rave about Beethoven. Remember that because Handel was a great musician, *therefore* every one who writes in a different style from that of Handel must be a fool. *N.B.*—Melody is appreciated by the million, and is therefore vulgar.

2. In writing for the *Morning Post*, praise a singer or composer not according to the talent of each, but according to the theatre at which they are heard. In noticing the performances at Lumley's, a celebrated authority was in the habit of alluding to the "divine inspiration and majestic appearance of *Grisi*;" but when *La Diva* seceded to Covent Garden, the critic talked about the "fury of the southern woman, with a waist like a Heidelberg tun."

3. A *Times* critic must always stick up for the heavy British school of dreary classicality. Macfarren and Sterndale Bennet would not stoop to the invention of melody (which is only something to "tickle the ear"), but their compositions are "majestic," "severe," "sublime," and "full of grand harmonic combinations."

4. For the *Observer* write stupidity, and misquote Italian from the *libretto* of the opera under notice.

5. In *Punch* praise Lumley's (Delafield is sparing with his free admissions). Give two puns for a pit ticket, an epigram against "the other house" for a stall, a column of jocular puff for a box in the fourth circle, and a long article, comparing the Royal Italian Opera to the Grecian Saloon, for one on the second tier.

MINOR MAXIMS.

1. An air is never sung by a vocalist. It is always "rendered," "given," or "interpreted."

2. The female voice is either *soprano*, *mezzo-soprano*, or *contralto*. The safest thing to predicate of a voice is, that it is a *mezzo-soprano*, as you then cannot be very far wrong either way. If unable to say what a voice is, you can generally say what it is n' t; as the odds will, of course, always be in your favour against it being one of three things.

3. Abuse anything which is particularly pleasing to the audience. You will thus prove yourself a person of superior taste.

4. In order to prove your powers of observation and the nicety of your discrimination, bestow a good deal of praise on an obscure passage for the *piccolo*; or say, "We may here remark a phrase of great beauty which the composer has given to the bassoon"—a delicate attention, for which the bassoon will ever after be grateful.

5. It is very fashionable to apply to music epithets which belong properly to other branches of art. Besides, it is a mistake to suppose that music appeals only to the ear. Many great authorities speak of the colouring of a *concerto*; others leave the organ of vision for that of touch, and allude to the "masterly handling" of a subject; very many intrude into the realms of taste, and style an air "delicious;" and some few will go so far as to patronise the sense of smell, and say that an opera is "redolent" of something or other.

The *Morning Post* went mad after the revolution of February, and has not yet come to its senses. Last week it was raving about the murders of Blum and Bem, which it disposes of with a vulgar but at the same time sanguinary "serve them right." After denouncing all the writers of all but the Tory journals as revolutionists and conspirators, it "argues" (we like to be courteous) that the radicals should not be indignant at the fate of the unfortunate Blum without equally commiserating the case of Smith O'Brien. This is slightly absurd on the part of the *Post*, for there is no proportion between the sympathy with Blum, and the antipathy towards O'Brien; the fashionable maniac is unintentionally striving not to injure the German, but to benefit the Irish cause.

We understand that a great number of Paris wood engravers are seeking for employment in London. Poor fellows! They are not the only people who have had to cut their sticks out of France.

Board and Lodging.—Some of the London penny-a-liners, not content with merely living upon a report, are too often accustomed to dwell upon it for a considerable time as well.

EDITOR'S BOX.

JULLIEN is getting on brilliantly with his concerts. The theatre is crowded nightly by an audience who are enlivened by the polkas, pleased by the selections, delighted by the instrumental and vocal *solos*—we beg pardon, *soli*—and sent to sleep by the classical pieces, to be roused to consciousness, and ultimately to loyalty, by the *British Army* and *God Save the Queen*.

The greatest attraction at present at DRURY LANE is unquestionably M. Vivier, who, regardless of the difficulties experienced by other horn-players in bringing forth the resources of their instruments, seems determined to "do what he likes with his own," and accordingly exhibits all the sonorousness of the cornet with the brilliancy of the violin, the plaintiveness of the violoncello, the power of the trombone, the gravity of the opheicleide, and the light playfulness of the piccolo. A whole work might be written on Vivier's metamorphoses. In *alto* passages his horn assumes all the character of a flute or an oboe; in its lower notes it is a bassoon; and in *arpeggio* passages it is frequently mistaken for a harp.

The selection from the *Huguenots* is spoken favourably of by the *habitués* of Jullien, but it is not liked. This, one of the most dramatic operas in the modern *répertoire*, is fortunately not of a nature to admit of its music being rendered both vocally and instrumentally with equal effect; and for the simple reason that none of M. Jullien's soloists, however talented, can vie in expression with Mario or Viardot Garcia, the *Huguenots* of Drury Lane can merely serve to remind the dissatisfied listener of the admirable performance of Covent Garden.

The greatest nuisance connected with Jullien's is the extreme loyalty of the audience. We do not object to loyalty when exhibited in a rational manner, and even the Special Constable mania met with no severe treatment at our hands. What we particularly dislike is the exhibition of loyal feeling by means of disagreeably loud applause, uncovering the head under difficult circumstances, and *encore*-ing music of which every sensible person is heartily sick. We should not have complained if *God Save the Queen* had only been played once; we might have remained silent even under a double infliction; but when we have *Rule Britannia* superadded, with an *obligato* accompaniment of crushed hats and rumpled hair, we must really speak out. We are not of a revolutionary tendency; but if monarchy is to be supported at such an expense, we shall hoist the red flag in a very short time.

There have been two revivals at COVENT GARDEN—the *Lady of the Lake* and the *Love Spell*. In consequence, we suppose, of the reduction in prices, another revival has also taken place, that of public confidence, the boxes being well attended, the amphitheatre pretty full, and the pit crammed. We believe the *Lady of the Lake* was translated, adapted, or whatever he may call it, by Mr. Mark Lemon, though where he picked up sufficient Italian to manage the business heaven only knows! However there is the translation, and a fine specimen of the poetic literature of the country it certainly is. Every one knows where a beggar on horseback will ride to, but this is nothing to the extremes to which Mark will proceed when he is once fairly mounted on his Pegasus. At one time the animal prances and plunges among a crowd of inappropriate epithets; at another he sneaks through a host of "words not exceeding two syllables;" then he appears as if he really could n't get on any further, until he darts furiously off into a meadow of false metre; and if he temporarily escapes from this, it is only to have a "shy" at common sense, or a sly kick at Lindley Murray. At last he gets Mark regularly in a corner, where we leave him, like a bad boy, for the present. We may at another period

"*Revenir à notre mouton.*"

Altogether we consider the production of the *Lady of the Lake* an ill-judged act. We certainly have all the splendid scenery which was used so effectively during the performances of the Royal Italian Company, but we miss Costa's orchestra; and as for the singers, in their case the comparison is odious indeed. It is too hard upon Harrison and Co. to have to appear in parts which have been so lately assumed by Mario, Grisi, Alboni, &c.

At the HAYMARKET a new two-act comedy, by Mr. Dion Bourcicault, and entitled the *Knight of Arva*, has been produced with great success. The hero, after whom the piece is named, is a native of the Emerald Isle, uniting the fiery courage of a Hotspur to the winning graces of a Richelieu. When the public first makes his acquaintance, the *Knight of Arva*, being rather in want of the metallic currency of the country (Spain) which he is then honouring with his presence, manages to exist on certain flash notes, as they may be termed, of his own making; namely, a flash of his sword for his host, and a flash of his eye for his hostess. This state of things does not, however, continue long. Fortune, and what is more, the *Duchess Marina*, whom he accidentally meets and intentionally fascinates, smile upon him. *Don Diego Volpone*, also, the prime minister of the Duchess, mistakes him for the *Duke of Suffolk*, who is sent by *Henry the Seventh*, of England, to claim the Duchess's hand, and he consequently lends him all the aid in his power. This sets the crown upon the whole affair—and the Knight's head, in the shape of the ducal one which he, of course, obtains; the piece winding up with the solemnization of the marriage between him and the Duchess. Mr. Hudson, in the principal character, like a cat which, as he himself might say, you must kill nine times before it will die, was all life, and brought down continued peals of applause with as much ease as, in the piece, he is supposed to bring down his man. Mr. Tilbury, as *Don Diego*, and Mr. Rogers, as an Austrian Envoy, were as successful as usual; while Mr. H. Vandenhoff was rather more so—from the fact of his playing the part of a noble diplomatist, and the vacant look which he habitually wears being particularly suitable to a character of that description. Mrs. W. Clifford, as the *Baroness Buckramstern*, looked as stern and as stiff as her name demanded; while Miss Reynolds, as the *Duchess Marina*, played with even more talent than she is wont, and presented a picture of female grace and loveliness that it would have sorely puzzled her great namesake, Sir Joshua, to equal.

At the LYCEUM, *Two Owls in One Ivy Bush* had the great merit of conveying an impressive lesson of the liability of human nature to err. It is beyond the power of the SHOWMAN to understand how the management of this theatre, so famous for its tact and discrimination, could ever think of accepting such a piece as the one under consideration, in which the whole fun consists in the painful exhibition of the vagaries of two old men, who are so nearly verging on second childishness, that they extinguish candles with their hats instead of the extinguisher, put their watches in the saucepan instead of the eggs, and indulge in sundry other tricks of a similar spiritual description. The audience bore this monstrous infliction for some time; at last, however, it could no longer restrain itself, but unequivocally expressed its bad humour, which could only be surpassed by that on the stage—which, namely, the humour, or rather the attempts at it, was considerably worse.

A farce entitled the *Model Couple* has been produced at the PRINCESS'S. We have not yet been able to see it, but we are afraid from what we hear that it is not worth much. That stupid old musical drama, or "opera" as some people call it, *Love in a Village*, "commands" a success which it by no means deserves. We are afraid the audience at the Princess's are rather slow in acknowledging merit. We have seen Mademoiselle Thierry—a *danseuse* of the greatest natural intelligence, vivacity, and grace, and who has evidently studied in the best school—we have seen her, after executing a *pas* to perfection, meet with about a third of the applause which was afterwards bestowed on a buffoon, whose talent consisted in making himself appear ten times as ugly, awkward, and ridiculous, as nature (otherwise bountiful in this respect) had intended.

At the ADELPHI, a new burlesque, entitled the *Enchanted Isle*, has been brought out in a manner which reflects great credit on the management. The scenery is most beautiful, the dresses excessively rich, and the different members of the company who play in the piece very assiduous in their endeavours to make the most of their parts. As to the burlesque itself, it will, no doubt, have a short run, as certain classes who frequent the *Adelphi* look on vulgarity as wit,

and the substitution of a *v* for a *w*, as in "*v*ill" for "will," or "*v*ont" for "wont," or *vice-versâ*, as in "*w*eal" for "*v*eal," and so on, as the acmé of humour. Should the authors attempt anything new, the SHOWMAN would recommend them, as "fast" writers, to choose puns of less ancient date than in this case they have done, for, with the exception of a few that were original, and of as many more which had appeared in the PUPPET-SHOW, the greater number were first made in some remote period of the Christian era. The SHOWMAN would also hint, that if such mere tautological expressions as "no, my bird, you shan't carry such a *bur*den," "a peck most unex*pected*," "a demon *demon*stration, "*cum multis aliis*," are once allowed to be facetious, we stand a chance of being inundated with a flood of witticisms of a similar force, such as "ah! a pin—the *pin*nacle of my hopes,"—or "oh! a needle—a *need*less gift to me," and so on, *ad infinitum*, which would decidedly be bringing the comic literature of the day to a state much to be eschewed. In a word, however Enchanted the Isle might be, the SHOWMAN cannot say that he was; and although again the piece is announced to be a burlesque of the *Tempest*, the SHOWMAN is decidedly of opinion that it is not destined to take the town by storm.

FACTS ABOUT LONDON LIFE.

1. IN the region which is bounded by Hudson's on the north-west, Gliddon's on the north-east, Rees' Cigar Divan on the south-east, and Alvarez's on the south-west there were sold, during the last six months, twice as many real Havannah cigars as were imported from the Havannah into the whole of Europe for a period of a year and a half.

2. There are sixteen tobacconists in London, each of whom has purchased the exclusive right of importing *meerschaum*. They never bring actions against one another, and are all very expert at their business, frequently manufacturing one hundredweight of *meerschaum* into twenty tons of *meerschaum* pipes.

3. Nearly all the publicans in London are models of disinterestedness. When the duty on French brandy was upwards of one pound per gallon, they would sell it at four shillings per bottle, and thus lose money sooner than let the public be put to any material expense for their beloved cognac.

4. Only a few dozen of Tokay are made each year, and these are (that is, they were before these revolutionary days) retained for the private use of Prince Metternich, or sent as presents to the different courts of Europe. Nevertheless, every young man you meet between Hyde Park Corner and Temple Bar has drunk Tokay, and declares it to be "capital tipple."

5. There can be no cedars at present in the whole world. The extraordinary number of cedar pencils sold in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square alone, at one penny per dozen, proves that every cedar in the universe must have been put under contribution long ago.

6. There are ten or twelve musicians concealed under, above, or at the side of the orchestra of the Casino. This is actually the case, for "the orchestra is composed of fifty musicians," and not more than forty, at most, are visible to the naked eye.

7. The bands of the Royal Italian Opera and Her Majesty's Theatre are much larger than is generally supposed. There are at present one hundred musicians at the watering-places, two hundred in the manufacturing towns, and three hundred in London, all of whom are from one of the two orchestras above-named.

In spite of a hint the SHOWMAN threw out a little time since, Mr. Webster will still continue to say, when playing in his adaptation of the *Réveil du Lion*, "That's *me*—that's *me* again," and so on. Surely Mr. Webster does not do this under the mistaken notion that these faults of grammar constitute the "*me's* en scène" of which he sometimes reads in the papers?

A SANITARY MOVEMENT.

Lady—"DEAR ME, COUNT, YOU DON'T LOOK WELL TO-DAY."

Count—"OH! I HAVE DONE VARE FOOLISH TING—VARE FOOLISH TING—I HAVE WASH MY NECK!"

AWFUL EFFECTS OF "NOW AND THEN."—The *Atlas*, in speaking of *Now and Then* says, "*Now and Then* addressed to the public at large, has kept many a lawyer from his bed." This is very possible; but it has certainly sent many, who are not lawyers, to a premature couch.

INTERESTING SPECULATION.—It is always curious to trace the origin in an author's mind of those great passages which fix themselves in a nation's memory. We wonder whether Walter Scott, when he wrote of the "Douglas in his hold," in his great Poem, was thinking of Mr. Jerrold during his nautical career! The hold would have been so naturally Duggy's haunt!"

A morning paper, in speaking of the Court of Arches, denominates it as "one of the most venerable institutions of our country." Our contemporary must surely have meant "as one of the most *Fusty*.

The Prussian Assembly meditate issuing a proclamation to the army, declaring that it is illegal for the same to conform to the orders of the Ministers who have been impeached. We suppose the Assembly would consider such an act on the part of any regiment one of *rank* treason.

A paragraph has been going the round of the papers to the effect that a quantity of "real mountain dew" has been deposited in the royal cellars, to be distributed during the Christmas festivities to Her Majesty's guests. The latter will of course gulp it down with *due* gratitude.

Q. Why is a dinner at the Whittington Club naturally a tremendous business?

A. Because it 's an awful (offal!) affair.

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THE POET, POLITICIAN, AND POLICEMAN.

Chapter V.—A Dramatic Catastrophe.

"NOT only, sir," continued the Inspector, "did Junius arrange for a demonstration of compositors; he had also made plans for a tumult of applause from a gang of medical students who were to be stowed away in the upper boxes, and a burst of enthusiasm from a party of select friends who were to be assembled under his immediate guidance in the dress circle.

"Nor was the other sex neglected. For some days before the eventful evening the printer's boys had been rushing about in the page's costume previously alluded to, bearing epistles of which the object was to secure the attendance of various fair friends, who were subsequently arranged in positions more or less conspicuous according to the personal attractions of each. This process of course required the greatest delicacy, but Junius managed it admirably. In one of the private boxes was a young lady from a glove shop in Regent Street, where he had been for some time in the habit of spending all his money in making purchases for which he had no use; but, having once gained her affections, he altered his conduct, and bought articles on credit in order to present them to more recent attachments. The young lady went by the name of Lesbia Stanley, but it was rumoured that her real appellation was Sarah Brown. However that may have been, she was a very nice girl: lively and affectionate, but rather passionate, she was aptly described by Junius as 'an angel with a dash of the devil in her.'

"Lesbia, as I before said, was in a private box. It was the same one in which I was seated; and I confess I was rather pleased with the arrangement. Whether Junius had in any way counted upon this I am unable to say, but the only object which he alleged was, that when the audience should by their acclamations force me to bow from the box, I might be seen in company with a young and lovely female.

"In other parts of the theatre were various ladies, moving in different situations of life, but nearly all connected in some manner with the stage or places of public amusement. Altogether they formed a very fine collection, from the young girl whose *valse à deux temps* justified her in expecting a speedy admission into the ranks of the *corps de ballet*, to th experienced *coryphée* whose success had induced her to retire temporarily from the stage in hopes of being offered an engagement for the principal parts.

"The 'priming' of my supporters was a subject on which Libel bestowed the greatest attention. The ladies were furnished with gloves and promises of gloves (the latter preponderated), and the select party of friends intended for the dress circle were asked by Libel to dinner—the dinner was at my expense, but still it was Libel who asked them, and who received their compliments on the admirable manner in which everything was served. It was agreed that we could n't stand the medical students at dinner, and they were accordingly invited to come afterwards to have a 'weed and a glass of grog;' this would of course secure their attendance, and render them enthusiastic in my praise.

"I had some discussion with Junius as to what means should be adopted after our supporters had been amply provided with meat and drink. I was for reading the farce aloud, and marking the points where the applause was to be given, but Junius opposed this with a resolution which almost went to hurt my vanity. It was then proposed that, when at the theatre, I should boldly give the signal myself by raising or dropping my handkerchief as the case might be, but this modesty and the fear of discovery equally forbad. Junius thought my scruples childish, but ultimately it was decided that it would be more decorous for him to be the leader in chief of the party. The pit section was to be commanded by an Irish compositor who could imitate the noise of a charge of cavalry by thumping his stick on the floor; and the medical division in the upper boxes was to be headed by a youth to whom I had promised half-a-dozen bottles of whisky, and who, having been plucked three times, was lost to all sense of shame.

"As for the ladies, it was impossible to unite them. The farce was left in their hands with a strong recommendation to mercy, and a portrait of the author as he never appeared on any occasion, the painting having been picked up in the Lowther Arcade by Junius, who knew their tastes, and said it would suit the purpose admirably.

* * * * * * *

"The curtain rose, and the appearance of Bolster, the very low comedian, was hailed with a round of applause from the dress circle, where Junius was making himself exceedingly conspicuous. The Irish compositor took the hint, and the noise of a hundred and twenty sticks clattering in unison against the floor rose from the pit. The medical students were behind hand, but they certainly made up for their tardiness in the energy which they displayed.

"Bolster, who was not accustomed to this reception, bowed and forgot one of the points. I did n't swear, because Lesbia was at my side, and I wished to introduce myself into her good graces.

"Presently 'No, you don't,' the 'catch-word' of the piece, was pronounced, and Junius with the greatest promptitude again gave the sign. In an instant the house resounded with the applause of my friends, and I was beginning to fancy myself a Shakspere, when some respectable people in the pit uttered a contemptuous 'Hush.' Envy is at work, thought I.

"A few minutes, and again the 'catch-word' was heard. This time Junius let it pass, and the sensible compositor contented himself with the gentlest possible titter; but the stupid medical students burst into a roar of laughter, and of course drew all the attention of the audience towards them.

"'Silence,' and 'turn them out,' were among the remarks provoked by this ill-judged approbation.

"This opposition only served to render the medical students obstinate. I subsequently learned that one was 'screwy,' another 'bosky,' a third 'slewed,' a fourth 'slightly cut,' a fifth 'toppy,' a sixth 'beery,' a seventh 'lushy,' an eighth 'boosey,' and a ninth 'in a state of gin.' This I believe signified nothing more nor less than that they had all been drinking too much both for their own good and that of my farce. In vain did the girls smile and titter at my *double entendres*, still more vainly did the select party of friends express their admiration at my sarcasms, and the compositors applaud my jokes. The medical students

insisted on shouting at everything, the audience were determined to put down the nuisance, all my other supporters were compelled to remain silent, and even the Irish compositor's stick was no longer heard in the pit.

"But why, sir, should I dwell on so painful a subject? Owing to the medical students' support my farce was damned, and I think you will not blame me when I tell you that I did not send the half-dozen of whisky which I had promised to the leader of that gang of miscreants."

RARE INSTANCE OF GRATITUDE.—In the present plodding matter-of-fact age, it is quite refreshing when we can record an instance of a benefit being reciprocal. This was eminently the case with Mr. Mackintosh: he made the discovery of Indian-rubber capes, and the Discovery, returning the compliment, made him.

JERROLD'S HERO.—Mr. Bennett, of Cheapside, in advertising his watches, announces "That time is money." Considering the immense amount that Mr. Charles Cochrane at present has on his hands, we imagine he must be the "Man made of it."

WHIG POLITICAL PUNCTUATION.—Of course we are proud of our colonial empire. But, disaffected as our dependencies are becoming under Earl Grey, we fear we shall soon have to speak of our semi-colon-ial empire. That is to say, however, if the Whig secretary do not put a period to it altogether.

PROPER (AND SOMETIMES IMPROPER) NAMES.

BY A VERY YOUNG JOKER.

Why is Miss Rain-forth so called, when her showers of notes come forth with no particular facility?

Why is Miss Romer so called, when she so seldom roams from the text of the composer?

Why does Mr. Rafter go by so unfortunate a name, as a Rafter naturally suggests a stick?

Why does Mr. Burd-ini, by his name, provoke a comparison between himself and a nightingale.

Why does Mr. Whitworth suggest to his enemies that he is not worth a whit?

Why does Miss Lucomb suggest, that as for the audience she is just the one to look 'em in the face?—(*cries of oh, oh!*)

Why does Mr. *Bore*-ani merely Italianize a plain English monosyllable?

Why does so good a dancer as Mademoiselle Thierry bear a name which allows persons to observe that "*Thierry* requires *practice?*"

Why does Miss Birch suggest so many sweeping allusions?

Why does Mr. Barker bear such a name, when even without it any one would have known him to be a puppy?

Why does the tenor at the Princess's have such an asinine name as Bray'em?

Why does Miss Woolgar bear a name which admits of so frightful an alteration, by the substitution of a single "u," in place of the double "o"?

Why did not Mrs. Fiddes retain her original name of Cawse, which suggested that the same C ase must always produce the same effect.

A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT.

THE Emperor Nicholas is absolutely furious at the insurrectionary movements in Hungary. Being, however, unable to chastise the rebels in any other way, he has solaced himself with hurling anathemas at their heads, and also with actually ordering that the names "Alexander" and "Michael" shall be withdrawn from the two Hungarian regiments which actually had the audacity to throw off the yoke of an idiotic tyrant, and join themselves to Kossuth.

This, of course, must be a heavy deprivation for the poor fellows; they may, however, perhaps manage to survive it. But the effect of the Emperor's vengeance will not, we fear, be limited to Hungary. Who can assure us that the imperial anger may not be catching, and that, before this meets the eye of admiring millions, the unfortunate proprietors of Victoria Villa, or the tenants of Albert Row, may not have received the royal commands to find some other denominations for their habitations, in lieu of the august ones just quoted, because they may have been heard to grumble at the burdens imposed upon them by the periodical additions to the Royal Family, or express their opinion that the national money might be otherwise employed than in building dog-kennels for Prince Albert or new palaces for Her Majesty, at a moment when distress and misery are the inseparable companions of so many of our fellow-subjects.

Punch lately published an article in French. It was stupid, so we supposed the editor approved of it; but it was in a foreign language, so we wondered how the editor read it.

OUR LEADER.

HIGH ART.

THE "pigmies" of the *Athenæum* are "pigmies" still, though "perched" on the "Alps" of High Art. The air up there is too rarefied for them—they gasp uneasily in its atmosphere—shiver in its pure coldness, and are dizzy with its lofty elevation.

"How much we are above you Low Art men," cry the pigmies. "Yes, you are above us, as a monkey is when he goes up in a balloon! The ascending power is in the balloon, not the ape. You may go up in the balloon of High Art if you please, but you will not be reverenced the more for it."

If the *Athenæum* gentlemen were *really* inspired with the feelings, or gifted with the powers of high artists, we should take off our hats, bow, and yield. The man who can finely paint "The Last Judgment" is, of course, greater than the man who can only finely paint a domestic scene; but better a fine domestic scene, than a trashy "Last Judgment." George Cruikshank is terribly low art, no doubt, compared with the great Italian masters; but what is he, contrasted with every booby who sets up to imitate them! The *value* of anything, Whateley tells us, depends on the *quality* of it. Now, no man in England can do what George Cruikshank does; but how many artists are there who can turn out a respectable angel, or a Madonna, looking like a female of the middle classes in her Sunday attire. Yet, venture to reason with any of that set, they extend their wings, cock up their beaks, and crow out "High Art" till the dunghills round about echo with the noise.

"High Art," in literature, would put Marston in the same school with Shakspere, and would stick the author of *Pickwick* in a school below Lovell. In acting, it would set Hicks down as having more talent than Charles Mathews. In painting, it would place Landseer below Mr. Howard; and in music, would degrade the composer of "*She is far from the land*" (whoever he was) beneath Mr. Macfarren. In fact, rigidly carried out, the principles of these profaners of the name of High Art, would end in elevating a Regent Street artificial flower above every rose which happened to grow in a plebeian garden.

Those ears must indeed be dull (as well as long) which would prefer some classic symphony on a cathedral organ (groaning like the *drone* of a gigantic bag-pipe), to a melody of Auber's played on the piano. No doubt the first is as scientific as it is dull; but ask any human heart or head—worth asking—which is most musical, most natural.

The best of the matter is, that the jargon of the would-be disciples was utterly unknown to the great High Artists whom they affect to ape! Shakspere did not rave about the unities; and when

"——— cantu commotæ Erebi de sedibus imis
Umbræ ibant tenues ———"

to listen to the music of Orpheus—depend on it that that distinguished performer played something more like Auber than Beethoven, else he would have probably been detained by Pluto as an additional tormentor of those whose crimes had sent them *ad impia Tartara.*

PINS & NEEDLES.

We see a work, by Mrs. Cowden Clarke, advertised under the title of *Shakspere's Fools*. We presume it to be some account of the great majority of commentators upon the poet.

The northern lights have recently been conspicuous in the metropolis. After the rejection of Mr. Macaulay at Edinburgh, our readers may rest assured that they were not from Scotland.

We perceive that a new machine has been invented for cleaning windows. If it will only remove the dirty tax upon them, the SHOWMAN promises his patronage to the inventor.

Some lectures in favour of vegetable diet are in course of delivery at the Whittington. We suspect that the proprietor of the potato-can recently established in the dining-room is at the bottom of this proceeding. Upon further consideration, perhaps this vegetable-diet agitation is simply an appeal to the members to return to the congenial thistle!

In the third number of the "Man made of Money," we are told that he survives after he has had a pistol bullet in his heart. This, after all, is not remarkable, considering that from the first he has had such a quantity of lead in his head!

It is considered by many that Mr. Fitzwilliam in his recent address expressed no decided opinion. We are not surprised at this, as the only decided opinion he seems to have possessed was, that he would not be elected.

Reports are rife of the approaching union of the *Morning Herald* with another daily paper. The alliance, however, cannot be a matrimonial one, as nobody can marry his "grandmamma."

We read in an Irish journal, that the Catholic clergy have been stirring up the fiery zeal of their flocks. This, we presume, is the proper use of the holy poker that the Irish are so fond of alluding to.

Such is the heavy nature of the *Athenæum*, that even its praises can only be compared to sugar of lead!

We see that a tradesman is advertising a certain black and blue reviver as very efficacious in giving worn-out clothes a most brilliant appearance. We recommend that it be tried on the shabby habits of the Whigs!

When we reflect on the endeavour now making by a certain honourable candidate to humbug the electors of the West Riding, we cannot deny that the case of Culling Eardley was the most atrocious attempt at calling simples ever known.

We are constantly seeing advertisements of "Voices from the Crowd," "Voices from the Mountains," and "Voices of the Nights." We cannot but think it a great pity that Mr. Bunn does not engage a few of these celebrated voices at Covent Garden.

HOW APPROPRIATE!—There are some rumours in the papers that there is to be a general thanksgiving by the clergy soon. Surely this cannot be on account of Baptist Noel's secession!

REWARDS OF MERIT.

THE Emperor of all the Russias (by-the-bye, how many Russias are there? and what a lucky thing it is that there's only one Emperor for the lot!) has been pleased to address the following autograph letters to Prince Windischgrätz and to Baron Jellachich:—

"FIELD-MARSHAL PRINCE WINDISCHGRATZ,"—

"I have just been informed of the most delightful, bloodthirsty meritorious occupation of Vienna, by the gallant scoundrels whom the Emperor has intrusted to your command. These troops have shown themselves well worthy of their reputation and you; they destroyed with bomb-shells the houses of, and nobly murdered in cold blood the men, who had dared to ask justice from an Imperial idiot in the capital of the Monarchy! It is your intention to follow up your wholesale massacres by private murders, and to wage war against liberty wherever it may raise its head. By doing this, you and your gallant cut-throats will make a highly appropriate conclusion to a series of important services you have done to the cause of hereditary idiocy, despotism, murder, starvation, discontent, and assassination, throughout Europe!

I thank you, from my heart, personally, for the slaughter of Robert Blum and others. A hecatomb of Radicals is the true sacrifice for the altars of the Jupiter of Despots. I cannot resist the temptation of sending with this, the insignia, in the best bloodstones, of my Order of St. Beelzebub.

Yours sincerely and affectionately,

"NICOLAUS."

It will not be necessary to give the letter to Jellachich in detail, for he being only the *second*-"best of the cut-throats," only came in for the minor infamy of being made a Knight of the First Class of the Order of St. Moloch. We have not the slightest doubt that the two warriors who have thus been invested with Holy Orders by the "Prince of Darkness," will prove worthy priests of the sombre divinity at whose altars the offering is the blood of freemen.

UNPOETIC MEDITATIONS.

BY BETTY LA MARTIN.

(Suggested by a recent translation of *Lamartine's Poetic Meditations*.)

New, like a polished warming-pan, the sun
Hooks it from this here world. Lais alone,
And blacks young master's boots. Black-a-day!
His little thinks the bother as he gives!
They shines like diamonds; but, drat the bogs!
To-morrow they 'll be dirtier than ever!
Why don't he wear, I hoften hasks myself,
Them patent Halberts, what eternal shines,
And perishes afore they lose their gloss!

THE WHITTINGTON SLAP-BANG.

FRIGHTFUL efforts are being made to keep the Slap-bang up to its usual mark, and

DOWN AGAIN TO EVEN MONEY!

may, we understand, be soon expected as a signal of some alterations with regard to the five-pennyworths of beef. The POTATO-CAN progresses favourably, and the cheering sound of "'taters—all hot!" will, no doubt, soon resound through the lofty halls of the establishment. A lecture on the ORIGIN AND THE USE OF THE POTATO-CAN will shortly be delivered.

We understand, also, that a series of lectures, taking a moral view of club institutions, is in course of preparation. The gifted author will, we hear, prove the superiority of the Whittington to the British and Foreign Institute, in rank and comfort. He will further explain the miserable fallacy still believed by many, that it is inconsistent for a man who attacked the "Institute" because he was ejected from it, to complain that people should attack the inferior club, the "Whittington," to which they never belonged. He will further prove it to be quite natural and proper, that a man who has libelled every human institution all his life, should affect great indignation when a little sarcasm is used against himself. We wish the lecturer joy of his task.

THE CERTIFIED PAUPER.

1. THE RECEPTION.

"Pray walk in, Sir. I'm delighted to see you."

4. THE BATH.

"Are you ready for the hot linen, Sir?"

2. THE WARMING-PAN.

"Would you like an extra blanket, Sir?"

5. THE BREAKFAST.

"Would you like to look over the *Times*, Sir; or shall I bring the *Morning Post?*"

3. THE VALET.

"Your boots, please, Sir; and do you shave with hot or cold water?"

6. THE DEPARTURE.

"I'm quite satisfied with the arrangements, and shall recommend your Union to my friends."

"THE POPE HE LEADS A HAPPY LIFE!"

OLD SONG.

EDITOR'S BOX.

THE ultra-loyalism of Jullien's audience rages as furiously as ever. A contemporary has been trying to be very funny about a nightly demolition of hats, which does not take place. If he has had his hat cracked—that is, if he has had his hat placed on a level with his head—we will send him four and ninepence to buy a new one, provided he will only be quiet. As Lord Brougham once observed under similar circumstances, "There is no fact, and very little fun."

Had George Coleman been present at the late revival of his *Jealous Wife* at the HAYMARKET THEATRE, he would not only have owned that his utmost expectations had been realized, but that they had been surpassed. On no occasion has the SHOWMAN ever seen a piece better sustained. There was not, as has so often been the case, under the abominable *star* system, one actor of acknowledged celebrity walking through the comedy, surrounded by a number of miserable sticks, who seemed only brought on in order to give the *cues* necessary for him to go through his part; but every character—from that of *Mr. Oakley* down to that of his coachman *John*, or from *Mrs. Oakley* down to her maid *Toilet*—was admirably filled, and the result naturally was a most perfect and artistic *ensemble*.

The *Mrs. Oakley* of Mrs. C. Kean was a triumph of art, or rather—no—it was a triumph of nature; for while witnessing this talented lady's impersonification, it was impossible not to feel persuaded that she had so identified herself with her part that she and *Mrs. Oakley* were for the time being one and the same individual, and that all she said and did were the result not of any premeditated idea, but of uncontrollable impulses flowing from the heart.

Mr. C. Kean's *Mr. Oakley* was quiet, gentlemanly, effective, and, what is still more, dignified. As Mr. C. Kean played the part, every concession to the unfortunate jealousy of his wife was made in such a manner as not to create contempt for any weakness on his side, but merely to excite the feeling that *Mrs. Oakley* was unworthy of the kind behaviour she experienced.

Mr. Webster's *Major Oakley* and Keeley's *Sir Harry*, were admirable; while Miss Reynolds as *Harriet*, and Mrs. W. Clifford as *Lady Bredlove*, were what they always are—excellent.

The SHOWMAN had almost forgotten to mention that Mr. Howe's *Charles* was another addition to the many proofs that gentlemen have lately given of the progress he is making in his profession. The SHOWMAN supplies this omission the more readily, as he feels he is under an obligation to Mr. Howe for the correction of a grave error under which he has been labouring.

The SHOWMAN used to suppose that the beaux of former days, like the dandies of the present, were in the habit of putting their hats on when they went out to make visits. Such, however, could not have been the case, since Mr. Howe, as *Charles*, roves about all London, from *Mr. Oakley's* house to the inn in Holborn, where *Rueset* has put up, and from the inn in Holborn back again to *Mr. Oakley's*, with his head as bare as a blue-coat boy's, unless indeed he left his hat under a chair in the hall before coming up. If this is the case, perhaps he will have the kindness to forward a note to that effect to the PUPPET-SHOW office as soon as possible, as the SHOWMAN has written a paper on the subject, which he means to insert in his forthcoming work on national costumes.

An *Appeal to the Public* has lately been made to the public at the LYCEUM; and this adaptation—for it is but an adaptation of the French piece *Sous une porte Cochère*—must have been highly gratified at the manner in which it was responded to by the public. *Mr. Felix Rosemary* (Mr. C. Mathews) is about to marry a *Miss Charlotte Smith*, a lady who is an habitual resident in Northumberland, while he himself is a denizen of the metropolis. It is true that he has never seen her, but that, of course, is not at all improbable—in a farce. Be that as it may, however, *Mr. Felix Rosemary* is about to buy the wedding-cake, when he is obliged to take shelter from a passing storm under a gateway in Fleet Street. In order to while away the time, he occupies himself with thinking of an unknown fair one whom he has accidentally met a little before, and whom he has heard sigh out, as he passed her, the words "Heigho! Bilberry."

Now, "Bilberry" is not a romantic name: on the contrary, it may, with a considerable degree of exactitude, be defined as smacking strongly of the quality expressed by the adjective "commonplace," and yet it sets *Mr. Felix Rosemary* thinking who and what its possessor can be, that thus engrosses the fair unknown's thoughts.

At this juncture the lady comes in, of course. *Mr. Felix Rosemary* scrapes an acquaintance with her, and in his endeavours to pierce the mystery which envelopes Bilberry, plunges into all sorts of dilemmas, which, however, are all eventually cleared up by his discovering that the lady whom he has been talking to is the identical *Charlotte Smith* whom he was to have married, and *Mr. Bilberry* the fortunate mortal who has supplanted him in her affections.

The piece cannot boast of much wit in the dialogue, or interest in the situations; the great novelty in it is the circumstance of *Mr. Rosemary's* appealing from the stage to the public whenever he feels himself puzzled or embarrassed: this experiment possesses the charm which all those do that seem to admit the public into the confidence of the *coulisses*, and consequently was successful.

Mr. C. Mathews played with even more than his ordinary ease and spirit, and was ably supported by Miss Howard.

Everything is dull at the PRINCESS'S. Mr. Maddox cannot expect the public to attend the performance of *Love in a Village*, an opera which in our opinion was always stupid, and which now, from constant repetition, has become thoroughly tedious. On hearing the song about somebody's "dog and gun," one naturally wishes the dog were hanged and the gun burst to atoms. The following is the present state of Mr. Maddox's establishment:—He has a bad farce acted by bad actors. He has very good singers, and no attractive opera for them to play in. Three good dancers (Thierry an exceedingly graceful one), and no *ballet* in which to exhibit their talents. Some time since, with *Léolina* and *Esmeralda*, the theatre really had attractions; at present it has none. Next week we shall probably have to notice a new ballad opera by Loder. We perceive also that an opera, entitled the *Heart of Midlothian*, is about to be produced; this we imagine to be an adaption of the *Hôtel d'Edinbourg*, which some years since met with great success in Paris.

While speaking of musical matters, we must not omit to mention in the most favourable manner the "Wednesday Concerts," a series of which are now being given on the cognominal day at EXETER HALL. Don't be frightened by the name of Exeter Hall. The concerts are not dull, dreary, and affectedly classical, but arranged with the greatest discrimination and good taste. We object decidedly and once for all to Mr. Sims Reeves singing Brahamic ballads, when he is so infinitely superior in music of another description; but beyond this we have no fault to find. There are a class of musicians who turn up their noses at Jullien's quadrilles, and shrug their shoulders at Kœnig's polkas. These men say to the public, "Come and hear Beethoven Smith's sonata, or Handel Snooks' concerto. It only costs seven shillings and is very classical." But the public say, "No! Jullien's music may not be intellectual, but at all events it is n't dreary. Beethoven Smith's is exceedingly dreary that we can't make up our minds to listen to it even to discover where the intellect lies." And the public stick to their Jullien and their Jullien's polkas.

The directors of the "Wednesday Concerts," however, knowing well that polkas tire after the fifteenth repetition, and that after all the music without the dancing is very much like the mustard without the beef, have advanced several steps higher than the polka level: knowing also that extremes meet, and that although the public may get tired of Jullien they won't listen to Beethoven Smith at all, they have not advanced to the brink of what B. S. impertinently calls "classical" music. Heaven preserve them from it! Let their motto be "Beware of the musical mad dog," and the concerts will meet with the success which their excellence and cheapness deserve.

LOUIS NAPOLEON FOR PRESIDENT.

THE eagle of the sausage-shop has laid a fetid egg, and we are going to pelt him with it. To drop metaphor, Louis has issued a manifesto, and we are going to show up its absurdity.

It opens with a dash of impudence and vanity, as a dung-hill cock, before fighting, gives a shrill crow.

"*My name* presents itself to you as a symbol of order and security."

What does "my name" mean here? If it means Louis Napoleon, what "order and security" are presented by the name of the Boulogne invader? If it means my *family* name, of course it is a symbol of "order" preserved by imperial bayonets, and "security" guaranteed by an army—ready to invade foreign countries, and to dominate over its own.

"I am not an ambitious man," says Louis. Why then land at Boulogne with the eagle?—why are you a candidate now? The National Assembly does not want you, neither do the middle classes nor the Red Republicans.

Louis tells us that he was educated "in free countries," and in the "school of misfortune." Did free countries teach him to aspire to a dictatorship? Besides, how did he live in free countries, and what does the "school of misfortune" mean? Poor fellow, was he unlucky at billiards?

Louis next runs over a list of necessary reforms—the old cant list, which everybody knows by heart; but, unfortunately, these, which were in progress of accomplishment before he arrived in France, have been delayed by his present proceedings. Civil war would delay them still more, and Louis is helping to bring that about. How fond he must be of reforms!

Louis concludes by saying that "there is one mode of doing good, and that is to will it." We were not aware that the human will was so powerful before. Can Louis do all that he wills? All that is known of his power is, that he is deficient in intellect; and all we see of his will, is sufficient to show that he wishes to raise himself from personal vanity.

THE ABSURD OF ALL OBSERVERS.—The *Observer*, in speaking of that worse than all bad farces, *Two Owls in One Ivy Bush* (which had been damned finally, and once for all, some days before the publication of the journal), said that it was likely to run for ten or twelve nights! and this after it had been unable to creep on during one representation!

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

No one can accuse the SHOWMAN of not being liberal in his opinions, or of refusing to advocate, to the best of his power, the right of all classes. "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," has, in consequence, invariably been his motto. As great evil, however, has resulted to the popular cause from the conduct of certain unprincipled persons who have made the famous words just quoted the excuse for all sorts of outrageous and highly offensive conduct, the SHOWMAN will proceed to show what acts a person can, by no twisting and torturing the words Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, ever be permitted to perpetrate.

A. No landlady or servant-maid is at liberty—

1. To keep your morning paper half-an-hour down stairs, in order to read it, before bringing it up—you only hiring the said paper for one hour every morning.

2. To sit in your arm-chair, and, after you have come down in your slippers and dressing-gown, and put the tea in the tea-pot, to drain and drink the essence, filling up again with water as soon as you have returned to your bed-room and are known to be sure for half-an-hour shaving.

3. To bring you up but a pint and a half for every quart of the homely but refreshing half-and-half, which you may choose to order, and to account for the deficiency—if remarked—by asserting that the pot in which it was brought from the public-house, previously to being transferred into the more respectable but far less genial earthenware, "ran so."

B. As regards Equality, although it is our proud boast that we are all equal in the eye of the law, no landlady or servant-maid is for one moment to suppose that this theory of equable rights holds good—

1. With respect to hair-brushes, tooth and other combs, pomatum, and Rowland's Macassar.

2. With regard to cambric pocket-handkerchiefs.

3. In what concerns any stray copper or silver coins you may leave about.

C. And, finally, to treat of Fraternity, if you happen to be living with a brother, the relationship does not of necessity invest him with a right—

1. Of wearing out your dress varnished leather boots in the Park, while you have been depriving yourself of that pleasure, in order that you may have them new, or nearly so, at a ball to which you expect to be shortly invited, and are in the hopes of meeting HER, and where, of course, you wish to make a profound impression.

2. Of going to some shop where you have credit, and running up a large amount in your name: the only consolation you obtain, when you become acquainted with the frightful and unexpected amount of your liabilities, being the confession that it certainly is too bad, but the bill "must be paid." Such conduct as this can only be surpassed by that

3. Of some individual in the street who might attempt to pick your pocket of your purse, or rob you of a chain or diamond pin, under the pretext that he, too, was a "Man and a Brother."

WHAT OF IT?

IT 's no use trying. We attempt to put down a grievance, and if we at length succeed, up it springs in some fresh place, or in some new form.

We attacked the nomenclature of books, but the monster evil has many heads, and we cannot be continually fighting this Hydra on the "one down another come on" principle. Would that we possessed the red hot iron wherewith to seal our blows effectually!

The new style of title is a singularly odd one. Nothing in the mysterious "Omoo," or enticing "Cold Meat and Pickles" line, but a simple assertion of a fact which may or may not be true, and which, when brought before the reader, can only induce him to exclaim, in the words which head the present article, "Well, what of it?"

We have just seen a little book (which is certainly clever enough), having as a title the by no means startling piece of information, that "Hearts are Trumps!" Well, supposing that hearts *are* trumps—what of it? Is there any reason why hearts should not be trumps? And if the author means by his assertion to state that hearts enjoy the sole privilege of being trumps, we tell him plainly that he is in error, and, moreover, owes an ample apology to spades, clubs, and diamonds, for his calumny by implication.

If the author's object were to convince the public that in certain cases "hearts are trumps," he might have done so without writing a book on the subject; and it requires no great logical power to prove that, absolutely speaking, "hearts are *not* trumps."

We can fancy the author, after making his brilliant discovery as to what hearts are, or rather as to what they might be if favoured by certain fortuitous circumstances—we can fancy him rushing off to his publisher, and soliciting him to inform all London of the important fact. Some persons look upon the inventor of printing as the greatest man who has yet lived; others award the preference to the man who discovered buttered toast; we, however, award the palm to the genius who brought all his intelligence, all his perseverance, and all his wit, to bear upon the relation existing between hearts and trumps, and published the result of his labours to a delighted world.

We are happy to inform our readers that the same author is preparing some works under the titles of *The Queen beats the Knave; A cannon counts two;* and *Ties pay the Dealer;* also, *Dogs are Quadrupeds; A dumb man can't speak;* and *A pig can't fly!*

THE STAGE DICTIONARY:

OR,

ENCYCLOPÆDIA DRAMATICA.

(Continued.)

M.

MANAGER.—A dramatic autocrat whose duties consist in not answering letters addressed to him, in not reading pieces sent to the theatre, and in never being at home to anybody but Stars and juvenile lords, who take private boxes for the season, on condition of having the run of the green-room and full liberty of flirtation with the ballet. Furthermore, the manager is understood to show his powers of literary composition in the play-bills, in which singular works of fiction you will generally see a three-parts damned farce paraded as

ANOTHER HIT! TERRIFIC SCREAMER! COME EARLY!

A peculiarity of managers is, that they never appear to be in the least discouraged by any amount of bankruptcies or *débuts* at the Insolvent Debtor's. Let an execution be put into the Theatre Royal, Field Lane, on Friday night, and on Monday morning you hear that the manager has opened the Theatre Royal, Common Garden; while the next week's Sunday papers speak of him as that "able and excellent *entrepreneur*, who has so long and so ably catered for the amusement of the public."

MELODRAME.—This is a species of entertainment which has acquired—and not without reason—a very bad name. However, there may be such a thing as good melodrame as well as bad, and a really superior play of the class is by no means to be sneezed at. Ordinarily, however, the Fitzball school of melodrama is manufactured out of an ancient castle, with an usurping baron, a number of pairs of russet boots, three trap-doors, four murders, a ghost, a rightful heir, a crowd of retainers, a chorus

of banditti, a persecuted heroine, a scoundrelly steward, an honest old woodman, a comic peasant with a red nose and a scolding wife, and lots of blue fire in the last scene, where half of the wicked characters are suddenly stabbed by the other half, who are themselves collared by the virtuous characters in a grand tableau on which the curtain falls.

MAZARINE.—The mazarine floor is that portion of the theatre beneath the stage from which good fairies ascend through traps, and down to which Don Giovanni and similar improper personages are conducted by that class of demons who appear to be peculiar to the stage, and whose principal employment seems to be rushing about shaking rosin torches—after which they occasionally adjourn to public-houses in the vicinity of the theatre.

MUSIC (Speaking through the)—Is stage slang for those bits of dialogue given in the critical points of melodramas to a low scratchy accompaniment of violins in the orchestra. Thus, if a man be about to murder his particular friend, or to set fire to his house with the intention of burning his wife, mother-in-law, thirteen children, three nursery-maids, cook, housemaid, chamber-maid, and page in buttons, it is held dramatic and effective for him to speak the soliloquy in which he indulges beforehand, to a subdued squeaking of fiddlers. As, however, we never knew a man in real life who performed either of the feats above alluded to, we are not in a position to state whether the effect in question be natural and legitimate or not.

N.

NOTARY.—The stage notary is remarkable for having no practice except in that branch of his profession connected with marriage contracts. Furthermore, he appears to be in the habit of transacting business in the open air, and at a table brought in by one of the chorus, and set down in the principal street of the village. Occasionally, however, when the contracting parties are counts and countesses, we find the notary within doors, but he always keeps in a corner of the room, and his avocations appear to be confined to spreading out a roll of paper, which the bride and bridegroom sign by means of a pen without any ink in it. After which the notary goes quietly away without bidding good morning to any of his employers.

NOVELTY.—Among the "Novelties" which managers daily advertise, we should like very much to—but we don't expect that we ever shall—see the following:—

Mr. Wright giving only the words set down for him.
Miss Reynolds dressing in the costume of the period she is representing, if that costume be not in her opinion becoming.

Mr. Gustavus Brooks having the slightest idea of the meaning of what he is saying.
Mr. Oxberry knowing his part.
And (which would be amusing for the fun of the thing) to see *Mrs. Kean*, *Mrs. Keeley*, or *Mrs. Glover*, playing any characters they may undertake—indifferently.

VERY PROBABLE.—We have not heard the rumour in literary circles (for which reason we believe it) that the title of Mr. Charles Dickens' Christmas book is mythical and esoteric in its signification. "The Haunted Man, or the Ghost's Bargain" is said to mean "The Haunted Men, or Bradbury and Evans's Bad Bargain." We believe that these unhappy publishers are nightly tormented with the shades of Miss Robinson Crusoe and Mrs. Bib's Baby, and that their "bad bargain" is "The Man made of Money."

NORTHERN ECONOMICS.

ECONOMY is the order of the day. So says Moses' poet—*vide* the newspapers, *passim*—and so say the Liverpool Economic Association. The latter body, who are particularly active in promulgating their plans of retrenchment, have circulated the following hints, in the hope that the reception such floating straws may meet with will serve to show how the wind blows:—

Prince Albert is much overpaid. We propose to allow him thirty shillings a-week, and the liberty of applying throughout the West-end for Christmas boxes.

The sum allowed to the Commander-in-Chief is monstrous, and his duties trifling. We would propose to unite with them those of an arcade beadle, and to allow him coals, candles—or perhaps rushlights—with one pair of high-lows annually.

Our naval expenditure is almost incalculable, and yet we have hundreds of ships laid up idle in ordinary. Why should not these vessels be fitted up as colliers and sent to ply between London and the Northern ports; or, if they are to remain in Portsmouth and Plymouth, the necessary mechanism might be constructed 'tween decks, and they would be useful as floating calico manufactories.

The expense of the establishments at Windsor, Buckingham Palace, and Osborne, press heavily on the tax-payers. Why should not the royal family go into lodgings?—in which case any respectable cook-shop in the neighbourhood would contract for supplying their table, and send in the beer in pewter, which is by far the most pleasant mode of drinking it. In case of Prince Albert wishing for variety, he might dine at the Whittington Club for sevenpence, including meat (small plate), bread, potatoes, and a half-pint of porter.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

It has been rumoured lately, among circles likely to be well-informed, that a case of much interest, to gentlemen of the long paletot (or authors), will be brought before His Honour The Showman, for trial, at no very distant period. It appears that some gentlemen, finding in the possession of Mr. Charles Dickens, on his property called *Dombey and Son*, a kid, or boy, called Young Dombey, of a nature superior to the other kids in Mr. Dickens' possession, began to have suspicions that kidnapping had been committed by that distinguished gentleman. The kid in question, Young Dombey, was so poetic in appearance, so sublime in idea, that these gentlemen agreed that he could not possibly be a brother of Rob the Grinder, of Bailey Junior, or of other young kids of the Dickens' family.

Inquiries were made, and it was suspected that Mr. Dickens had, like a gypsy, first appropriated the boy, and then disguised him to make him pass for his own—to borrow a joke originally made by Churchill in the *Apology*, and subsequently stolen by Sheridan in the *Critic*.

Well, in a short time, it was found that in the distinguished Sir Edward Bulwer's (we protest against Lytton) *Zanoni*, there was a kid—a son of Zanoni the great and Viola the beautiful—resembling, marvellously, Young Dombey, in all that was wonderful about him, and only unlike him in what was unnatural and offensive to a pure taste. In short, the inquirers into the matter began to believe that Dickens, like a Cockney Prometheus, had stolen the fire from the Jupiter of fiction to light the earthenware clay of Mr. Dombey's son!

An opinion was soon taken from a young gentleman, whose name appears in another part of our paper. We subjoin it:—

OPINION.

Being asked whether there was ground for supposing that the kid in question, Young Dombey, was stolen from Zanoni, my first task was to determine whether the two kids resembled one another? I find that Young Dombey is principally remarkable for a precocious development of the faculties—a premature dawning of the soul. These are evidenced in the luminous appearance of his face, in the mysteriousness of his conduct, in the strange intellectual abstraction—so uncommon at his age—which distinguishes him, and in his deep feeling of the wondrousness of nature (evinced by his gazing at the sea, &c.), which differs exceedingly from the stolid pap-eating contentment of the children of the middle classes generally. Turning to examine the child of Zanoni, I find a precocity very much the same—an intelligence quite preternatural—a similar brightness of soul—in fact, I find the boy equally distinct from children of his age; and further, that his loving nature is evinced towards his parents, in much the same way as Young Dombey's to his sister Florence.

What then are the points of difference? Young Dombey is older than Young Zanoni. But Young Zanoni appeared some years before; and there is reason (in my opinion) for believing, that Mr. Dickens, having seen young Zanoni, took him as he then appeared, and, some time after, introduced him to the public as a being of more advanced years. That difference of years makes the difference between the two, and by that, all difference in their peculiarities may be explained.

I am therefore of opinion that there are grounds for action against Mr. Dickens, on the charge of kidnapping.

(Signed) Junius Libel.

The Honorable and Reverend Baptist Noodle has left the Church of England. It is alleged as something in his favour, that his opinions differed *very slightly* from those called orthodox. We were not aware that a quarrel was more justifiable in proportion to the provocation being slight. On this principle, we may expect to hear of a man boxing his mother's ears, and saying, in justification, that "it only arose from a dispute about the weather."

The Game of Goose.—We perceive by the papers that Louis Philippe and a numerous company have been visiting Sir Robert Peel at Drayton Manor. We think the company great geese for venturing so close to these two old foxes.

A SNOB'S EPITAPH.

BY A BROTHER SNOB.

He went to casinos, he studied *The Gent;*
Devoured his grub
At the Whittington Club;
And "wondered what art and philosophy meant."

PUNCH'S NONSENSE.

We were somewhat suprised a month or two since at seeing in our favourite publication, *Punch*, an article written in the French language. A few weeks more and we found the dose repeated; gradually the symptoms have become more rabid, until last week—(we don't like giving bad advice to our readers, but let them look at the number)—we have nearly a page devoted to an article relative to the French constitution, written in French, which is generally inelegant, and occasionally incorrect.

Where are the honest English hearts who used to rejoice, in print, at the idea of John Bull kicking out "the nasty Frenchmen with his propagandist notions?" Where is the sturdy Lemon, staunch advocate of British beef and—British beer? Is the Whitefriars' Homer nodding? Yes, we are afraid Mark has been reading his own articles!

With our well-known mathematical turn of mind, we cannot help asking for some reason—not that we have any absolute right to expect reason from Mark Lemon—but we cannot help inquiring the cause of thus resorting to a foreign language to express commonplace, or, indeed, any other ideas.

We suppose our Whitefriars' friends, who boast of a European reputation (but who, at the same time, don't enjoy one), intend publishing separate articles for every country in Europe. They will found their defence on the various cries of "French for the Frenchmen," "German for the Germans," &c.

As far as a large portion of the public are concerned, it would not be of the least consequence were the whole number to appear in Koptic; and a memorial is already being got up, by a numerous class who prefer Scythian, requesting the proprietors to have the journal printed in that sonorous tongue.

If the writers were to publish the jokes from the *Corsaire*, *Charivari*, &c., in the original language, instead of marring them, as they too often do, in the translation, we should be the last to complain. If Mark would sell his small beer "neat as imported," we would be silent. As it is, and as friends of the establishment, we cannot help advising the *Punch* writers to write as well as they are capable of doing in their own language. We have, we think, previously expressed our opinion that as they can't conduct their periodical properly, they had better give it up altogether; but although they won't attend to this advice, which is really well meant, let them not be possessed with the idea that the English language is not good enough for them. Have they exhausted all its resources? Can no wit, no sarcasm, no illustration, be expressed in the tongue in which Sterne, Swift, and Pope, wrote; and must they, after failing in this, seek a second failure in that of Lesage, Voltaire, and Boileau.

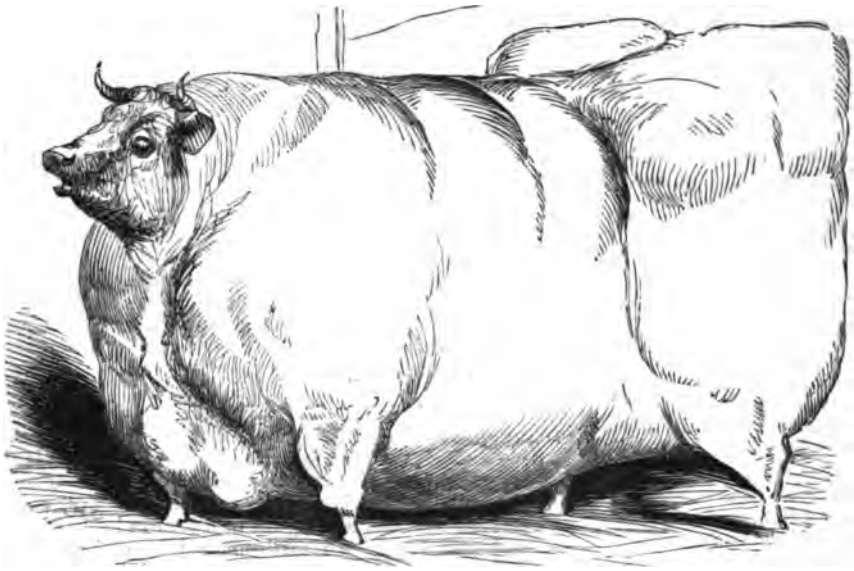
This writing in French is almost a novelty in literature. Great Englishmen, however, have written in the languages of Greece and Rome. Therefore, we say, you, liberal and accomplished Mark, pen us an ode in the language of Catullus;* and you, classical and enlightened Douglas, indite us a parody in that of Aristophanes. Be not modest, esteemed Lemon; be not bashful, beloved Jerrold!

* We beg to suggest "*Punch's* little bird," now dead, as a subject. We are quite sure Mark will make as much of it as Catullus did of Lesbia's sparrow.

Weights and Measures.—We see that a grocer was fined the other day for having false weights in his shop. We have no doubt that the articles he sold were bad as well, and that he thus illustrated the lines in *Hamlet*—

"In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand will shove by justice!

ANNUAL CATTLE-SHOW.



THE PRIZE OX.

THE PRIZE PAUPER.

SAFETY RAZORS.—We see a razor advertised, by means of which the most nervous person may shave himself on board a steamer or in a coach, without a mirror, and equally without danger of cutting himself. This, it must be acknowledged, is a remarkably ingenious species of razor, but it is nothing at all to one which we intend to bring out shortly, and by means of which a person without hands may shave himself standing on his head on the top of an Eau-de-Cologne bottle, placed on the saddle of a high-trotting mare performing a steeple-chase across a heavy country. Persons with a little spare time on their hands may realize a handsome fortune by becoming agents for the sale of the article.

GOOD NEWS.—The public will at length be able to read the German intelligence. Amongst all the Schieckensteins, Windischgrätz, and other jaw-destroying words, we have at last hit upon Herr Simson. The pleasure was as unexpected as it was refreshing, and we cannot but congratulate ourselves on having been the first to call attention to the agreeable fact.

A few days since, the clerks at the office of the Electric Telegraph were startled by an announcement that the Boy Fitzwilliam, candidate for the West Riding, was "returned." Their surprise, however, ceased, when, shortly afterwards, the dial-plate disclosed the word "home."

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.

AN advertisement, with the above heading, has lately been inserted in some of the papers by the reverend incumbent of one of the city parishes, to the effect that he has opened a course of instruction in "Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Mathematics, &c.," for the benefit of those happy individuals who, in consequence of their employers having agreed to shut up their establishments somewhat sooner than they were wont, happen to have a leisure hour or two on their hands after eight o'clock P.M.

To our weak mind it had seemed that the best thing these young men could do, when released from the duties of their respective professions, would have been to amuse themselves with a quiet chat with a friend, enlivened perhaps by a puff or two of the social weed, now and then diversified by the perusal of some sterling author, or a harmless visit to the theatre.

Such, however, is not the opinion of the reverend advertiser. According to him, the best means of reviving an unfortunate shopman or clerk, who has been on his legs running half over London perhaps, or pent up in an ill-ventilated warehouse from eight in the morning until eight in the evening, is to cram him with Hebrew or confound him with Conic Sections—as if the former were necessary to enable him to serve out a pound of tea, or the latter indispensable to the right measuring of a yard of ribbon.

As a necessary consequence of this new system, we expect to see some notice of the following description shortly appear in the columns of the *Times*:—

ON MONDAY NEXT will appear a New Edition of NEWTON'S PRINCIPIA, with a few words on the Integral and Differential Calculus, followed by a short treatise on Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, and the use of Algebra as applied to Geometry. Composed by JOHN GEORGE SARSANET, Draper (of Messrs. Swan and Edgar's), during his dinner hours, and after 8 P.M.

Or else—

PUBLII VIRGILII MARONIS OPERA. Ad Præstantium Librorum Lectiones Accuratè Recensuit RICARDUS JOBSON (de Dakin et Co., St. Paul's Churchyard).

By the way, there is one branch of education which the reverend advertiser has not mentioned in his programme: this is much to be regretted, as he has shown himself to be a perfect adept in it, and the hints he might have given could not have failed to prove inestimable: we allude to the science of HUMBUG.

London: Published by GEORGE VICKERS, at the Office of the Puppet-Show, 334 Strand, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex; and printed by the said GEORGE VICKERS at the Office of Vizetelly Brothers and Co. Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.

THE POET, POLITICIAN, AND POLICEMAN.

Chapter VI.—Tomkins jumps out of the Frying-pan of the Drama into the Fire of the Press.

"WITHIN a few days after the production of my farce," continued Tomkins, "it was noticed by the Puppet-Show of the period in the following terms:—

"'Some nights since a farce, bearing the absurd and therefore appropriate name of *No, you Don't*, was in existence at the ——— Theatre. We have no doubt that it was damned the first night, but we really could n't stop to see the conclusion of such trash. It is the worst farce we ever saw, and we have seen many which were supremely stupid. We have not heard whether the writer was led on to the stage by his ostler in attendance, but if the audience whistled for him it must have been in order to pelt him. The piece, in addition to being nonsensical, was as long as the ears of its author—and we say this with a full recollection of his asininity before us. We do not wish to be in any way severe upon the young dramatist, but we must remind him that the stage is not a common on which every donkey may graze with impunity.'

"The above *critique* did not, you may be sure, tend in any way to dissipate the grief which I was suffering on account of the failure of that on which I had set all my hopes. My friend Junius endeavoured to turn the tide of public opinion in favour of my farce; but not even a second Cyrus would have been able to change the course of such a Euphrates. In vain did my solitary supporter call on the people of England (through the limited medium of the *Scorpion*) to 'rise as a man and assert the claims of neglected genius.' They had no opportunity of listening to me, for in spite of the stings inflicted by the *Scorpion*, Saveall said that he 'would never again have his theatre disgraced by such a scene as had occurred on the first night of *No, you Dont.*'

"Junius continued for a short time to puff me in the columns of the *Scorpion*, and whenever there was a lack of novelty, no matter at what theatre, he suggested the propriety of securing my services. 'There is Tomkins,' he would say, 'who is evidently destined to do great things, actually unemployed, when the drama is at its lowest ebb. This must not be tolerated!'

"People, however, persisted intolerating it, and the public were at last informed that the farce should be published. This project was at once knocked on the head by the printer informing me that its expenses should be paid in advance. Thus are men of genius restrained by mere tradesmen! thus is mind rendered subservient to matter!

"Even in this juncture I did not despair. The Pharisee thanked providence that he possessed many virtues. I am always grateful for being blessed with a few faults. I am vain—it is excusable now that I am Inspector of the ——— Division—but it is a weakness which I have always enjoyed. Vanity is power when knowledge is worse than useless, and the conviction that I was a good dramatist, and all the newspaper writers bad critics, supported me at a period when a modest Shakspere would have cut his throat in desperation.

"But although vanity is a great consoler, one cannot live on it. This axiom became strongly impressed on my mind one morning that my landlady refused to bring up breakfast agreeably to my summons.

"Was inviting oneself to breakfast one of the rights of 'neglected genius?' With my accomodating logic, I soon convinced myself that it was, and accordingly hastened to Libel's to appease my appetite, and inform him of the unconstitutional manner in which the 'house' had stopped my supplies.

"Junius received me cordially, but he also was afflicted. His connexion with Longprimer had terminated, and the *Scorpion* appeared to be in its dying agonies. There was no hope of inducing the original proprietors to continue it any longer. Junius was indignant, but Longprimer was decided.

"It often happens that those journals which enter the world in the greatest triumph make their exit quite unheeded. I am ignorant as to how or when the *Scorpion* first made its appearance, although a rival paper alluded to it as being 'spawned in corruption' and formed out of some peculiarly obnoxious slime. However this may have been, it is quite certain that if it had perished few persons would have troubled themselves about its fate. But Junius swore that he would not 'stand by and see it served that way,' and accordingly it was necessary to determine at once as to the best means of saving his dying child.

"He was never altogether without resources, and even now he could insure the *Scorpion's* life, but it would be at the expense of its future health.

"Aided by my advice, he decided to save the infant, even though its subsequent existence should be one of pain. The operation was a dangerous one, and might merely serve to prolong the patient's misery, but that was better than allowing the child, and that a first child, to die.

"Junius was honoured with the friendship of a gentleman named Rowdy Skribbel, who had been long desirous of contributing to the *Scorpion*, but whose articles Junius had, from motives of prudence, uniformly excluded. This amateur writer was rich, and it was now in his power to give the paper at the same time the principle of life and of death. His contributions would be the bane, and his money a very acceptable antidote. The co-operation of this person was the dangerous remedy on which my friend ultimately determined.

"'And you, Tomkins,' said Junius, 'won't you join us?'

"'I should be very happy, but really—'

"'But really what?' he interrupted. 'If you intend cultivating your talents for modesty, there may be some objection, but otherwise I can see none. You have more talents than a good many writers who enjoy celebrity, and are better educated than several who have almost a European reputation. What are those persons who call themselves the "eminent writers of the day?" One is a man who, having gained a name without any one knowing how he acquired it, is sufficiently prudent not to write a single line. He originally kept a pot-house in a low part of London, and thought that because he failed as a publican he would be successful as an author. He was good-natured, and gave "tick" to some thoughtless *littérateurs*, who knew far more about gin than they did of Greek. They could n't pay him, but they managed to persuade him that he was a genius. They ruined him as a publican, but set him up as a writer. A little business talent, plenty of impudence, and a touch of good fortune (which does favour the "*fortes*" alone) did the rest.'

"'But he is an exception,' I urged.

"'Let us hope so,' continued Junius; 'but I fear not. There is Juggle-us, the philanthrophist, who made his way almost entirely by an assumption of benevolence, and an exercise of ill-nature. After failing in various pursuits more or less elevating, he commenced writing dramas for the amusement of the transpontine *canaille*. These generally inculcated some great moral principle, such as the injustice of calling on a poor man to pay his rent. His doctrines were much admired by the rabble, and he took care to introduce them into whatever he published. This is what you may have heard spoken of as the system of "writing with a purpose." At length he became ambitious, attacked the entire aristocracy for the sins of some score of its members, and abused the church *en masse* because half-a-dozen clergymen had erred in the course of as many years. He has great facility in inventing specious names. He brought out a newspaper, one-half of which was full of libels, and the other of absurdity, under the pretext that he was advocating the great cause of human progress. He then started an eating-house (which he called a club), and every young man who had been entrapped into joining it was tormented into buying the founder's portrait, and taking in his libellous and philanthrophic newspaper. He prides himself on having materially injured an excellent institution to which he once belonged (and to which he actually did some harm by not paying his subscription), and has slandered all that is respectable, until at last—by gigantic efforts, I admit—he has almost raised himself to a decent position in society.'

"'But,' I ventured to observe, 'I have heard that Juggle-us is a man of liberal education, that he is a genuine philanthrophist, and that he has never written anything but what is noble and dignified.'

"'As for his liberal education,' replied Junius, 'I can

tell you this much: Although a plagiary by inclination, he was never known to make an actual quotation from any writer of note. Greek he does not know even by sight, and his acquaintance with the Latin language is confined to "*dis dat qui cito dat*," with adim vision of "*Rustieus Expectat*," and a hazy notion of the "*facilis descensus Averni*." You may judge whether he is a genuine philanthrophist, when I tell you that his venomous disposition is the object of the remarks even of his intimate friends; he resembles a philanthrophist as much as a hyæna does a lamb. This man actually pursued a gentleman with all sorts of malignant representations because the latter, in his capacity of critic, found fault with a drama written by Juggle-us, and which was full of witless sneers and stupid malevolence. Depend upon it, Juggle-us was a happier and a better man at that auspicious period when he was engaged at a minor theatre to write a part for a pig. He was proud of it at the time, and his flatterers used to assure him that on the back of that pig he would go down to posterity.'

"'Well,' said I, at last, 'say no more about Juggle-us, and I will join you.'

"'Give me your hand on it,' cried Junius, 'and I will tell you of a plan of which I have just thought.'

"Here, however, Rowdy Skribbel made his appearance."

A BILL OF THE PLAY.

	£	s.	d.
Two-horse fly from Blackheath and back, in order to spare my own horses	1	10	0
New dresses, gloves, &c.	8	14	0
Price of private box	2	10	0
Glass of sherry for myself, to dissipate the intense melancholy engendered by Mr. H. Vandenhoff's comic acting	0	0	6
Doctor's account for curing Mrs. Jawkins and the four young ladies of violent influenza, contracted by waiting in corridor half-an-hour, while fly-man was getting drunk in some public-house unknown, and impossible to discover	6	7	2½
Flannels, hare-skins, comforters, opodeldoc, and ointment, necessary for the treatment of an attack of rheumatism, caught by having had to drive home through the rain myself, instead of the fly-man before-mentioned	3	0	4
Total	£18	11	4½

(Signed) JAWKINS JAWKINS.

A DANGEROUS UNDERTAKING.

We lately saw an advertisement of the memoirs of Sir William Kirkaldy, in which that hero is described as "a stout man who always offered, by single combat, and at the point of the sword, to maintain whatever he said."

We hope, for Sir William's own sake, that he was not engaged on any of the newspapers of the period, or he would have been unable to maintain his assertions "by single combat," even on the "one down the other come on" principle. If we were to give our "answers to correspondents" at the point of the sword, we should (unless we chanced to be run through on the first occasion) have more persons on our hands (sometimes in a perfectly literal sense) than we should know what to do with.

But if we, who always speak wisely and truly, should be likely to suffer by such an arrangement, what would be the fate of others who do neither!

Fancy Jerrold, and the viler portion of the writers for the *canaille*, having to "maintain whatever they said," supposing that the grosser part alone of their unfounded assertions should be objected to. Imagine the writers on German affairs in the *Post* and *Herald* having to answer for their calumnies on Blum and Bem.

We think the only way in which it would be judicious to apply the principle would be by selecting those writers for its trial who are looked upon by the public as the most eminently ridiculous of the day.

The following would be the result:—

Mark Lemon would, immediately after the publication of his book (which we shall have much pleasure in reviewing next week), be covered with wounds.

The writers of pseudo-philanthrophic nonsense would be annihilated ten minutes after the recognition of the doctrine.

THE LAWYER'S BILL.

Debtors, Messrs. Nincompoop and Others, on account with Doz and Grabb.

Advising you on an uncertain day
(When you were out, and we were far away)
To sell your field called Whiteacre, which oft
Is called, or styled, or named, the lawyer's croft.
To writing sundry letters, sent "with speed;"
To divers persons, none of whom could read.
Waiting on these said persons to explain
Said letters: they being out, to call'd again.
When, not having seen them (as they all were dead),
Writing to their executors instead.
To seeing you when you were out of sight.
To reading notes from men who could not write.
To papers, wafers, tapers, wax, and ink.
To stamps and postage, perjurers and drink.
To all these things united we affix
This moderate charge—£1000 10*s.* 8*d.*
Be not at this, our gentle friends, dismayed,
We lie as cheap as any in the trade.
We break men's hearts at 10*s.* 6*d.* ergo—
Women's, more moderate, at 6*s.* and 6*d.*
Try our false witnesses at 4*s.* and 10*d.*
Such consciences to stretch! just hear the man!
For this last hint we charge another pound:
Pray send your clerk to bring the money round.

DOZ AND GRABB.

To Messrs. NINCOMPOOP.

ARISTOCRATIC PEUCK.—His Royal Highness Prince Albert observed, after the perusal of a life of Young Dutch Sam, that the best proof of what superiority is inherent to noble birth was to be found in the fact that when no one else could compete with the celebrated prize-fighter whose adventures he had been reading, the Marquis of Waterford alone was often accustomed to "stand Sam."

THEOLOGICAL.—It is to be hoped that Douglas Jerrold is a man of faith; but no one can compliment him on his good works.

OUR LEADER.

WHERE IS THE FRENCH REPUBLIC?

We hope that the French are now very well satisfied with their February revolution. Their joy must be something extraordinary; and those, in particular, who were wounded during the fights for freedom, must be hopping about on their wooden legs in uproarious delight. To have got rid of a monarchy—that was a good step; to shoot some starving *ouvriers* was not a bad hit; and to wind up with an Emperor without brains—is a conclusion of the most satisfactory nature.

One must certainly give the French the credit of having a fastidious taste. First of all, they tried a citizen-king; growing tired of him, they kicked him out and took a poet. In a short time they dismissed the poet as coolly as one would send off an organ-boy from the door, or a ballad-singer from the street, and set up a soldier. Sick of the soldier, they have now picked up a ruler who is neither citizen-king, poet, nor soldier, but simply a fool. They have ended where another nation would have begun.

We feel curious to know how France is to be governed. The members of the government being nobodies, and the President at its head being worse, and the National Assembly being at once elected by the people and diametrically opposed to its opinions, it seems difficult to say who is to govern. And we feel curious to know what has become of the middle classes, who supported Cavaignac; also of the Red Republicans, who are favourable to Socialism; and of the Legitimists, who are opposed to both. We think that in the various discontents of these classes are the elements of a very good row; and that Louis Napoleon is precisely that sort of stick, the rubbing of which will produce the fire necessary to ignite the inflammable material.

On the whole, no class of persons have more reason to be pleased with this last result of the French revolution, than those against whom that revolution was first levelled.

PINS & NEEDLES.

The "electric light" was last week exhibited from the capital of the Duke of York's column. The creditors of his Grace lament that it is the only "capital" ever likely to be distinctly shown them.

General Cavaignac has been hanged in effigy at Lyons. The general does not mind it an F I G.

We perceive that there has been another swelling of the Thames. A medical friend informs us that he is sure it would not be a "white one."

A medical friend informs us that there is a disease prevalent amongst the higher classes at the present time, attended with considerable nausea. It no doubt arises from the constant sickening intelligence of the state of their fellow-aristocrats abroad.

Ferdinand of Austria, having abdicated, is about to seek an "asylum" at Prague. He could not seek anything more appropriate.

Sir Charles Hardley Hardley has been suffering from a cold. Well, perhaps "hot water" he is in will be sufficient for the cure.

The *Times* states that the Bank of Ireland is rapidly wasting away. If it is only the "bank of contention," it is not to be regretted.

In allusion to the Duke of Buckingham's embarrassments, it has been remarked that his son, the Marquis of Chandos, acted like Esau; he sold his birthright, and got a "mess" in exchange for it.

The votes have been cast up, and Louis Napoleon will be elected. Let the new president beware, however: we are much mistaken if he himself is not shortly cast up as well as the votes, for we are sure that, ere long, France will be heartily sick of him.

An ironmaster has addressed a letter to the *Times*, to the effect that the Bank of England, not content with their monopoly of making bank-notes, have lately, with a greediness which would do honour to hogs, been dealing extensively in iron—pig-iron, of course.

The French patriots express continual wishes (set to music) to die for their country. Their only efforts, however, appear to be to live on it.

One of the papers, speaking of the qualities of the electric light lately exhibited in Trafalgar Square, says, "A gentleman assures us that he could read *Jerrold's Newspaper* at a distance of fifty yards from the light itself." This we don't believe. The light is a wonderful one, but it could n't enable the man to do impossibilities.

A PASSAGE FROM A COCKNEY DON JUAN.

• • • • •

XL.

A 40 sat in Susan's half embrace,—
She half retiring from the Peeler's arm;
And thinking, "I 'm afeard, I 'll lose my place:
I 'm sure the 'situation' has its charm;
And, oh! how can I meet my missus' face?—
If she should enter—goodness, gracious, marm!"
Just at these words there stood upon the floor—
A lady—who had gently turned the door.

XLI.

Her eyes were of that bright transparent blue,
That 's only seen in violets and the ocean;
A swimming, sparkling, palpitating hue,
Such as wild flowers, when a stream, in motion,
Bears them along; and on her lips the dew
In drops of whiteness glittered. I 've a notion,
That not one dew-drop could in beauty reach
Those drops, except the moisture on a peach.

XLII.

"Susan," the lady spake, "in one month hence,
You leave my service, hussy, be assured.
Stop—I will listen now to no defence,
To your inventions I am long inured;
I 'm well acquainted, now, with each pretence,
And of my fond credulity am cured—
I owe it to my kindness and my qualms
Of conscience, that I 've missed so many hams.

XLIII.

"Where are the hams from wild Calabria's coast,
That weeks ago in yonder larder hung?
Where is the tea, the butter, and the toast—
The olives, that a poet might have sung—
Oh! where are they? The pickles, too, the boast
Of all our stores—the active reindeer's tongue.
Alas! where all the stores I lately saw,
Gone to your greedy Peeler's horrid maw!"

XLIV.

The lady ceased; and o'er her features fair
Their came a paler delicately white,
As lilies shivering in the spring's pure air,
Or vesture of a female ghost at night.
Then, slowly rose that Peeler from his chair,
And in his eyes there sparkled a strange light—
A light, like lava, rushing through the snow
On Ætna's top, down to the plains below.

XLV.

No word was heard from Susan or the dame,
He took his hat from off his manly brow—
Let fall his cape—and then he said, "What shame
Shall light upon that gentle damsel now?"
The lady gazed a moment, "Was 't the same,
Yes, yes—oh, false to every human vow—
'Tis he!" A mortal faintness then came o'er her,
For 't was her husband that she saw before her!

"POOR LITTLE THING!"

The friends of little Louis Napoleon are going about, boasting that he wrote his Manifest all himself—all out of his own head! Considering what abominable trash it is, we are not surprised at it. Why don't they go about telling everybody something of the following sort about him:—

"He can really wash himself, we assure you, gentlemen. He does not require a nurse at all; he has given over slobbering himself, and does not wear pinafores. You may trust him to walk about by himself, without having any apprehensions that he will fall down. He is not afraid of the cat, really; and has ceased to believe that the moon is made of green cheese!" &c. &c.

It would be just as rational to claim merit for him on these grounds, as on the ground that he wrote his puerile, wishy-washy proclamation, "all himself."

Some nations believe idiots inspired. Has French scepticism (hitherto the most fearless in the world) actually come to that pitch. We pause for a reply—and expect, as a signal for it, the ring of a Republican musket.

REVERIE OF THE NEW PRESIDENT.

VANS *versus* FATHERS.

AN EPISODE OF JULLIEN'S BAL MASQUE. BY THE COUNT CHICARD.

MR. RAITAWAIGH is a plain-spoken London merchant, possessed of a house in Harley Street, and likewise of a wife and seven daughters, with power to add to their number. On going to office one morning, he perceives immense placards, announcing the *Bal Masqué* will take place on the 18th. Now he has an instinctive dread of this peculiar kind of Terpsichorean amusement, for he knows by experience what it costs. On looking into the *Times*, he sees that the *Bal* is advertised there as well. He immediately retraces his steps, and rushes to the newsvenders. To his great relief, he finds the latter has not as yet sent the matutinal sheet; and thereupon tells him there is no necessity for doing so until after the 18th.

He then proceedeth home, and, contrary to his usual practice, condoleth with Mrs. Raitawaigh on the state of her nerves. This lady, who has formerly been a children's dressmaker, holds it interesting to be very nervous, and consequently is in the habit of lying on the sofa all day. This has always been a sore point with Mr. R.; but on coming back to-day, he feigns to be struck with her bad looks, and asks her how she is. To this she replies—"That, after eating her breakfast (of three rounds of toast, and four eggs, by-the-way), she had felt 'that' nervous as to be under the necessity of reposing on the couch." "Ah! my dear," replies Mr. R., "I think a trip to Richmond would do you a vast deal of good." "Oh! yes, papa," echo the young ladies, "Richmond is so romantic—if that dear love of a minstrel were only there now"—What would be the case if he were, we are not destined to learn, as the conversation is cut short by its being agreed on that Mrs. R. and daughters shall proceed to Richmond in the evening, Mr. R. supposing that they will then be able to see none of the *posters*. In order to be doubly secure, he himself volunteers to go out and make a few purchases of which they stand in need.

On his return from shopping—in the course of which process he has been guilty of asking for a yard of the best mixed pins, and demanding an ounce of superior tape, to the immense amusement of several young Whittingtonians, who condescend to act as shopmen in the establishments he visits, and look with supreme contempt on his ignorance—he rather prides himself that he has done the trick.

But M. Jullien is well acquainted with the human heart: on such cases as these he has reckoned. Mr. Raitawaigh is seated on the sofa, very blandly, when he is aroused by his eldest daughter's exclaiming, "Oh, my!—La! Lizzy—do look, pa!" on which he goes to the window, and, to his infinite horror, beholds a monster packing-case, reaching up to the first-floor window, placed on four wheels, drawn by one horse, and profusely covered with announcements, in all sorts of outlandish letters, that M. Jullien will give a grand *Bal Masqué* on the 18th. Raitawaigh at first pretends not to know to what his daughter alludes, and exclaims with a singularly stolid expression, "Ah, yes, Brown's house certainly does look better since it has been done up." "Brown's house! La! pa, I do not mean that," says the young lady: "do you not perceive that M. Jullien is going to give a *Bal Masqué* on the 18th?" "A *Bal Masqué!*" scream all her sisters in concert, "Oh! how nice!" "And only five shillings to the dress circle," continues the first young lady. Mr. R. now tries to change the conversation by talking of the different articles necessary for the Richmond trip, and leaves the room to order the carriage.

This is the very worst thing he could ever have done, for on re-entering, he perceives that a council of war has been held in his absence. On his alluding to the trip, he is informed that change, and change alone, can do Mrs. R. any good, and that she would see much more of that at the *Bal Masqué* than at Richmond. Mr. R. mutters something about his not seeing much change out of a ten-pound note if they go to the *Bal*, and then adds, in a louder tone, that they are not obliged to proceed to Richmond if they do not choose, but that they will go nowhere else. Hereupon Mrs. R. says—"This is too much—she did not think she should be subject to this when she took him for better or for worse;" and the young ladies cast reproachful, though silent, glances, and, in tones of virtuous indignation, speak *at*, although not *to*, him, and tell their mamma "Not to mind—that they will not desert her, whatever other people may do;" the long and short of the matter being, that Raitawaigh is at last regularly bullied into acceding to their wishes.

The intelligent reader will of course understand, that a lady blessed with such powerful means of action as weak nerves like Mrs. R., does not fail to convert the places in the dress circle, at first granted, into a private box for six guineas, and a new dress a-piece for herself and each of the girls.

PROVERBS AND MAXIMS.

A MAXIM IMPROVED.—We are told that "To say little and perform much is noble." We beg to suggest, that as far as Mr. H. Vandenhoff is concerned, it would be preferable to read the phrase thus: "To say little and perform less is merciful."

MAXIMS.

Heaven helps those who help themselves, as we said at a Billingsgate fish dinner.

Better a tyrant who issues ukasses, than a wife who talks curtain lectures.

Late, late to bed, and late, late to rise,
A'int the way to be healthy, but quite otherwise.

'T is the early bird picks up the worm, but 't is the early worm that get's picked up by the bird.

AN ILL-FOUNDED TRIUMPH.—The Tories are cackling about their triumph over Radicalism. These political "babes" should not hollow before they are out of the "wood" of revolution.

ANECDOTES OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

It is a remarkable thing, that while Smith can enjoy all the delights of privacy—while Thompson can return unobserved to his diurnal chop—while Jones can squable with his wife without the whole particulars being repeated to the world (that is, to the lodgers next door, and the family over the way)—it is a remarkable thing, we say, that His Royal Highness Prince Albert and Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who certainly do not court publicity, can do nothing, however unassuming, without the whole particulars being instantly known to a multitude of persons who will answer for the accuracy of each item of the intelligence.

The Showman, who is not altogether unknown to the public, can give a rose to a young lady, order a pair of patent-leather boots, dine at Greenwich, quarrel with his great-grandmother about the propriety of carrying latch-keys, and all without the public having the slightest suspicion of the occurrence of any one of these facts. Not so His Royal Highness and Her Majesty. They might have a *tête-à-tête* in an inner dungeon, and in six hours afterwards the whole conversation would be repeated in the most minute detail at all the tea-tables of Clapham and Brixton.

It is said that much information may be gathered from the mistakes of others. It is on this principle that we have collected the annexed anecdotes for the instruction of our readers: we may premise that we had them direct from a lady, who had them from another lady, who knows some one that has a friend "about the palace." We don't know whether our readers can be persuaded to believe the subjoined: if not, let us at the same time assure them that "none others are genuine."

ANECDOTE I.

(FROM THE CLAPHAM EVENING PARTIES.)

Previously to the marriage of His Royal Highness Prince Albert and Her Majesty Queen Victoria they were together at a ball, when Her Majesty presented His Royal Highness with a *bouquet*. His Royal Highness, borrowing a penknife from a friend, instantly made an incision in the collar of his coat with the view of placing the *bouquet* in it. The incision was, however, too large, and he accordingly repeated the operation on the other side of the collar, but with no better result. He ultimately placed the token in his button-hole.

ANECDOTE II.

(FROM THE WHIST TABLES OF THE HAMMERSMITH ARISTOCRACY.)

His Royal Highness Prince Albert is in the habit of coming down late to breakfast. One morning he had rather overslept himself, and did not make his appearance until after Her Majesty Queen Victoria had commenced breakfasting. Some words ensued, after which Her Majesty poured out what tea was remaining in the teapot into her cup, put some water into the pot, let the tea stand for a few minutes, poured out a cupful of it, and deliberately threw it into the face of His Royal Highness; upon his venturing to complain, she flung a plate of buttered toast at his head, and ultimately rang for the servant to remove her husband and the breakfast things.

ANECDOTE III.

(FROM THE FASHIONABLE ASSEMBLIES OF PUTNEY.)

One night when both the operas were closed His Royal Highness Prince Albert resolved to go to the pit of the Adelphi at half-price. After the performance was finished, he went to the Garrick's Head to have a chop, and, stopping later than he expected, lost the last omnibus to Pimlico. Her Majesty Queen Victoria, annoyed at her husband stopping out so late, told the servant to lock the door, put the chain up, and go to bed.

In the meanwhile His Royal Highness had taken a cab, telling the driver to give him a shilling's worth towards Buckingham Palace. When the cab arrived at its destination there was no possibility of knocking the people up, and His Royal Highness was obliged to sleep in the conveyance all night.

ANECDOTE IV.

(FROM THE CONVERSAZIONE OF THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY OF BRIXTON.

It is *étiquette* at the palace balls for Her Majesty herself to give the invitation to the person with whom she wishes to dance. On one occasion, Her Majesty being without a partner, commanded His Royal Highness Prince Albert, who was dancing the polka with Lady ——, to come to her. In a few minutes she left Prince Albert and commanded Prince George of Cambridge to leave his partner and dance with her. Subsequently she stopped Lord Alfred Paget, took him away from his partner, and danced with him as long as her caprice lasted.

"EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE."

The Showman presents the public with a synopsis of the contents of the work bearing the above title. They are as follows:—

Chapter I.—Leaves from the Note-book of a deceased Centipede.

Chapter II.—Passages from the Diary of a late Blackbeetle.

Chapter III.—A Crisis in the Life of one of Douglas Jerrold's Fleas.

Chapter IV.—Pages from the Autobiography of a Cockchafer with a Pin through his Tail.

Chapter V.—My Wife and I, or How we fell into the Cream-Jug. By a Suburban Earwig.

Chapter VI.—My Parental Experience. By Daddy Longlegs.

Chapter VII.—Evenings at Home. By a Hairy Spider.

Chapter VIII.—Recollections of the Whittington Club. By a Bug, who knew it well.

Chapter IX.—Cabbage Leaves, or Passages in my Life. By an Eminent Caterpillar.

Chapter X.—A Genuine Narrative of the Cruel Treatment which I experienced at the Hands of Charles Dickens, Esq. By the "Cricket on the Hearth."

THE BLACK SERPENTINE.

(Air—*My Beautiful Rhine.*)

How mad 't is to wander, if Sol chance to shine
Upon the unhealthy and black Serpentine.
See! the dull noxious haze—noxious haze,
Which his beams from the thick waters raise;
And no more on its banks shall the rash mortal roam,
For stiff on a stretcher they 'll carry him home.

CONUNDRUM.

Q. What is the difference between a law stationer and his clerk?

A. While the latter merely engrosses the deeds, the former engrosses the profits.

THE CHARLES DICKENS OF THE OCEAN.

We perceive that the publisher of a forthcoming work entitled *King Dobbs*, after entreating the public attention to the author in several sentences of great power and beauty, ends by calling him the "Charles Dickens of the Ocean."

There is something very grand in thus dividing the world (as the books on geography say) into land and water for the especial accommodation of authors. It will put an end to a great deal of rivalry and jealousy, and gradually the various schools of literature will merge into the two grand ones of "blue jackets" and "land lubbers:" there may be a class between the two, and known as "Amphibious," but the two great divisions will always remain tolerably distinct.

Before the "blue jacket" school is regularly started, we should recommend the selection of a separate sea for each writer. The "Charles Dickens of the Ocean" is ambitious, and all will not be equally successful. Many of them must rest contented with a "North Sea reputation," or "a name which extends from the Buoy at the Nore to Boulogne Harbour."

We should also suggest that each "blue jacket" writer should adopt a distinctive title, in imitation of the attractive one to which we have called attention. If this plan were acted upon, we should in a few years have a periodical announced with articles by "the most eminent writers of the sea," including—

"The Carlyle of the Caspian."
"The Macaulay of the Mediterranean."
"The à Beckett of the Baltic."
"The Angus Reach of the Red Sea." And
"The Albert Smith of the Sound."
The whole under the superintendence of the
"Puppet-Showman of the Pacific."

These new names will also have the advantage of opening a new field for the cultivation of sarcasm, and considerable effect has already been produced by stigmatizing a really sensible young man as the

"Bill Jerrold of the Bosphorus."

A FAIR COMPARISON.—If we reckon up the numerous occasions on which France, Germany, Italy, and Austria have lately been announced to be "in the throes of a great and momentous crisis," and compare their number with the price of the paper in which such announcements appeared, we shall find that, as in the case at Greenwich on Easter Monday, we have at least got "three throes a-penny."

THE COCKNEY LOVER'S SERENADE.

I ARISE from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night;
When the oyster-shops are closing,
And the gas-lamps burning bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
But A 60, on his beat,
Has led me—who knows why?—
From thy chamber-window, sweet!

WHAT NEXT?

AT the last sessions held at Upton-on-Severn, a barber, of the name of J. Layton, appeared in court as the criminal, while the curate of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Kent, was the accuser. The prisoner's offence was, no doubt, of a most heinous description, since it could move a person of the sacred profession of his prosecutor—two of the principal articles of whose creed are charity and forgiveness—to come forth against him. Aye! it was, indeed, of a terrific nature! "Had he stolen?" asks the reader; "or committed murder?" or no, you would never guess—he had shaved a customer on Sunday morning!

If a man consults his own natural good sense, it will tell him that there can be no great harm in shaving a person on Sunday morning; but the Rev. Mr. Kent, either having no natural good sense to consult, which we should think highly probable, or being above such a plebeian proceeding—which little bit of pride would agree so well with his sacred calling—consults nothing but an old superannuated statute of Charles I., by which the shaving of one man by another on Sunday, is certainly a punishable offence.

But if the Rev. Mr. Kent revives one absurd and unrepealed statute of Charles I., why not revive all? As the prisoner's legal adviser told him, he would have plenty to do. If he consult the archives, he would find that a person may be mulcted £50 for wearing brass buttons instead of cloth ones. Why does not the Rev. Mr. Kent profit by this discovery? Why does not he have some hundreds of thousand circulars printed and sent round to all the Brummagem brass button-makers, and also to those of his friends who indulge in pages with skeleton suits, and the two usual rows of buttons down the front? Oh! Rev. Mr. Kent, what a field is open for your exertions here. What a harvest you might glean by abstaining from prosecuting, on condition that the offending brass button-wearers should pay you a certain sum. You would collect a vast deal of money, reverend sir, and as, of course, self-aggrandisement is not your end, you could found some society with a high-sounding name, merely retaining for your trouble the post of secretary, with a salary proportionate to your merits; and as these, in your own idea, at least, are doubtless great, you would not be such a loser after all.

But if the Rev. Mr. Kent object to one man shaving another on Sunday morning, he may, perhaps, object to his shaving himself—there is but one step from the first to the last of these two actions; and if he object to a man shaving himself, he will, of course—and with equal reason—be averse to his brushing his hair, or cleaning his teeth, or washing his hands; while as to any individuals daring to polish his boots or beat-out his coat, such a thing would, of course, never enter his head.

The fact is, reverend sir, if we were to follow out your principles, instead of appearing on Sunday in a manner befitting the solemnity of the day, as much as lay in our power, and dressing with more care and attention than on ordinary occasions, we should be walking about like a set of savages, uncombed, unbrushed, unwashed, as dirty and disgusting as are the tricks which some persons are guilty of to gain popularity.

There is no doubt that your persecution of the barber has rendered you famous among the tea-drinking, scandal-loving old dowagers of the place in which you reside. Your wish of "achieving greatness" there, has, no doubt, been fulfilled. But this, in the SHOWMAN's opinion, is not enough for your merits, and, consequently, you shall "have greatness thrust upon you." Your fame shall not be confined to a little country place: the SHOWMAN has taken you by the hand, and on the banks of the Ganges, in the back woods of America, in the mines of Australia, amid the snows of Siberia—in one word, in all places where the PUPPET-SHOW is read, shall your name become a "household word." Eratostratus fired the Temple of the Ephesian Diana, that he might be known to posterity: he is so—as the greatest specimen of overweening vanity that ever lived. You persecuted the barber, and instead of being celebrated in the annals of Upton-on-Severn merely, as, perhaps, might have been your object, you shall be handed down to future ages as the greatest instance on record of——of——have you ever, in the course of your reading, reverend sir, met with the expression, "most egregious stupidity?"

LEGAL LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE report which appeared in our journal, some time ago, of the preliminary proceedings in the Dickens' KIDNAPPING case, naturally attracted much attention. Mr. Junius Libel, assisted by a select committee, is now prosecuting the inquiry. A digraceful attempt to bribe the SHOWMAN was made by some interested party, who sent him a MS. letter of Chatterton's (once in the possession of Sir H. F——), and a ring that had glittered on the third finger of Ninon de L'Enclos. With a pang, the splendid temptations were returned. Duty triumphed! (As for the vulgar fellow who sent to the villa a dozen of Madeira, a barrel of oysters, two rein-deers' tongues, and a boar's head, to tempt HIS HONOUR, he is hereby informed that he is looked on with unutterable scorn and contempt—*and shall not have the articles back*—in order that he may be duly punished!)

The kidnapping inquiry has led to other investigations; and charges of dishonesty—from the highway robbery of a great idea down to the petty larceny of a bad pun—will be shortly brought against many literary individuals.

For example, Mr. Dickens will be charged with appropriating the idea in the third stanza of Macaulay's *Battle of the Lake Regillus*, and availing himself of it in the opening chapter of the *Battle of Life*.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton will be called to account for availing himself of a metaphor of Carlyle's in his *Zanoni*, and one of Dr. Johnson's (from his masterly Preface to Shakspere) in *Harold*. If convicted, the Baronet will have a severe sentence (from a philippic) inflicted; for, what excuse for stealing can be made for the rich? Who would sympathize with a Lord Mayor charged with walking off with a leg of mutton?

Several articles of Tennyson's have been found in the possession of Master Coventry Patmore (vide *Lilian*), but it is said that he will be leniently dealt with, on the score of youth.

An inquiry will also be made into the following points, about which there is some suspicion of guilt in the minds of the PUPPET-SHOW COMMISSIONERS:—

1. How much of Mr. Thackeray's morality can be traced to the writings of Carlyle?
2. How much of D'Israeli's hero-worship to ditto?
3. How much of Smith's *Mr. Ledbury* can be traced to Paul de Kock?
4. What has Mark Lemon stolen from *Tom Thumb* and *Jack and the Bean Stalk?*
5. How many metaphors, thoughts, and suggestions, has Douglas Jerrold helped himself to from English writers, from the days of Marlow to those of Addison? (See, *inter alia*, the works of Jeremy Taylor and Dr. Donne.)
6. Where the deuce is the well of English *defiled*, from which some of the very young scribblers (one in particular) must have stolen their turbid balderdash?

N.B. The Commission sits daily in the offices, Curzon Street, Junius Libel, Esq., in the chair.

N.N.B.B. Lunch at two P.M.

SUCH IS LIFE!—Who would have expected that such a poor sinner as Louis Napoleon would have been declared "one of the *elect*?"

THE STAGE DICTIONARY:

OR,

ENCYCLOPÆDIA DRAMATICA.

(*Continued.*)

O.

OFFICER (Stage).—It is not easy to tell his regiment from his uniform, which is frequently a compound of the accoutrements of a dragoon, a rifleman, a marine, and a lancer. He is particular, however, about wearing white ducks; that is to say, ducks more or less white. He is always in love with the farce young lady; he has always got a smart tiger, and generally comes upon the stage just before the curtain falls, leading the young lady forward, when both of them fall on their knees before the choleric uncle, father, or guardian, and confess that they have been married on the sly (the ceremony not having taken quite three minutes), after which they ask the old gentleman's forgiveness and blessing, which they never fail to receive, to the discomfiture of the comic lover, who evinces his grief by speaking a funny tag.

O. P.—The initial letters of "Opposite Prompt," generally meaning the right-hand side of the stage, looking to the audience. The expression O. P. is principally used by gentlemen who are more intensely theatric in their notions and habits than theatrical people themselves; the latter generally designating the sides of the stage simply as the right and left.

ORDER.—A complimentary admission, used by managers to secure critical and approving audiences, and by newspapers to secure eligible advertisers. As a general rule, the people who are best able to afford paying, are those who are most strenuous in the pursuit of orders.

P.

PART.—The synonyme which an actor generally uses for character or personage. Actors have peculiar ideas of "strong" and "weak" parts. Thus, throwing about seven chairs and two tables; hiding in a cupboard, and smashing all the crockery; kicking Paul Bedford in an inhuman manner; squashing a baby; winking at particular people in the pit and boxes; and occasionally saying, "Ah, Jack, things is n't as they used to was"—all these processes, we say, constitute Mr. Wright's notion of a "strong part." When an actor is perfect in the text of a character—a rare phenomenon—he is said to be

"UP IN A PART."

PIT.—Where once the critics sat. The critics now sit wherever their orders will admit them.

PLAGIARISM.—Apply to Mr. Dion Boucicault, or, indeed, to almost any dramatic celebrity of the day, all of whom are perfectly competent to give the necessary information.

PLOT.—An article of French origin—never manufactured in this country. See "La France Dramatique," and Nugent's Dictionary.

POINT.—The barb of a joke. Many modern jokes must be exceedingly cutting, for in so skilful a manner are they tapered, that the point is perfectly invisible.

PROMPTER.—A useful though invisible personage, who occasionally gives dramatic readings from the wing, for the benefit of actors who have forgotten or never learned their parts. The prompter is generally the principal character in a Haymarket revival. If any of our readers have occasionally wondered how the report of a pistol, fired outside, came in so pat at a particular juncture in a play, the above representation will probably satisfy them.

"PRUNING-KNIFE—A judicious application of the," strongly recommended by morning paper critics, when they have been kept by a new piece later than they wished—from a pleasant supper-party.

PROPERTY.—Any implement used upon the stage. Thus, an actor may say, with perfect truth, that he has "a fine property down in Yorkshire"—meaning only, a Roman helmet which he left in pawn at Leeds.

Q.

QUEEN (Tragedy).—Generally a happy compound of Mrs. Siddons as the tragic muse, and a cheesemonger's wife scolding the maid-of-all-work for forgetting to bring in the beer. The tragedy queen is remarkable for the length of her train of cotton velvet, and the brilliance of her crown of purest brass. She walks across her royal halls making a short pause after every stride—a mode of progression which, we presume, is practised by Her Majesty when she takes her usual promenade on "the Slopes." The tragedy queen is generally of an uncertain age,

and, as the above faithful representation proves, often of rather crummy nature than otherwise.

QUID PRO QUO.—A sum of £500 for five acts of rubbish, called the "Prize Comedy." For further particulars, apply to Mr. Webster or Mrs. Gore.

QUOD.—A vulgar word for "prison." The ultimate resort of legitimate managers.

PROFOUND OBSERVATION.—Remarking once, to a friend of ours, that men rarely stick to each other cordially in the literary profession—"Yes," he said, "there are plenty of bricks, but there 's no mortar!"

General Rule for Poor People.—If you happen to have any relations in India or Australia who have amassed large fortunes, cease to regret they are so far away, and to sigh for their return, as their doing so would not alter the state of things in the least. They would be quite as distant then as they are now.

SHABBY-GENTEEL.

Those readers of the Puppet-Show whose Lares are planted in the metropolis, may have observed now and then about its streets a set of individuals who obtrude, in the most offensively unobtrusive and modest manner, their woes upon the passers-by with a view of exciting their pity and charity. This is what is familiarly termed doing the "shabby-genteel dodge." Of late years it has not been so popular as it once was, but it is now beginning to recover itself from the desuetude into which it had fallen.

The Showman has been, for the last twelvemonth, intimately acquainted (by sight) with a fine specimen of the species.

The individual referred to does not patronise any locality exclusively; but with a fine feeling of impartiality, highly creditable to his heart as a man, and his judgment as a speculator, now takes up his station at Temple Bar, then in Leicester Square, while on some other occasion he may be seen in the suburban district of Pentonville, or the aristocratic region of Belgravia.

As regards his appearance, he is always habited in a suit of very rusty black, brushed scrupulously clean, with several very visible darns artistically disseminated over its surface, the too great monotony which nothing but darns would produce being agreeably diversified by a piece most artistically let in to the right knee of his trowsers, and another on the left elbow of his coat. His hat boasts a crape band; his neck an intensely white and Methodist parson-looking cravat; his boots, which are resplendent with Day and Martin, or it may be Warren, are each ornamented with a large and conspicuous patch. His inward man is constantly immersed in thought. This is proved by the fact that his eyes are invariably riveted on the ground, and that he is so unconscious of what he is about, that although his is that sort of modest bashful distress which shuns the gaze of men, he somehow or other is always to be found in the most busy thoroughfares. Another strong argument in favour of his obliviousness is, that whenever any one gives him anything, he always forgets to offer them in return any of the sticks of sealing-wax, or boxes of matches, or any other light and gentlemanly, although humble, merchandise which he has in his hand, of course, for sale.

But the most extraordinary circumstance about the subject of this sketch is the fact that his hat, boots, and clothes, seem immortal; for while the Showman, who rather prides himself on being careful with *his* clothes, has worn out two frock-coats, one paletot, six pairs of trowsers, three hats, and boots innumerable, his shabby-genteel acquaintance seems still to have the same shining trowsers with the already-mentioned piece, the identical shoes with the identical patches, and the self-same hat-band with the self-same rusty look.

Now this can only be accounted for by two suppositions: the first of which is, that the shabby-genteel individual is an impostor, and never has a new coat except it be very old, and patched, and darned, after the most alms-exciting model; and the second is, that he has discovered some blue and black reviver of the most extensive and extraordinary powers, which completely set the ravages of time at defiance.

If this be the case, and it must be, unless we adopt the first proposition and look upon our shabby-genteel friend as an impostor, which would be preposterous, the Showman would venture to suggest that the shabby-genteel individual should offer his secret to Government, who would, no doubt, be liberal for once, and buy it for the benefit of the poor wretches of lawyers' and other clerks who rub their coat-sleeves threadbare in writing twelve hours a-day for £80 a-year; by doing this the shabby-genteel individual aforesaid, would be doing a considerable service to a great number of his fellow-men, and would also enjoy the pleasant reflection that his sedulous had sown the seeds of a good harvest for himself.

Seeming Contradiction.—It at first sight appears to be an impossibility, that many of the box-keepers and other officials at the different theatres should have retained their situations so long, when the bills announce "new appointments" on the occasion of every fresh piece produced.

Advice to Bashful Young Men.—You go down in the country to the villa of your intended's father. You are alone with the fair one in the garden after dinner, and would fain whisper into her ears those very soft nothings which lovers delight in, but you are afraid the rest of the company will see what you are about. In this case, the best thing you can do is to get her to walk by you, while you are seized with a sudden fit of improving the paths with the garden-roller. This will set inquisitive glances at defiance, and prove an admirable roller-blind.

MUSICAL REVOLUTIONS.

M. Jullien's annual series of concerts has now closed. One of the principal novelties, as all London knows, was "God save the Queen," played by four military bands, in addition to M. Julien's usual orchestra. A new "French Quadrille" was also advertised, but never performed.

The fact is, music has now become connected with politics, and *dilettanti*-ism will henceforth be divided into Whig and Tory. That F. M. (frightful muff) the Duke of Wellington was applied to for permission to allow the military bands to join M. Jullien. The F. M. refused. He would not permit Her Majesty's soldiers to be connected with a man who purposed bringing out a quadrille founded upon such horridly democratic airs as *La Marseillaise* and *Mourir pour la Patrie*. Besides, M. Jullien might have seduced them into his service in order to aid in the performance of the obnoxious music, and then the trombone of aristocratic Britain would have had to breathe forth the revolutionary sounds of democratic France, the opheicleide would have snorted the most republican noises, and even the clarionets and flutes would have been forced for a term to throw off their allegiance to the English Sovereign.

This could never be tolerated, and it was ultimately arranged that mutual concessions should be made. The F. M. allowed the bands to attend the concerts, and M. Jullien consented to withdraw the offending quadrille from his *programme*. The diplomatic talent evinced on this occasion by M. Jullien is spoken of as something extraordinary. It is understood that if M. Jullien will condescend to accept the office, the French Republic intend appointing him ambassador to the English Court.

Now, as the F. M. objects to the military bands performing revolutionary quadrilles, we presume he will not tolerate their taking any part in operas of a similar tendency. As the F. M. is a person who professes to act upon principle as opposed to expediency, we are surprised that he ever could have allowed any members of military bands (there are many of them in our theatrical orchestras) to assist in the performance of *William Tell*, where the people actually rise in revolt.

In the French quadrille we merely had a composition founded upon airs which were sung to words which expressed a sentiment to the effect that it is a very fine thing to die for one's country. In *William Tell* we have an oppressed people rising against a tyrannical governor. We have the same in *Massaniello*, and many other operas. Even in *La Favourite* there are some disrespectful words uttered in reference to a king; and when Duprez threw down his sword and exclaimed, "*Je puis braver le roi*," the action was certainly not performed with that courtesy which the F. M. would have deemed requisite towards a royal personage.

As the military musicians will, of course, be no longer permitted to play in the orchestra of any of our theatres, unless the entertainments be of strictly monarchial tendency, their earnings will be much diminished. In consequence of this, a very great deal of bad feeling prevails, and we hear that a young drummer, who has only lately gone into service at St. George's barracks, intends leaving his situation, and has actually made up his mind to give a month's warning to the F. M.

The (Toe-and-)healing Art.—The Polka.

HANS OFF!

THE above title has been taken from the *Man in the Moon*, and as it has taken a great many better things from us, we don't mind confessing our plagiarism. But to come to our "subject"—which we mean to dissect according to rule as soon as we have nothing better to do—Hans Christian Andersen has been writing a book, containing a chapter full of sentiment about the loss of a button.

Now we do not want to imitate the noodles of the drama, and to raise a cry about the realms of the British talent being invaded by the foreigner; but, at the same time, we cannot allow a puling writer to escape, merely because he is a Dane; or, as the Fleet Street Buffoon would say, although he is a Dane, we will expose him to public dis-dain.

Every one who knows anything worth knowing knows that we have "a soul above buttons;" but on the present occasion we propose to stoop, like Andersen's unfortunate hero, trusting always that we shall not cause any dismemberment of our nether clothing, and lose the hand of some fair heiress who may be on the look-out for us, as was the fate of the wretched creature above alluded to, and who stooped, not to conquer, but to be conquered by his rival—that great and deserving man, who preserved his pantaloons in an integral state! We will then descend and throw into our own amusing operatic form that twaddle which Hans (we cannot call him Christian) has already told in very serious prose.

THE "LAST BUTTON."

Dramatis Personæ.

SNIPKINS, *a Fool.*
SNOBKINS, *a Bully.*
SARAH SCROGGINS, *a vulgar Coquette* (engaged to SNIPKINS).

ACT I.

SCENE. *The Entrance to a Ball-room.*

Enter SNIPKINS *in very tight trowsers.*

Recitative.

With some misfortune I am always curst,
I fear my pantaloons will shortly burst.

Adagio.

Where is my Sarah,
When will she come?
But, alas! I 'm so nervous
That I shall be dumb—
E 'en if she come.

Allegro.

Oh no! for now my braces are longer,
Joy! joy! for now my hopes are far stronger.
Oh! wit, through thee how altered the case is
For thou hast told me to let down my braces!
My wit hath told me to let down my braces.

Enter SARAH SCROGGINS.

SNIP. Sarah, come, in me, your love, confiding,
Where till now, my dear, have you been hiding?

SARAH. Pray, Mr. Snipkins, do not make too free;
What warrants you in speaking thus to me?

SNIP. (*Recit., aside.*) What, false! than that I 'd think
That she had taken too much drink!

Aria.

Are the stars but deceptions—
The clouds all my eye?
Is the moon only moonshine,
And humbug the sky?
Yet easier far such belief should be mine,
Than belief in the falsehood they whisper is thine.

SARAH. (*Agitato.*)

Ah, no! thy fears are false,
The rumours are untrue;
True as the needle to the pole,
So true am I to you.

Ensemble.

SARAH and SNIP. } Now no more in { Sarah / Snipkins } doubting,
Snipkins / Sarah } will no more be pouting;
Hush! I hear the music's call,
Let us haste to join the ball. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SNOBKINS.

Moroso.

Let them haste to join the ball,
Snipkins' pride shall have a fall;
Snipkins soon his teeth shall gnash,
I will settle Snipkins' hash.

Exit, muttering—Yes, I will settle—settle—will settle—Snipkins' hash.

(*Con anima è fortissimo.*)
Yes, I will settle Snipkins' hash.

ACT II.

SCENE. *A Ball-room.*

The Bohea-mia Polka is heard in the Orchestra.*

Chorus.

Hark! those strains so joy-inspiring,
All the noble guests admiring,
To begin are now desiring.

SNIPKINS *appears.* (*Agitato.*)

Rage! despair! delirium tremens!
I am thrown upon my beam-ends!
When I stooped to tie the sandal
Of my Sarah, passed that Vandal
Horrid Snobkins. I, excited—
All my hopes of Sarah blighted—
Rose in furious haste: eftsoons,
Spoiled were my pair of pantaloons!
May that button be accurst
Which from off my trowsers burst!

SARAH *appears.* (*Vivace.*)

Why, sir, look you like a goose?
Would you, then, play fast and loose?
You 're engaged for this next dance;
Come, then, for I see the glance
Of your rival is upon me—
Even now he, perhaps, hath won me;
And unless you come at once,
I shall cut so dull a dunce.

SNIPKINS. Really, love, I feel so ill,
I can't conform unto thy will.

(*Aside.*) Curse my braces, curse my buttons,
Cursed be my pantaloons;
Doubly, trebly cursed be Snobkins—
Sarah will be his, eftsoons!

SARAH. Now, farewell, thou never shalt be mine;
And, of course, I never will be thine.

Chorus and Finale.

Curse his braces, curse his buttons, cursed be his pantaloons;
Curs 'd be Snipkins, curs 'd be Snobkins, who will marry her, eftsoons.

* The Bohea-mia Polka, composed for *thés dansants* of the aristocracy, and shortly to be published at the PUPPET-SHOW Office.

ABORTIVE ATTEMPT AT SELF-AGGRANDIZEMENT.—A member of the Whittington Club says that proverbs and maxims are great humbug, for that though, in consequence of having read that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich," he has actually made a point of shaking hands with three most industrious Irish labourers every morning for the last six months, he is not a whit more wealthy than when he began. On the contrary, he is rather out of pocket, having had to pay for sundry drams swallowed by his semestral and Hibernian acquaintances.

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THE POET POLITICIAN, AND POLICEMAN.

CHAPTER VII.

TOMKINS thus continued:—

"My conference with Junius was for a time put an end to by the appearance of our Crœsus. His business with the journal, as I have previously explained to you, was to be restricted as much as possible to the noble duties of paymaster. He was not even to have a seat in our councils: the Chancellor of the Exchequer was, on this occasion, to be excluded from the cabinet.

"It has been observed, that the process of establishing the unity of a journal, generally ends in a violent quarrel between all and each of the contributers. It appeared probable that this great truth would find a fresh illustration in our case, for Rowdy Skribbel became obstreperous, and actually maintained that he had a right to a voice in the arrangements. His arguments were at first upset, one by one, as he brought them forth, until at last he hinted at the possibility of his withdrawing his pecuniary support. Junius then, in a very ingenious manner, took another view of the question, and proved in the most satisfactory manner, that he had all along been deeply penetrated with the absolute necessity of Skribbel aiding him with his valuable advice.

"It having been once settled that Skribbel was to be allowed to hazard a remark as to the best means of spending his own money, Junius set about discovering some way of effectually preventing him from the exercise of the valuable privilege. After a few moments' consultation (with himself), he determined, in the very teeth of his late concession, to assume absolute authority, and, in accordance with this resolution, stood up and said something of the following nature:—

"'The *Scorpion* is dying! The *Scorpion* must not be suffered to expire! The question then naturally arises, how is the *Scorpion* to be saved?

"'A new *Scorpion* may always be obtained by the outlay of a large sum of money. Our sympathies, however, are with our old and cherished *Scorpion*, to which we have become more attached in proportion as it has become more feeble. Besides, while we have not sufficient money to create a new *Scorpion*, we have quite enough to procure that sustenance and medicine which are required by the old one. Our intention, then, having been formed, let us at once consider the means for carrying it out.

"'I have at various times sought for an expedient to save a dying journal. It is a philosopher's stone which has yet to be discovered, and perhaps it is better for the public that it should be so. However, I have made numerous attempts. I have given away pianos at the rate of one to every thousand subscribers (I never had more than nine hundred, so that I was quite safe). I have presented a journal and a hot cross bun to every purchaser in Easter week, and have raffled gigantic plum-puddings amongst my supporters at Christmas. During these periods, the paper would sell; but as the purchasers never made their appearance at any other time, I have horrid suspicions that they ate the bun, but didn't read the journal—that they forgot the merits of my articles in the excellence of the pudding. Of course, I decided that I would never again appeal to the brutal appetite of the mob. I reflected that England was a commercial country, and determined to interest the public in the success of my speculation. I offered to make every subscriber a shareholder in the paper to a certain amount. Would you believe it? No one would accept the munificent proposition!

"'I then appealed to the political feeling of the country. I announced that my paper had been suppressed by the Government. Injured ministers! Libelled cabinet! Not one of the senate had ever seen a copy of it! This plan, however, told for a period. I had sympathisers (pity I despised), and these became purchasers of the paper (which was brought out under a new name, for a single week.) The journal was then suppressed by the printer—those infernal printers insist on having their bills paid—but, like a Phœnix, it rose from the ashes of copy which was contained in the waste-paper basket. What was I to do? I was obliged to live. Wits might not "see the necessity of it," but I differed from them.

"'As a last resource, I determined to adopt philanthropy. It is too often a refuge for the destitute, and even something worse; however, a fixed principle will sometimes yield to probable hunger. I turned philanthropist.'

"'What,' I observed, quite astonished, 'with the awful example of Juggle-us before you?'

"'I confess my crime readily,' Junius responded; 'but I turned philanthropist, though not with profit, for I was (and I am still grateful for it) quite unprepared to adopt the profession thoroughly. That which I resolved upon was to distribute a portion of the profits of my paper to the poor devils who were subscribers to it. I advertised that the proprietors of the —— (I forget the name of this particular organ), 'deeply affected by the state of destitution in which the poor of London were living, or rather existing, had resolved on giving away one-half of the profits, in order to relieve the more pressing necessities of the metropolitan paupers.'

"'This move, although I flatter myself it was rather ingenious, did not altogether succeed.'

"(I ventured on a smile at Junius qualifying his own idea as ingenious.)

"'I observed that smile,' proceeded the orator, 'but shall not be deterred by it from continuing. I repeat, that the notion was ingenious, and for this reason—that it might have the effect of bringing money to the publication, and could, at all events, take nothing away from it. You perceive that I was to give away half the profits—none of the receipts. Now, had the receipts amounted to a hundred (instead of only five pounds) per week, there would have been no profits: had they even attained the gigantic sum of a thousand pounds per week, still there would have been no profits *(Oh, oh! from myself on the opposite bench)*. Mr. Tomkins may howl as long as he thinks fit; but the brayings of a certain quadruped must not be allowed to interfere with the oration of a man of letters. I therefore maintain, that in any case that may or may not be supposed, the profits—that is, the ostensible profits—could never have risen above those of Jerrold's paper—in short, that they would have been nothing at all. And for this simple cause—that when the receipts once assumed a tangible form, the printer could actually have been paid a portion of his bill. Supposing them to increase still further, why, of course, the salaries of the writers would have been raised. In case of extreme good fortune, they would have been again raised; and so on to a fabulous extent. You perceive, then, that as far as the poor were concerned, there would never have been any profits.'

"'How, then, did your scheme fail?' I exclaimed.

"'Merely,' replied Junius, 'because persons either disbelieved in my philanthropy, or, like the majority of the benevolent, were unwilling to part with their money unless they could, at the same time, secure the consciousness of having performed a noble action, and the certainty of possessing with it some very tangible benefit. People will pay a guinea in order to do good to the poor, and to go to a fashionable ball; they will pay willingly their admission to a fancy-fair, where they pay tribute, at the same time, to the suffering and to the fashionable world: but ask them to relieve the metropolitan paupers from indigence, and support a talented paper, and the wretched fools (simply because the journal is not very well known) will at once button up their pockets.

"'I have now enumerated how commercial, political, and philonthropical ideas have——'

"Here, however, I stopped my friend, as Skribbel appeared tired, and, in fact, had gone to sleep."

A celebrated Ethiopian serenader, who, like many great men, had been ill-treated by his countrymen, exclaimed on his death-bed, "*Ingrata patria ne* OSSA *quidem habebis!*"—a quotation which, but for its being made in such circumstances, we should call a "happy" one.

SHOCKING INGRATITUDE.

Mr. Showman,—I have, in my time, been witness to many acts of gross ingratitude. I take one instance from thousands,—I have lately beheld the French abandoning one who has saved them from all the terrors of civil war, to choose M. Louis Napoleon, a man who has not done a single thing for his country, except amuse it by his ridiculous conduct. I have also read and agreed with *Shakspere*, when the latter says—

> "——— Thou winter wind,
> Thou art not so unkind
> As Man's ingratitude;"

but I never imagined I should become acquainted with this vice in such a monstrous form as I did a day or two ago; for, in happening to cast my eyes over an advertisement in the *Times* of a Sale of Wrecked Goods at the London Commercial Sale Rooms, I actually, after a few uninteresting items, felt my blood congeal with horror at perceiving one of the lots consisted of "Gray Domestics!" Yes—"Gray Domestics," and packed up in bales.

Now, Mr. Showman, I ask you if this is just—is it generous? Domestics are flesh and blood as well as other men; and are they to be shipped off in this heartless manner? What renders the matter worse is, that they were "gray," actually grown gray in the service of an ungrateful country—none of your hobbledihoys—your smart lads, who unite the offices of page, groom, footman, and butler, in their own insignificant persons, and who might, perhaps, be shipped off without any great loss to society at large; but no—they were gray domestics—and this is to be their reward! Exported, and most likely afterwards sold.

Why, if this be allowed to continue—if the law does not interpose—who knows where this sordid spirit of innovation may stop?—may it not even extend to the higher classes? and if so, may we not expect, at no far distant day, to see, in some Australian City Intelligence, that Lord Morpeth was "done"—which, by the way, would not be the first time—as so much; while Lord J. Russell was quoted—which, I am free to confess, might perhaps tickle his vanity as author, but would not better his condition—at so much more.

Trusting you will insert this letter in your journal,

I remain, your obedient servant,

A Philanthropist.

WHAT DOES HE MEAN?

An individual of the name of Ford has lately been advertising what he terms his "Eureka Shirt." Now, we are all aware what is the signification of "Eureka"—that is, when we say all, we, of course, except ladies and Whittingtonians, for whose benefit we beg to say, that "Eureka" is the Greek for "I have found."

We further know, and our friends of the fairer sex know as well as we do—the only exception, in this instance, being the Whittingtonians—that Archimedes made use of this word "Eureka" on his finding a satisfactory answer to certain abstruse questions in science: the said questions, like Madame Wharton and her fair colleagues, being regular *posers*.

Besides making use of the expression on the occasion alluded to, Archimedes, with a degree of haste which would lead us to suppose he had not previously bestowed that attention on his toilet which modern fastidiousness—in opposition to the old classical disregard for trifles, as evinced in the costumes of most of their gods and goddesses—requires; Archimedes, we say, rushed into the street bawling out the said word "Eureka," in a manner which may be esteemed very classical by great scholars, but which would, in our days, inevitably expose the person thus exerting his lungs to be taken up by H or E something or other, to the station-house.

To return, however, to Mr. Ford. Does he mean to say that he has found a shirt as Archimedes did a secret? If so, why does not he advertise it in the papers, with a promise to restore it to its proper owner on payment of the expense of the advertisement?

But has Mr. Ford stopped here in his imitation of Archimedes?—or has he thought fit to extend his powers of imitation still further, and run down Fleet Street or the Strand with the same classical disregard to minutiæ as his illustrious model? If so, we cannot praise Ford's conduct.

Again, Ford speaks of his "Eureka Shirt" in the singular,—has he only found one? or does he mean by this one to designate two, three, four shirts—in fact, a whole multitude of shirts?

Or, does perhaps the "Eureka" apply to the public instead of to Mr. Ford? and is every one of his customers, on walking off from Ford's shop with a packet of Ford's shirts under his arm, entitled to exclaim "Eureka," I have found it—that is, I need not pay for it, on the well known principle of our school-boy days, of "Findings, keepings,"—a principle which, as we all know, tacitly abolished every idea of payment, or anything of that very absurd and common-place description? We anxiously await a reply; and if the question be answered in the affirmative, we venture to promise Ford, not only our own custom, but that of every gentleman connected with the Puppet-Show.

The Hiddiotic Nuz. A sesiex komppany of hasses is brynging out the Hiddiotic Nuz, whych wyll maike all Hengland *spells wrong in six lessons!* Thys is gode nuz to ye poore! Subbskrypshons to bee sent to jon Songeares, Hobscure Court.

Christmas Festivities. The Christmas Box which the Showman can most conscientiously recommend to his rich friends, is one forwarded to their poor relations, and containing a turkey and et ceteras, with perhaps a few bottles of wine and a Twelfth cake.

N.B. There is no objection to the Christmas Box being a Chi stmas Hamper.

OUR LEADER.

BULWER FOR LEOMINSTER!

Sir Bulwer Lytton has condescended to address the electors of Leominster, and those worthies will not condescend to make up their minds to vote for or against him. They go to the hustings—listen with gaping mouth to one of the greatest men in England—and having gratified their vulgar curiosity, depart without offering him their support. Cannot the idiots understand, that when a man, who has all Europe for his audience habitually, goes, hat in hand, to solicit the favours of a knot of provincial tradesmen, he is doing them an honour which the sale of their beggarly town by auction would barely repay! The blocks and stones that followed Orpheus, had more sense than these fellows, who are deaf to poetry and wit. But such are mobs in all ages. The mere rabble is incapable of elevation; and Barabbas would be their choice to-day, if submitted to them, as he was two thousand years ago.

For our part we confess, that had we a vote for Leominster and were, at the same time, the bitterest Tory that ever starved a tenant—we should bestow it on Sir Edward in honour to his intellect and his fame. If we voted against him, we should be haunted by visions of "Zanoni," the "Dweller on the Threshold," and half a hundred of his creations for a month. The severe countenance of "Ernest Maltravers" would glare upon our four-poster, and the pale visage of "Lucretia" shine through our curtains, at 13*s.* 6*d.* per yard. But the absence of enthusiasm is one of the most melancholy characteristics of an age in which Bulwer fails to be appreciated, Albert Smith obtains a reputation, and Mark Lemon passes for a literary man.

The attempt of the juvenile Peel to stand for Leominster, is another instance of the predominance of what may be called the cub nuisance. We have boys—and stupid boys, too—sticking themselves up everywhere. We were in hopes that our signal castigation of the Boy Fitzwilliam, would have struck terror into the hobbledehoys of England—but it has not. If the cubs succeed in forcing themselves into Parliament, why, we shall be having marbles played on the floor of the house, kites flying in Parliament Street, hoops driven along the Treasury benches, and toffy vended openly by Joe Hume inside the bar. Nothing will remain, then, but to furnish the Speaker with a birch rod.

PINS & NEEDLES.

We hear a good deal about "amphibious" stories. Are they amphibious in the sense of the wonderful animal exhibited in Wombwell's Menagerie, which died in the water, and could not live on the land?

The Boy Fitzwilliam was in such a hurry for Christmas, that he got his goose cooked two or three weeks since.

Conciliation Hall is to be turned into a chapel. To judge from the fate its last occupiers met with, we feel very certain that it won't suit the Ranters.

Poets and others have been lauded to the skies for their humanity in turning aside when they met worms in their path. Prince Windischgrätz does more than this—he gives the worms food.

The Portuguese have sent a steamer to Naples in search of the Pope. His Holiness, however, must be of opinion that he has had vapouring enough already, without the addition of steam.

An individual has been robbing the libraries at Oxford. Being captured, however, it is to be hoped he will find himself, as he found the books—"regularly shelved."

A correspondent of the *Times* wonders why the senators of St. Stephen's suffer St. Margaret's Churchyard, Westminster, to exhale such offensive airs, when they have to respire it themselves. We suppose this is because, having to tolerate the "disagreeable airs" of Mr. Anstey during an oration, those of St. Margaret's shrink into insignificance.

A Mr. James Hannay has written a work called "Hearts are Trumps." It is very certain these hearts do not belong to the Whigs, for although they manage a good many tricks, they never succeed in obtaining any honours.

Mr. T. Wilson advertises that he has discovered a remedy for smoky chimneys. Considering the immense quantity of smoke which issues from Mr. Anstey's throat, we shall be glad to hear of his being operated on as soon as possible.

Sir Culling Eardley Eardley thought he should be elected for the West Riding by the strength of the dissenting interest. As he has lost his election, however, by nearly 3000 votes, the "dissenting interest" must have been stronger than he anticipated.

The Koh-i-noor, a diamond the largest and most precious in the world (recently the property of the Sovereign of Lahore), is to be quickly transmitted to Victoria by the valour of our troops. The Sikhs must be of opinion that the diamond has "cut" them very sharply.

Louis Philippe found out, when too late, that the Montpensier tie was a perfect choker for his government.

A Curious Reflection.—If, after all, as Mr. Dickens would prove in his *Haunted Man*, the remembrance of past sufferings be a substantial advantage, how would any orthodox Brahmin perusing that work regret the lost recollection of his supposed scrapes in the forms of birds, beasts, and fishes during whole ages of transmigrations! Yes, but to remember vividly the miseries of being hooked as a gudgeon! twirled as a cockchafer! or kicked as a puppy!—what sources of intellectual improvement and moral reflection!

Curious Fact.—It has been remarked that wig-makers are the only persons who never complain of a "falling-off" in their customers.

In allusion to the Duke of Buckingham's embarrassments, it has been remarked that his son, the Marquis of Chandos, acted like Esau; he sold his birthright, and got a "mess" in exchange for it.

Q. Why is a doctor prescribing for a patient like a man running from danger?
A. Because he is acting in his sphere (his fear).

OUR COURT O REVIEW.

"*The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain*," by Charles Dickens.

Mr. Dickens has become a kind of literary "wait," who gives a serenade to the public every Christmas; but we are bound to admit that the effect on the whole is generally more soothing than disturbing. In fact, his later Christmas works have been complete failures, and this last, which aims at being very supernatural, is chiefly so in this respect, that it is supernaturally dull.

The "Haunted Man" is a chemist, who is perpetually tormented by the memory of having been jilted by a girl in early life. A phantom, represented as the very image of him (and so he is in point of dulness), continually reminds him of this, till he at last begs him to take away his memory of "suffering and wrong." The phantom obligingly consents, making a proviso that he (the "haunted man") must confer the same forgetfulness on everybody that he encounters. To this the haunted man agrees, and the remainder of the story is taken up with an account of his conferring it on a newspaper vendor and his family, a poor student, a dying reprobate, a beggar boy, a doting old man, and some other less important characters, the whole ending by his recovering his memory through associating with the wife of one of his servants, and everybody else recovering their memory—except the author, who has forgot himself from the beginning.

The moral of the story is, of course, that the memory of wrongs and sufferings is rather a good thing on the whole, as it purifies the soul and refines the feelings. We are not aware, however, that this was ever doubted. The idea of being "made perfect through suffering" is as old as Christianity, and required no illustration; and we certainly did not want a five shilling book to teach us a truism. Perhaps Mr. Dickens only became acquainted with the fact a little while ago, but he should not have presumed that it was not known to the public.

The supernatural machinery of the work is but clumsy. No reason is afforded why the phantom should be a likeness of the haunted man, while the bestowal of the gift seems to smack of the tricks of mesmerism. The gradual recovery of the haunted man from the mysterious influence cannot be explained either metaphysically or naturally. With regard to the "savage boy," who forms a principal character, he is the old street ragamuffin melodramatically dressed up, and only serves as an illustration of the fact that the poor ought to be better attended to. The declamation about educational neglect is rather below the usual average of the leading articles of the progress journals.

In style, the book abounds in Mr. Dickens's old affectations and old faults. Six pages are devoted to description of what has been a thousand times described before, and there is an unnatural baby such as we have been painfully familiar with in such unnatural works for some time past.

On the whole, however, Mr. Dickens's Christmas Book is as good as it was expected to be.

EFFECTS OF AN INDISCREET MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE.

SCENE—*A Dining Room.—(* SMITH *and* ARISTOCRATIC FRIEND *taking wine.)*

Enter STRANGE MAN *(loquitur)*—"I hope I sees you well, MR. SMITH ; yo 'll excuse me, sir, but bein' out o' work, owin' to Faythe bein' obligated to give up th' fearm, I thou't, as yo 've married moa cousin, and keeps a wehicle, yo' moight take me on as coachman."

ANIMATED LUGGAGE.

THE SHOWMAN was struck the other day with an advertisement calling his attention to a newly-invented "Self-Protecting Railway Portmanteau." Upon proceeding to the depôt of the ingenious inventor and making inquiries, the following peculiarities of the Portmanteau in question were explained to him—peculiarities which he considers to be quite unrivalled, and as rendering the contrivance worthy of extensive patronage :—

Should the Portmanteau be placed in a wrong carriage, it will immediately shout out to the guard, and call his attention to the mistake.

Should the weight of the Portmanteau be pronounced to be above the permitted standard, it will remonstrate with the officials, and threaten that its master will never travel on that railway again.

Should any suspicious-looking personage lay hold of the Portmanteau in a crowded terminus, it will call for the police.

Should an attempt be made to open the Portmanteau by any person not its master, it will start up and ejaculate "Hands off!" in a determined manner.

Should the Portmanteau, from its position on the top of the luggage van, perceive any danger of an accident, it will immediately warn the other luggage, all of which will therefore have an opportunity of jumping off the carriage, and thus alarming the conductors of the train.

The SHOWMAN considers this invention well worthy of public patronage.

THE FANCY.—A member of the National Assembly of France is now in London, learning the art of boxing and self-defence, that he may be prepared whenever he moves an amendment to any popular measure.

Great complaints have been made that the stone of the New Houses of Parliament is already decayed. A "fast man" says he would not object to this, if Barry's building were only "the cheese."

REPREHENSIBLE CONDUCT.—Some young gentleman, who has evidently mistaken our office for that of the *Family Herald*, says that the lady he has been courting has refused to receive his addresses any longer, on the plea that he is an inconstant lover. In this he says she is wrong, for although he may have been unfaithful to her, still, as he has never lived a moment without loving some one or other, he is decidedly a most "constant" lover.

THE "FONETIC NUZ."

IT is our own opinion—and we have no wish to obtrude it offensively on an intelligent public—but *it is* our opinion, that Mr. W. M. T—k—y, or M. A. T—tm—h, is at the bottom of the "Fonetic Nuz" movement! Who, but the author of "Jeames's Diary"—who, but "Pleaceman X"—is capable of such spelling?—that 's what we rest our theory upon. It is our deliberate judgment, that Mr. T—k—y entertains the design of revolutionising the language of this country. What may be expected if "Pleaceman X" be longer tolerated, it is vain to predict, and would be painful to speculate on. Meanwhile, we content ourselves with setting the public on their guard against this insidious assailant of our language.

HIGHLY UNGRAMMATICAL, BUT STRICTLY TRUE.—When one person flatters another, it is not the former, but the latter, who is the flatter*er* of the two.

The *Times*, a few days since, contained an advertisement offering a reward to any one finding a "Sable Muff" which was missing. Probably the sable muff alluded to is Boz's Juba, of whom nothing has been heard lately.

A correspondent inquires whether the "*First Player*" in Hamlet was partial to billiards, as the Prince of Denmark, in speaking of him, says, "Had he the *cue*—"

THE NEW ELECTRIC LIGHT.

We understand that some very stirring times are coming—at any rate, the old practice of stirring the plum-pudding will be kept up at the country seats of all the fine old English gentlemen who enrich the Puppet-Show by their—yearly subscriptions.

An Object of Pity—We regret to state, that a gentleman of our acquaintance, whom we have hitherto regarded as a reasonable being, has recently excited the fears of his relations by frequent aberrations of intellect. Some idea may be formed of his tottering reason by his supposing that the electors of Leominster are incapable of receiving a bribe.

"*Bis dat qui cito dat.*"—If this favourite quotation be a truism, a tailor who is paid in ready money, immediately on the delivery of every other coat, has no farther claim upon you.

How to Double the Sale of the "Comic Almanac."—Publish a key to the jokes.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD FAIRY.

A CHRISTMAS TALE, DEDICATED TO THE MOTHERS OF ENGLAND.

Once upon a time, there lived a bad Fairy—and we have every reason to believe that she exists now—whose name was Stupidity. Now, this Fairy was one of those who, on account of her vicious qualities, had never been led to the St. George's of Fairy-land, but had always remained in a state of what some intensely ironical wight has designated, single "blessedness." In consequence of her having been singled out to be a singular instance of spinstership—for nearly all the other Fairies were married—Good-Deeds to Contentment, Charity to Happiness, and so on—Stupidity's temper had become rather worse than the most florid imagination, that of Lord Ellesmere for instance, could well imagine. Hardly anything made her so angry as to behold the connubial happiness of her fellow Fairies, although she maliciously asserted such instances were very rare—in which case Fairy life must have more nearly resembled our own than we have hitherto believed; but it was at the sight of children that her rage, like Mr. Anstey's taste for speaking, or a nicely suspended carriage with patent springs, knew no bounds; and whenever she saw a pledge of this description, she used to observe, with an attempt at a pun as atrocious as the spirit which dictated it—for Stupidity was famous for the abuse of the vernacular, in fact, she was the Fairy Gamp of Fairy-land—"Nothin' gave her so much pledjure as when she rendered the pledger of such a pledge, which was the father or mother indiscriminately, that is, both of them, as unhappy as possible."

In consequence of this improper infirmity in her temper as regards every prop of our more or less old age, she was always on the look-out how she could do every one of them as much harm as possible. Now, in this she was not particularly successful, except in a few families where another bad Fairy, Over-Indulgence, used to visit, and coddle and pamper children up in such a manner, that there was sure to be something the matter with them if they took the least exertion more than ordinary, or ever felt a breath of air upon their cheeks.

At Christmas, however, Stupidity was always amply revenged. At that season, a kind of demon, called Infatuation, used regularly to come in with the Holly and Misletoe, the raisins, and the currants, and the British wine, and completely blind the Mothers, and Grandmothers, and Aunts of England—and not only them, but the Fathers. The consequence of this was, that Good-Sense, who is generally an especial favourite with the Women of England, and treated with great hospitality by them, was driven out, and Stupidity reigned paramount.

Stupidity's triumph now commenced: her first step was to take the form and bearing of another Fairy, named Kindness, who was the inseparable companion of Good-Sense, and therefore banished with her. In this disguise, Stupidity would creep into the hearts of the Mothers of England. The effect was as instantaneous as it was awful. These partners of our joys and our woes would immediately commence cramming their offspring with all manner and sorts of things, in a most frightful manner. If these deluded females could only have reflected on the fact, that the stomach of an ordinary person—Aldermen are of course excepted—is only as large as a breakfast cup, and therefore, in the dear juveniles, does not probably exceed that of an egg ditto, they must have refrained with horror. But no; they went on—day after day—night after night—cram—cram—cram—stuff—stuff—stuff—until Twelfth-Day was passed, and Good-Sense, who had been knocking at the door all the time, generally managed to find re-admittance with the Doctors. The latter had been the only persons not blinded by Infatuation—they had their eyes wide enough open, but, on that very account, perhaps, said nothing. On the return of Good-Sense and Kindness, Stupidity and Infatuation used, of course, to be obliged to take flight, but not before they had seen the future Statesmen, Poets, Princes, Policemen, and Eminent Writers of England in a most horrid and uncomfortable state of repletion, and booked for a course of medicine of the most drastic description.

Mothers of England! This used to be the course of things when Fairies existed. Have matters changed now they are gone? If modern Englishwomen get rid of all the harmless superstitions of former times—superstitions which served to beguile many a weary hour of our forefathers' lives,—surely enlightenment ought, at the same time, to be as unsparing towards the abuses which existed at the same period.

"Wait a Little Longer"—A medical man in the *Times* of Tuesday advertises for a "turn-over" apprentice. If he only waits till the medical schools close in April, he may have a "summer set" to his heart's content.

SECRET CONSPIRATORS.

Sir,—The attention of a selfish and unreflecting government is immediately attracted by the merest shadow of political conspiracy, or of any combinations affecting their own class, and its industrious monopoly of power and importance. But, Sir, it is far otherwise with those secret and no less dangerous conspiracies against society, which are planned in darkness and obscurity, by designing and unprincipled individuals. In the hope, then, that the attention of the public and the enlightened press will be drawn to the subject, I beg leave to intimate my suspicions, founded on the most startling circumstantial evidence, of certain base and perilous conspiracies between—

Firstly, The Paving Commissioners and the Bootmakers, who make a point of covering one's road home, from an evening party, with vast strips of broken granite, each stone whereof is peculiarly adapted to the destruction of dress boots, and the augmentation of Mr. Hoby's bills.

Secondly, Between the China dealer and the Cat,—which is too well understood to require further allusion.

Thirdly, Between the Tailor and the Builder and Carpenter, who make a point of leaving huge ragged nails protruding from the paling surrounding every new edifice, for the express purpose of destroying the garments of the unhappy passengers.

Fourthly, Between the Landlords of Public-Houses and the Keepers of Lodging-Houses, who always pronounce the impossibility of obtaining another bottle at half-past eleven, when one has a few friends to supper—an insuperable obstacle to the maintenance of reasonable conviviality.

In short, Sir, there are a thousand mystic associations, for the annoyance of the frank and easy-going public, in constant action, having for their object to empty their pockets, curtail their enjoyments, and add unnecessary troubles to the ordinary trials of humanity. These, Sir, I hope you will feel it your duty to expose, and beg leave to subscribe myself

Your very obedient,

Chopscamp Crackemoff.

To The Showman.

EDITOR'S BOX.

At the HAYMARKET an "entirely new farce," entitled *Your Life's in Danger*, has been brought out with great success. The scene is laid in one of the petty states of Germany, and the fun consists in *Cutlet* (a cook)—we mean, *John Strong*, an English servant—being taken for a certain Baron, implicated in some one or other of the various revolucionettas which have lately been the fashion in the land of stoves and *Saurkraut*.

Keeley was excellent, and most ably seconded by Mrs. W. Clifford as *Madame Pomp*—no, *Von Schoonenberg*; while Mr. Rogers as *Medellemake*—that is, *Krakwitz*—and Miss Emma Stanley,—the SHOWMAN would have said Mrs. Humby, but he feels he is getting confused, and as such a thing is a phenomenon—about as rare as honesty in a Whig, sense in Mr. Anstey, or wit in Mark Lemon—he (*i.e.* the SHOWMAN, not Mark) feels that he owes it to himself and his country to give an explanation of so strange an event.

The fact is, that a farce called *Cutlets for Two*, and which bears the most striking resemblance to *Your Life's in Danger*, has been brought out at the PRINCESS'S. Great men, we all know—and *Puff* is our authority on the subject—may sometimes hit upon the same idea, or even write the same line; but we were not prepared to see Chance make them compose exactly the same farce, with the same plot, the same disposition of the scenes, almost the only difference being, that the names are changed and the dialogue slightly altered. Such, however, is the case in the present instance; for not only does *Your Life's in Danger* bear a mere distant resemblance, but it is as like it as one pea to another, or Lord J. RUSSELL to be out of office before the end of next year.

This certainly is a most strange coincidence, and one calculated to afford food for reflection to every one of a philosophical turn. As for the SHOWMAN, he will not pretend to give any opinion on the matter. A vulgar mind might perhaps think the similarity of the two farces explicable by the fact of their both being "taken from"—to use *Puff*'s expression—the same French one; but the SHOWMAN repels this supposition with indignation,—for how is it to be supposed that the author of *Your Life's in Danger*, an "entirely new" production, would so designate his bantling, if it were merely an adaptation? or how can any one imagine that, even if he were so inclined, Mr. Webster, who deprecates everything foreign, would allow him to do so?

As regards the merits of these two farcical *Dromios*, *Your Life's in Danger* is rather better adapted—the SHOWMAN begs pardon, better written—than *Cutlets for Two*, which is somewhat too long, and much too indecent in several instances. With respect to the actors, however, Oxberry was quite as funny as Keeley, and Mrs. Selby and Miss Emma Stanley in no way inferior to Mrs. W. Clifford and Mrs. Humby. But Truth obliges the SHOWMAN to own, that Miss Reynolds and Mr. Rogers were infinitely superior to the lady and gentleman entrusted with the corresponding parts at the PRINCESS'S. Should any one, however, be rash enough to doubt the SHOWMAN's word, all he can say is—and he has not the least doubt Mr. Webster and Mr. Maddox will entirely agree with him—"Go and see both pieces for yourself."

Since the production of the *Haunted Man*, the ADELPHI has been actually crowded to the very ceiling—a sealing proof how successful the piece has been. Were the SHOWMAN asked to account for this, he should say that it was owing, first, to the careful way in which the piece is put on the stage; secondly, to the excellent way in which it is acted; and thirdly—and, though last, by no means least—to the fact that it claims Charles Dickens as its first parent. Had it not been for this circumstance, it is a matter of great doubt whether an audience, and that an ADELPHI one, would sit so quietly to listen to the enunciation of abstract ideas, and not crave for those stirring incidents, those moving accidents by flood and field, of which they are generally so fond. However high—or low—the *Haunted Man* may rank as a literary production, it is not dramatic, and, therefore, ought not to have been adapted—to use the usual term, which is a bad one, since it not, and never will be, adapted—for the stage.

The *Milly* of Miss Woolgar has added another leaf to the green wreath of laurel with which her brow is already circled, and if, to adopt the prayer on which the piece is founded, "Heaven keep our memory (as) green" as is the laurel of that wreath, the roots of which spring from the inmost recesses of our hearts, the SHOWMAN will merely observe that our memory is likely to remain as verdant as even the fisherman and his wife, so famous for their three celebrated wishes, could have desired—had they been consulted on the subject. Wright and Mrs. F. Mathews were, of course, also excellent; in fact, the same may be said of all the other performers in general, and Miss Ellen Chaplin in particular. This, together with the beauty of the scenery, which reflects great credit on the artists, cannot fail to render the *Haunted Man* an immense hit, or make *The Ghost's Bargain* as good a bargain as the management have made for some time.

Music has taken refuge at EXETER HALL, where Sims Reeves, Whitworth, and many other English singers, more or less good—but less good generally speaking—are to be heard every Wednesday. As far as English opera, however, is concerned, there is no hope.

The last expectation was destroyed a fortnight ago at DRURY LANE THEATRE by the production of *Quentin Durward*—an opera which was to have supported the theatre in prosperity, but which, in fact, only helped it to its death.

The *libretto* of *Quentin Durward* (spoiled from Sir Walter Scott's novel) was by Fitzball, and worse than anything that even *he* had previously produced. Mr. Fitzball's name was almost a guarantee that the "poetry" would be without either rhyme or reason; but he had succeeded, in this instance, in also depriving it of rhythm and grammar.

Luckily, Mr. Laurent, the composer, did not receive any inspiration from so foul a source as the Fitzball *libretto*. The music, however, was in itself rather poor, and only occasionally redeemed from insipidity by some trait which shows that far better things may be expected from Mr. Laurent, who is a very young man. However, the composer will certainly improve, while Mr. Fitzball has unfortunately grown old in affected and stupid prose, and worse "poetry." Mr. Fitzball should be kept for the exclusive entertainment of the transpontine districts. Give us the nine muses for this side of the Thames, and Surrey is quite welcome to the tenth.

TOO MUCH TO BE BORNE—The *Bedford Times* relates that a kitten, which had been drowned and buried six weeks, was lately seen to come out of the earth again alive. Though many may not believe it, we do. It was, no doubt, Whittington's Cat, indignant at the insult cast upon its master by the "Whittington Club"—a circumstance amply sufficient to summon up the animal.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

GENTLEMEN,—I have to congratulate you upon the flourishing state of our Republic. While other nations have been occupied in establishing principles, you have been judiciously making money. Their hearts have been filled with enthusiasm, but the gaps in yours have been soldered up with tin.

You have made a great conquest in Mexico. It is one of the blessings of a Republican form of government, that their warlike operations can be carried on by ruffians. This is infinitely better than having a regular army; for the first can live on plunder, while the second must be supported by pay.

You continue to enjoy a liberty entirely unknown to European nations; for, while they must pay a servant, you may whop a nigger. They are fined if they make a disturbance in the street—your rabble may do what they please; and to them, the tyranny of respectability is unknown.

In fact, you are the greatest nation on the earth, governed by the noblest laws, and by

Your obedient servant,
JAMES POLK.

THE STAGE DICTIONARY:

OR,

ENCYCLOPÆDIA DRAMATICA.

(Continued.)

R.

RANT.—See G. V. Brooke. Since it has been rumoured that he intends to return to the Olympic, rents have fallen seriously in Wych Street.

REHEARSAL.—The following sketch gives a notion of a theatre during rehearsal. Fancy the house three parts dark—a struggling gleam of dirty light slanting down from the windows at the back of the gallery and the skylight above the flies. The scene which is "run on," consists of half the interior of a cottage and half a landscape. In the orchestra there is a single performer with his violin. On the left hand corner of the stage stands a small table with a guttering candle, pen and ink, and the MS. of the new piece. Three chairs are placed near it—one for the prompter, one for the stage manager, and one for the author. A group of shabby mildewed-looking people are hammering and stammering out the dialogue—and a crowd of chatting girls are giggling at the wing, to the intense disgust of the prompter and the frequent wrath of the stage manager.

This is the way in which the business is carried on :—

Mr. Dobbs. "You mean to say then—that—that—"
Prompter. That "you're the man."
Mr. Dobbs. Thank you—it will be all right at night—"that you're the man."
Author (humbly). If I might suggest, the emphasis upon the you—"*you're* the man."
Stage Manager (to the wing). Now then, ladies—don't keep up that chattering there. Confound it! there's no hearing one's own voice for you.
Ladies (aside). Yah! Nasty thing! Go along. Yah!
Dobbs (to Author). Ah—Yes—hum—so—very good—I'll remember—

[*A Pause.*]

Stage Manager. Why the devil don't you go on!
Mr. Bobbs. How can I go on without my cue—
Dobbs. I gave you—your cue—"man."
Bobbs. That's not the cue.
Dobbs. It is.
Bobbs. It's not in my part.

[*Both go with their parts to the prompter's table, and squabble for twenty minutes. Stage Manager abuses all the carpenters he can find. Author sits humbly, or flirts with the ballet, as his temperament may incline him. Prompter invokes curses on the head of the call-boy, who has disappeared, no man knows whither; and fiddler in the orchestra plays wonderful flourishes for his private recreation. All this lasts half-an-hour, and then the rehearsal goes on again.*]

ROBBER (Stage).—The stage robber seems a twin brother to the stage assassin. He wears the russet-coloured boots, black worsted curls, broad leather belt, and dirty face, which are the characteristics of all stage ruffians. Indeed, considering that the *mauvais sujets* of the boards are always so characteristically attired, it seems to be gross negligence, on the part of the police of the countries which they inhabit, that they are not apprehended and brought to justice long before the play begins.

RUN.—The period during which a piece is played every evening. Thus the author of "Two Owls in an Ivy Bush," at the Lyceum, can boast that his piece had a run of one night. We would advise him, however, to say nothing about it.

S.

SITUATION.—A peculiar collocation of individuals connected with each other by some startling or equivocal relationship struck out at a particular juncture of the play. For example, should nine people, each with a dagger in his hand, suddenly open nine doors, each intending to kill the other eight, whom he expected to find in the room, such a simultaneous proceeding would form a very striking and ingenious situation.

SMUGGLER (Stage).—A fierce-looking gentleman with black whiskers, a sort of canvas kilt, sea boots, and lots of pistols in his belt, who defrauds the revenue by going about shouting, "Ware hawk," "Dowse the glim," "There's sharks abroad."

SOPRANO.—The subjoined cut faithfully represents a celebrated prima donna singing the following exquisite stanzas by Mr. Alfr--d Bu—nn :—

BALLAD.

When lip, and friendship's blythest tears
Are quivering in the air,
And nought but love's impassioned fears
Are sunk in rapture's lair—
Oh! then I feel, what all must seek
In this bright gem to be,
The sacred trust—to guard the weak
Upon the azure sea!

SPECTACLE.—A play got up with plenty of glitter, pomp, and tinsel—the gilding which makes Shaksperian revivals go down at Sadlers' Wells and elsewhere.

STALLS.—The "West-end" of the pit.

STICK.—In order to acquire a full and perfect notion of a stage stick, we would advise you to go to the Haymarket any night that Mr. Vandenhoff, jun., favours the public by acting. A single visit will prove the fact. Fisher, at the Princess's, is also a fine specimen; and as for young Farren, he is a bundle of sticks knotted by the cords of dulness into one compact faggot of asininity.

SYLPH.—An aërial being, all wings, legs, and floating gauze petticoats, who, by reason of her elfin nature, is enabled to glide off and on the stage without moving her limbs, in the style displayed by the above faithful representation.

SUPERNUMERARY.—More properly called "stupidnumerary," but generally known amongst theatrical people simply as a "super." A gentleman who personates the retainers of haughty barons, the senators of mediæval republics, the robbers of the Black Forest, the guests at duel or royal entertainments, the happy peasants in melodramas, and the respectable passengers who walk past cheesemongers' shops in pantomimes.

T.

TENOR.—A vocal gentleman whose hard fate it is always to be crossed in love. The subjoined cut represents the state of mental

anguish in which he rushes off singing D in alt. and, like a bird, betakes himself to his "wings." Although, however, we have heard the voice of the tenor break in the extremity of his love-lorn pangs, we do not believe that a similar accident ever happened to his heart.

TREASURY.—A peculiar department in a theatre which is of not the slightest use if the "legitimate" be the staple of the performances.

TAG.—The propitiatory address spoken to the audience before the fall of the curtain. As the lines we write must form the "tag" to our own dictionary, we beg to recommend—*apropos* of the subject—to that celebrated dramatist Mr. Marston never to trouble himself by writing a tag for his pieces, as by the time that that welcome portion of the performance comes off, the audience are sure either to be asleep, or—wiser still—to have gone home.

WORKING A SUBJECT LITERALLY TO DEATH.

THERE is nothing like working a subject to death. If Mrs. Wollop brings out a successful work about a given Mrs. Johnson, she is not content to leave the old lady alone at the end of the book, but must needs torture the poor creature in a second series—if a spinster, by getting her married; if a married woman, by killing her husband; if a widow, by marrying the unfortunate thing over again.

Then, when her London career is used up, she is sent to a foreign land, though what she may have done to deserve transportation, beyond boreing the public, it is impossible to say. In fact, there is no end to the various forms in which the literary Soyer may serve up Mrs. Johnson. We think her quietly domiciled in Timbuctoo for the remainder of her life, when, lo! she springs up on Mont Blanc, or is discovered on the banks of the Nile. Like the harlequin in the pantomime, she is constantly appearing in all sorts of places where the public have the least right to expect her; and if at last her adventures terminate with the grave, her acquaintances have so little faith in the possibility of her absence for any length of time, that an announcement of "Mrs. Johnson in the planet Jupiter" would not, by any means, astonish them.

The French, however, beat us hollow in "working a subject." If, in the first onslaught, the writer does not have his subject killed under him, he instantly commences riding it to death, and ends by sending it round and round through every phase of existence, as the decayed horse is ultimately employed in turning the mill.

The public are pleased with a narrative of Jérome Patmot's adventures in search of a new hat, and forthwith we are favoured with a continuation of his adventures in search of a new hat-band. Provided the public will stand the hat-band, out comes a history of his numerous failures, but ultimate success, in obtaining a pair of pantaloons, the straps being reserved as affording matter for a sequel to the interesting romance.

After much deliberation, we have arrived at the mature conclusion, that for a good, steady beating-out of a commonplace idea, we have English writers who can be backed against the world. For ingenious wire-drawing, accompanied by unblushing impudence and a total disregard for dates, we must, however, bow to the French as our superiors; and to M. Dumas, as the *facilè princeps* of the whole school, all France must go down on bended knees.

For M. Dumas is bound by no vulgar prejudices. He is a true philosopher of the school which ignores time and disregards the existence of space. Give him a baby in arms, and, before the babbling boy arrives at manhood, he has seen more adventures, taken part in more battles, and killed more men, than usually falls to the lot of a whole regiment of dragoons during a twenty years' European war. You fancy the hero has finished, and is to repose on his laurels. Quite a mistake; he has not yet begun. The feats of heroism, the deeds of chivalry, which he has hitherto accomplished, have been merely preliminary exploits. His sword must not rust in the scabbard, and in six short months he is moving in new scenes, fighting new battles, achieving new victories. Now, thinks the reader, the noble fellow must enjoy the dignified repose which he has so gloriously earned. He will turn his spear into a ploughshare, and, like Cincinnatus, devote himself to rustic amusements and the cultivation of summer cabbages.

Vain delusion! ill-fated reader! The novelist jumps over a period of twenty or thirty years, and again are we introduced to the valiant adventurer. We approach him with feelings of reverence, for he must be getting old, and age commands respect even from the children of levity who read romances. An inch in the human proboscis is looked upon as no trifle; what, then, must we consider a quarter of a century in a man's life?

"A quarter of a century afterwards!"—one's thoughts turn naturally to the "*Mémoires d'outre tombe.*" The man may have died.

But observe; the paper on which the work is printed is not edged with black, and this is a delicate compliment which M. Dumas would most certainly have paid to his defunct hero. We open the book expecting to find our friend decrepit, and perhaps imbecile. Quite the reverse. The old fellow is as gay, as light-hearted, as witty, as brave, and as strong as he was at five-and-twenty. It is evident that M. Dumas has discovered the secret of eternal youth, and administered it to his literary offspring.

However, leaving the question of eternal youth to M. de Balzac, who, we hope, will treat of it in a supplement to his *Recherche de l'Absolu*, let us express our conviction—a conviction founded upon reason and experience—that even M. Dumas' heroes must at last get aged. Our old friend "*pallida mors*" will at last come with the unerring knock. We shall not be the last to weep when the beloved "*Trois Mousquetaires*" take their final and inevitable departure; but we advise M. Dumas to be again up and stirring, if he would chronicle more of their deeds ere they go. Already they have advanced to the age of slippers and water-gruel. If Dumas be a brute, let him wield the pen while there is yet time; otherwise let him not disturb them in their old age. They have done some service, and merit their repose.

VERY "NATURAL."—Mr. Wombwell is of opinion that great things may be expected of Prince Louis Napoleon, now that he has been "stirr'd up with a long 'poll.'"

THE MEMOIRS OF A VALET-DE-CHAMBRE.

(FOR ONE HOUR ONLY)

BY OUR BRIXTON CORRESPONDENT.

THE shades of evening were falling, I sat half dozing by the fire, when a sudden knock aroused me from my torpor, and Ferdinand Fitzmuff, my old schoolfellow, burst impetuously into the room.

"How are you, Blanker, my boy? Is that a cigar! good! just pass me the lucifers. I am going to take a great liberty" (Fitzmuff always was, whenever I saw him); "I must dress here for an evening party—I suppose I can have my boots cleaned; you see they are devilish muddy—not a speck of Day and Martin visible; all metropolitan mud, sir—darkness *in*visible as the poet has n't got it. Hollo! just ring the bell for some hot water! You can lend me a clean shirt, I suppose? All right! You don't happen to have any kid gloves by you?—No? never mind; these will do. I shall not put them on, and who will be the wiser?

"I say" (by this time I had ushered Fitzmuff into the bedroom), "is that pomatum or bear's grease? a Southdown bear, I expect, in its life time—eh? Why don't you laugh? three hair-dressers choked themselves over that identical *ludibrium!*"

"I am very sorry, Ferdinand," said I, "there is not a shirt left in the drawer. It is Friday, and—"

"All the same, a front will do. What! no front? What's to be done? This, you see, is a second day's Corazza—not quite the thing for a *soirée musicale;* is it? Confound the handkerchief for not being broader! It won't cover the little pink crumpled columbines. Any *chalk* in the land? What are you grinning at? Human ingenuity—stay, I have it! That's a white choker, capital idea! (better than a table-cloth;) cross it over the chest—now for the handkerchief, pull it down in front, pin it with six pins, and, to guard against all contingencies, button the top button of the waist-coat! The columbines are buried. Just go and stick the tongs in the fire; I've curled my hair by winding it round a hot poker before now! Let us go into the other room. Where is the inkstand? So much for that impudent button peeping like a snail out of its shell. I'll just ink the stocking where I know that hole in the left boot comes just over the little toe. Give me a brush behind. Do I look the thing? All right—I can buy a pair of straps as I go along. You ought to keep *Eau-de-Cologne*—what a vile weed that was; it smells like I don't know what! Egad, if my braces only keep all right with the one button behind! And now for my charming cream-skinned darling of a Lucy! You are not thirsty, are you?—well, I shall call again soon. Good night, old fellow; sorry to give you so much trouble. But I always was a well-dressed fellow, and it don't do to sacrifice one's reputation—ha! ha! ha!"

And Ferdinand Fitzmuff departed.

A DEEP REVENGE—An "Old Wig" suggests in the *Times* that the Westminster Courts be removed to the site of buildings between Lincoln's Inn and Temple Bar. A defeated plaintiff suggests that, as an improvement, they should merely be moved a little more south—viz., into the Thames.

"ANGELS AND MINISTERS," &c.—A bridegroom writes in the *Times*, that his lady, following the example of the great, has refused to be married without three clergymen are present. The "fastidious fair" must be of a "divine" disposition indeed.

WORK FOR MR. COCHRANE—Mr John Allan Ramsay states that he has introduced the vaccine lymph into the system of cows and sheep, for the prevention of small-pox. Cannot Mr. Cochrane agitate the public for the erection of a "Royal Sheep and Cow Small-Pox Vaccine Institution?"

POSITIVE AND COMPARATIVE.

Q. What is the difference between an exploded boiler and a penny loaf?

A. The one 's *bust*, the other 's *buster*.

"DOCTOR BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS."—There was one misery in addition to the hereditary curse of *ozne* and their other multifarious sufferings, not dreamed of in the philosophy of Dr. Birch's young friends—the painful scratches of Michael Angelo (!) Titmarsh's etching point!

THE mistletoe bough is at present hanging in the castle hall, and the ordinary rules of prudery and formality will simultaneously be suspended as a pendant.

CONUNDRUMS.

Q. Why do people object to have their portraits daguerreotyped by Mr. Beard?

A. Because being taken *by the beard* is derogatory.

Q. Where should all charming women be buried?

A. In *belle-grave square* (Belgrave Square.)

Q. What lane do the ladies like best to walk in?

A. *Mouseline de Laine.*

CANONS OF CRITICISM.

BY T. K. K. SCURVEY,* ESQ.

CRITICISM is the art of persuading the public to buy whatever books the critic thinks proper. The basis of all criticism is self-confidence—its exercise is bold assertion—its tools are puffery and brag—its weapons are various—the bite, the dagger, the shrug, the sneer, the snowball, the squirt, &c; besides, cold water, the mop, dirt, the pea-shooter, &c., are useful accessories.

The first object of criticism is to sell the journal in which it appears; the second, to make that journal a valuable property (by advertisements, &c.); the third, to damage rival publications; the fourth, to puff the books of the contributors to the journal; and the fifth, to injure the writers of books of a rival school.

Canon 1. Always review heavy expensive books first. You thus get copies of such books from the publishers, and can sell them, for at least half-price. Besides, the public are too lazy to read them themselves, and are content with what they can pick up about them in your journal. Therefore they buy your journal for the purpose. The way to review a heavy book, is to say in a few clumsy sentences (the information in which you crib from the book itself) that it is a very great production, and to whip twenty pages of it into your columns.

Canon 2. "No advertisement, no puff." The steady occupier of a page of advertisements deserves encouragement. Accordingly, all his histories are "profound," all his novels "lively and imaginative," all his poems "sublime," and all his treatises of the "highest utility."

Canon 3. When one of your contributors publishes a book—puff it. If it goes against your conscience—deduct it from his salary.

Canon 4. When a book is written by one of the contributors to a rival journal—cut it up. By the same rule—cut up any book that is praised by a rival journal. Your contemporary of course has private interests—and they are hostile to yours.

Canon 5. Always keep a couple of heavy fellows about the office, to do the bone-grubbing business. Thus, when a man publishes a poetical work—say on ancient Churches or Buildings—the duty of the bone-grubber is to grub about in the British Museum, till he has found out that the author to be abused has got the name of the sexton wrong in so many instances—the height of the door in so many more—birth and death of the parish clerk in so many more, &c. The array will look very formidable when drawn up.

Canon 6. As a general rule, abuse the light literature men habitually. But it will look well to praise one of them occasionally; for then you will have an opportunity of abusing the others, and making your number readable by copious extracts from the book under review.

* For an interesting poem by Scurvey, see my Album.—SHOWMAN.

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